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Readings in folk-lore

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READINGS IN FOLK-LORE

SHORT STUDIES IN THE MYTHOLOGY OF AMERICA, GREAT BRITAIN, THE NORSE COUNTRIES, GERMANY, INDIA, SYRIA, EGYPT, AND PERSIA; WITH SELECTIONS FROM STANDARD LITERATURE RELATING TO THE SAME

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BY
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AUTHOR OF THE SCHOOLMASTER IN LITERATURE

Marshall

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PREFACE.

THIS book is intended as a companion volume to the *Historical Readings*, which has proved so popular as a book of culture for teachers and students; and as the latter is a volume of prose and of recorded fact, this is a book of poems and of popular beliefs.

The myths of legend and of pure fable, whether related to false religions or otherwise, are often of great interest to the student and the general reader. So interwoven are the faith and the folk-lore of a people with its literature and art that an acquaintance with its mythology is necessary to an understanding of its higher expressions of thought and feeling. Such knowledge is highly essential to the teacher.

Mythology is something more than an auxiliary study. It is a memorial of humanity's childhood. It possesses a charm of its own for those

> Who have faith in God and Nature,
> Who believe that in all ages
> Every human heart is human,
> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not.

Formerly the subjects of popular study in mythology were confined to the divinities of ancient Greece and Rome.

252

In later years a general interest has been awakened in the myths of other lands, and for these a marked preference has been shown at times in the popular pageants of cities and in the subjects of contributions to current literature.

In this volume are presented the principal American, British, Norse, German, Hindu, Syrian, Egyptian, and Persian myths, with representative selections from the literature relating thereto.

The selections from Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier are used by permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The writer is under a similar obligation to Messrs. D. Appleton and Company for permission to use selections from the works of William Cullen Bryant. Dr. Sherman's splendid translation of Bishop Tegnér's *Axel* is used with the permission of the publisher of the *Chautauquan*, in which magazine it appeared in March and April, 1883.

English literature is rich in the folk-lore of various lands, and many of its poems relating to mythical and legendary characters afford a delightful and profitable study, not only as models of literary composition, but also as illustrations of the genius and character of the people among whom their subjects originated.

To teachers and students this work is commended, in the hope that it will lead to a further study and a higher appreciation of the various forms of literature and art to which it relates.

H. M. S.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
THE NATURE AND VALUE OF FOLK-LORE		7
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE		15
Notes of Literature		20
An Indian Story	*William Cullen Bryant*	21
The Death Lament of the Nadowessie Chieftain.	*Johann C. F. von Schiller*	24
Comanche Boy	*Fannie A. Darden*	25
The Culprit Fay	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	26
BRITISH FOLK-LORE		39
Notes of Literature		50
The Faerie Queene	*Edmund Spenser*	54
Boadicea	*William Cowper*	90
Tristram of Lyonesse	*Algernon C. Swinburne*	92
Guinevere	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	101
Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came	*Robert Browning*	118
The Voyage of Maeldune	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	125
Madoc	*Robert Southey*	133
Tam o' Shanter	*Robert Burns*	142
NORSE FOLK-LORE		150
Notes of Literature		156
The Song of Vala	*William Herbert*	160
Thorwald's Lay	*James Russell Lowell*	163
The Norsemen	*Paul C. Sinding*	165
Tegnér's Fridthjof's Saga	*Oscar Baker*	167
Tegnér's The Saga of Axel	*L. A. Sherman*	170
GERMAN FOLK-LORE		193
Notes of Literature		198
The Story of Sigurd the Volsung	*William Morris*	202
Faust	*Johann W. von Goethe*	229

PAGE

GERMAN FOLK-LORE:
The Erl-King . . . . . *Johann W. von Goethe* 256
The Pied Piper of Hamelin . . . *Robert Browning* 257
The Loreley . . . . . *Heinrich Heine* 265

HINDU FOLK-LORE 267
Notes of Literature 271
Nala and Damayanti . . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold* 274
The Light of Asia . . . . . *Sir Edwin Arnold* 301
The God and the Bayadere . . . *Johann W. von Goethe* 318
Jaga-Naut . . . . . *Robert Southey* 321
Brahma . . . . . *Ralph Waldo Emerson* 324

SYRIAN AND ASSYRIAN FOLK-LORE 326
Notes of Literature 329
Sardanapalus . . . . . *Lord Byron* 331
The Destruction of Sennacherib . . . *Lord Byron* 350
Assyrian Night-Song . . . . . *Bayard Taylor* 351

EGYPTIAN FOLK-LORE 353
Notes of Literature 355
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition *Horace Smith* 357
Hymn to the Nile . . . . . *F. C. Cook* 360
Isis and Osiris . . . . . *Edmund Spenser* 362
To the Nile . . . . . *Bayard Taylor* 364

PERSIAN FOLK-LORE 366
Notes of Literature 373
Paradise and the Peri . . . . . *Thomas Moore* 376
Sohrab and Rustum . . . . . *Matthew Arnold* 391
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám . . *Edward Fitzgerald* 408
An Ode from Hafiz . . . . . *Herman Bicknell* 417
West-Eastern Divan . . . . . *Johann W. von Goethe* 418
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel *James Henry Leigh Hunt* 439

INDEX 441

THE NATURE AND VALUE OF FOLK-LORE.

BEFORE the written history of any old nation was begun, the memory of men and events was perpetuated in public observances by the people, and especially in the fireside tales and simple lays which constituted what modern writers are disposed to designate as folk-lore.

Old legends of the nations do not relate to men only. Often they tell of supernatural beings; of huge giants and minute fairies; of prodigious heroes; of genii, demigods, and gods; of monsters such as dragons, griffins, and winged horses; of wonderful lands, unknown to the geographer.

How these traditions of the supernatural originated is a problem to which much attention has been directed, especially within the present century. There are four schools of critics who maintain diverse theories as to the true interpretation of them.

First among these are the Euhemerists, who have held their ground from ancient days (having originated with Euhemerus, the Greek), and have been reënforced in later centuries by Snorre Sturleson and Saxo Grammaticus, by Peder Frederik Suhm, Rasmus Christian Rask, and others. They maintain that the legends originated in fact; that deviations from the original fact are the natural result of long transmission by the ignorant masses, given to exaggeration and influenced by superstition. According to the Euhemerists, the heathen gods were originally men; the dragons, strange and fierce reptiles; the Elysian abodes, real countries, left behind in the wanderings of tribes and nations.

A second class of critics, among them William and Mary

Howitt, hold that the mythologies of heathen nations are but corruptions of the true religion originally revealed to man.

Other writers on the subject declare that the deities and prodigies of ancient mythology are but symbols—though these writers are not agreed among themselves as to the nature of the symbolism. Some hold that abstract virtues and vices, mental and moral powers, are thus represented. Others, including modern critics of great eminence, maintain with Max Müller that the physical forces of Nature are symbolized. "There is no doubt," says Prof. R. B. Anderson, "that this is the true interpretation of all mythologies; . . . but the ethical, or, perhaps better, the spiritual, and the physical interpretations must be combined."

It would seem that there is truth in all these interpretations of mythology, applied variously, according to the nature and form of the myth. Clearly they are all applicable to folk-lore—which is far more comprehensive than mythology.

In the light of modern criticism, the value of a tradition is not to be measured by its fidelity to strict and literal fact. For many centuries Christians in all parts of the world have celebrated with festivity the 25th day of December as the day of the year on which the Saviour was born. The date is merely traditionary, with little evidence or probability to support it; but this fact does not detract at all from the happiness which Christmas brings, or from the value to the Christian world of the observances of the day.

For another illustration of this truth, it matters little whether Horatius or Mucius or Curtius or Virginius, supposititious heroes of early Rome, ever really existed; but it does matter to us to have heard of them—to have viewed the pictures which they present of virtue and worth in the society of old Roman days.

The tales which make up most of the early history of Rome have been differently viewed by three successive schools of historical writers. At first, and for many centuries, these

narrations were accepted and gravely taught as reliable history. Then a critical examination of their internal evidences showed that they were of doubtful credibility, sometimes absurdly improbable as statements of literal fact. This led later reviewers to discard them *in toto*, with disgust—as being worthless for historical purposes, because of their doubtful character. Then it was that Niebuhr arose. Admitting the claim that the early legends are not statements of facts, he yet held that they are of very great value to the world, as illustrating the spirit, the manners and customs, the religious beliefs, and other characteristics of the race with whom they originated. And his view is the view of the world to-day. There is an additional reason for the study of these narrations by the teacher and the student. They are told over and over in admired poems. They are portrayed in painting and sculpture. They are common material for illustration in oratory. They are subjects of exercises in translation in school text-books. Though subordinated to the facts of history, they will be of greater value to the reader than the unquestioned history of the same period will be. The great truth enunciated by Niebuhr relates as well to William Tell and to Pocahontas as to any hero of early Rome. It is broad and general in its application.

This volume is devoted chiefly to the folk-lore of modern and Northern nations, which usually possesses a somber character, as compared with the lightness and comedy of the folk-lore of Southern lands. Generally it is solemn and striking; often it teaches great lessons of truth. It never deals lightly with lapses from virtue; it is full of admonition and warning. The remorse of Queen Guinevere, the moral self-destruction of Tristram and Iseult, the indomitable quest of Childe Roland, the grand warfare of opposing forces in Ragnarok, the tremendous tragedies of the Nibelungenlied, the fall of Faust, the spiriting away of the children of Hameln—all are typical of the folk-lore from which they are taken, and are representative of the peoples with whom

they originated. They are, moreover, in striking contrast with the brighter folk-lore of other lands and with the debased mythology of Egypt.

The folk-lore of India has the warmth of the South, but still attests the unity of the Indo-European race in its delineation of stern realities and in the self-abnegation of Prince Siddârtha.

The folk-lore of the Orient contains much that is beautiful, and its beauty is enhanced by the deeper hues of its counterpart in the Western world.

Not only the critics of the present century, but the poets as well, have given their attention to the tales of folk-lore, and these have often formed the subject of their loftiest strains. Tennyson, Browning, Moore, Swinburne, Tegnér, Southey, Emerson, Lowell, Goethe, Schiller, Longfellow, Sir Edwin Arnold, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and others have placed in enduring and beautiful form these wonderful pictures that have come down to us from far-off years.

Thus far we have been considering folk-lore from an historical and critical point of view, and have referred to the more striking and systematic forms in which it appears. The subject is of greater interest, however, when viewed from the standpoint of the thought and feeling of every-day life.

Folk-lore consists not merely of complete legends and songs; it comes to us broken up in ten thousand fragmentary forms. We find it in our familiar proverbs, adages, and mottoes. It appears in the idioms of our speech. It brings to us the experiences of the race in many pithy sayings. It comes to the child in its cradle, in its simplest lullaby. It brings to young children a world of happy thought in its nursery tales and childish rhymes.

When the reader shall have studied the more majestic fabrics of folk-lore, he will find a pleasing field for investigation in the common and even the trifling legacies of other days.

Mother Goose's Melodies is a book of no little interest

to the scholar. Through how many centuries of babyhood have come down to us the references to two of the legendary kings of Britain in the lines—

> Old King Cole
> Was a merry old soul,

and

> When good King Arthur ruled this land
> He was a goodly king, etc.!

Jack Horner—a veritable personage—and his pie (filled with parchment deeds for plums) carry us back to the days of Henry VIII. By the way, do we not now speak of political *plums* for office-seekers?

Mother Hubbard is no other than the heroine of *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, an old poem of Queen Elizabeth's time, written by Edmund Spenser.

Mother Goose herself was not a myth, but was made so to appear through her graceless son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, a printer of Boston, who long ago lampooned the venerable dame for her never-ending singing of folk-ditties to her precious grandchild. We may go through the whole line of nursery literature—*Little Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, *Bluebeard*, *Munchausen*, etc.—and we shall find in each a reminder of some event of past ages which possesses an interest for children of larger growth.

The student of the classics is well aware of the popular use made of references to old legendary characters of the Greeks and Romans. We speak of a hectoring fellow; a stentorian voice; a palladium of liberty; an herculean feat; a procrustean rule; a friend and mentor; the protean forms of water, etc. In all this the student sees at a glance the direct reference to the old tales of Hector, Stentor, the Palladium, Hercules, Procrustes, Mentor, Proteus, etc.; and the words have to him the full force of the narratives to which they relate.

It is not necessary, however, to go back to the ancient days and the dead languages to trace the origin of pregnant

sayings in common use. Our political folk-lore, for instance, is of recent origin, and possesses a deep significance. We have such political expressions as—log-rolling, pipe-laying, wire-pulling, gerrymandering, speaking for buncombe, mending fences, etc., each of which refers humorously to a real experience which has become proverbial. Of like nature are our party and faction names and sobriquets, as—Barnburners, Hunkers, and Silver Grays; Copperheads and Carpetbaggers; Old Hickory and Old Bullion; the Sages of Monticello, Lindenwald, Montpelier, and Ashland; the Little Giant, and the Rail-splitter.

The theatrical world has also its own folk-lore. Many a barn-storming troupe in sorry luck has had to "John Audley" its play, and often to present, practically, a "Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

In our daily conversation we find the very essence of old stories, of which the moral adds force to language and gives it deeper meaning. We speak of Hobson's choice, and Gilderoy's kite; of having an axe to grind, and of paying too dear for the whistle; of counting chickens before they are hatched, and of crying for spilt milk. We remind one another of the dog in the manger, the bull in the china shop, the goose that laid the golden egg, King Log and King Stork. We speak of Old Dog Tray, the monkey and the parrot, the town rat and the country rat. In all these, and a thousand like expressions, we do not find it necessary to relate the story to which reference is made. Everybody knows it. It is part of our very being.

The illusions of history are almost infinite in number, and illusory etymologies are very apt to lead the unwary scholar astray. The critical student of history will be amazed at the number of errors which are shown to have crept into almost every historical work of the past; and he will appreciate the magnitude of the task presented to one who would undertake now to write a history—to sift out and eliminate from his facts all error, leaving only the exact truth, in accordance

with the rigid requirements of modern historical criticism. From all this labor, perplexity, and conscientious care the student of folk-lore, who loves folk-lore for its own sake, is free. It matters not at all whether the head of Horace Greeley did or did not shoot up through the top of Hank Monk's coach; whether Peter Cartwright really did or did not blaze his way with a hatchet through the labyrinth of corridors in a New York hotel; whether Zachary Taylor, imperturbable in the midst of the hottest fire, did or did not drawl out, "A l-i-t-t-l-e more grape, Captain Bragg." In either case, the story is equally good. If it be characteristic of the person to whom it is applied, it will answer every purpose of folk-lore.

Witty sayings are often remembered when their authors are forgotten or are confounded with other persons. There is a vast amount of sparkling thought and apt expression which is firmly held in the memory of the people, but for which no legitimate sponsor appears. There is a very common tendency, however, to ascribe a smart saying, whether correctly or not, to some noted individual; and thus a few men whose reputation for smartness is once established receive credit for much which did not originate with them. In Europe it has been (unconsciously, perhaps) the custom to ascribe this flotsam and jetsam of witty and pithy sayings to Talleyrand—just as it has been the tendency in this country to ascribe unlabeled specimens of wit and humor to Henry Ward Beecher or to Abraham Lincoln. Doubtless whole volumes of the witty sayings of these men—which they never said—might be compiled. It does not matter at all who really said them. If they sound like Talleyrand or Beecher or Lincoln, if they are characteristic and fit the case, that is all that is necessary for the requirements of folk-lore.

As a single initial letter may represent an entire word, so a single word may have the meaning of a whole lifetime of human endeavor, or a whole comedy or tragedy of human experience. Words are wonderful things; they carry with

them the story of our race. They are sacred things; they hold all that can be expressed of human happiness and misery, hope and despair.

The universality of our folk-lore is marvelous. One of our lightly spoken proverbs may date back through thousands of years to Æsop; the next one uttered may go back only to Benjamin Franklin.[1] One comes from King Solomon or the Emperor Jamshyd, another from a wretched slave. Our common expressions of worldly wisdom have been gleaned from pleasant home lands, from the burning desert, and from the arctic snows; from the days of Job to our own time; from city and country, and from all ranks and conditions of men.

The study of folk-lore is delightful to the philosophic mind and to the generous heart. It enlarges the view of human life, and brings the individual into closer union with his fellows. It teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

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[1] Franklin is said to have taught more of practical wisdom than any other uninspired man. His apt and homely sayings have created a world of folk-lore in themselves.

AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

THE mythology of ancient America is meager, and is generally of little importance in its relation to literature and art, though it possesses considerable interest in connection with geographical names and local traditions, especially in North America.

The red men of the New World believed generally in the existence of a Great Spirit,[1] the Master of Life. They cherished a belief in the immortality of the soul, and in a barbarous heaven. Their simple faith is happily expressed in the well-known and frequently quoted lines:

> Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
> His soul proud Science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;
> Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
> Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
> Some safer world, in depth of wood embraced,
> Some happier island in the watery waste,
> Where slaves once more their native land behold,
> No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
> To be, contents his natural desire;
> He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
> But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company.
>
> —*Pope's "Essay on Man."*

[1] It is a remarkable fact that many, if not most, of the rude tribes inhabiting the vast American continent, however disfigured their creeds may have been in other respects by childish superstition, had attained to the sublime conception of one Great Spirit, the Creator of the universe, who, immaterial in his own nature, was not to be dishonored by an attempt at visible representation, and who, pervading all space, was not to be circumscribed within the

GITCHE MANITO (or Manitou) is the most common Indian designation for the Great Spirit, who is thus characterized in contradistinction to the inferior manitos, or spirits. (Manitoba, the name of a province in the Dominion of Canada, means "God speaks".)

> Gitche Manito, the mighty,
> He the Master of Life, descending,
> On the red crags of the quarry
> Stood erect, and called the nations,
> Called the tribes of men together.
> —*Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."*

MITCHE MANITO was a subordinate and malignant spirit, who caused the drought, the forest fires, etc.

> And louder lamentations heard we rise:
> As when the evil Manitou, that dries
> Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire.
> —*Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."*

WETUO MANITOS were inferior gods of the wigwam.

> Such a forest devil to run by his side,—
> Such a Wetuomanit as thou wouldst make.
> —*Whittier's "Mogg Megone."*

HIAWATHA, in a widespread tradition, was a person of miraculous birth and translation, who was sent by Gitche Manito to clear the forests and rivers, and especially to inculcate in the stern hearts of warlike men a love for peace and for the gentler virtues. Longfellow's exquisite description of his departure from the world has been applied to the leave-taking of the poet himself:

> Thus departed Hiawatha,
> Hiawatha the Beloved,
> In the glory of the sunset,

---

walls of a temple. Yet these elevated ideas, so far beyond the ordinary range of the untutored intellect, do not seem to have led to the practical consequences that might have been expected; and few of the American nations have shown much solicitude for the maintenance of a religious worship, or found in their faith a powerful spring of action.—*William H. Prescott.*

In the purple mists of evening,
To the region of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

Among the other appellations of the hero are Michabou, Manabozo, Chiabo, and Tarenyawagon.

CHIBIABOS, a musician, was one of Hiawatha's friends.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
—*Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."*

KWASIND, a hero of marvelous strength, was another friend of Hiawatha.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow!
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others;
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.
—*Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."*

IAGOO was a proverbial boaster and story-teller.

Very boastful was Iagoo;
Never heard he an adventure

But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvelous story
But himself could tell a stranger.
—*Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha."*

MINNEHAHA, the bride of Hiawatha, was the daughter of an old arrow-maker in the country of the Dacotahs (or Sioux), who resided near the cascade which bears her name. The account of her wooing and death are favorite passages in the *Song of Hiawatha.*

WENONAH, the mother of Hiawatha, was a daughter of NOKOMIS, who fell from the moon. Wenonah was betrayed by Mudjekeewis, the Westwind.

OWEENEE was the heroine of a weird story related by Iagoo. She was wedded in youth to

Old Osséo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,

to whom she proved ever faithful. The aged husband became miraculously transformed into a handsome youth, while Oweenee became

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,

but was restored to her youth and beauty, while her undutiful sisters and their husbands were transformed into birds.

The KINGDOM OF PONEMAH was the "Land of the Hereafter," the "Happy Hunting Ground" of the brave and true.

O mighty Sowanna![1]
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er;
Mat wonck kunna-monee—We see her no more!
—*Whittier's "Bridal of Pennacook."*

[1] Great Spirit.

MAQUON is the hero of an Indian legend which relates the abduction of a young bride and the devoted quest through which she was restored to her lover. It is the subject of a short poem by Bryant.

ST. TAMMANY is the name by which a noted Indian chief of the Delaware tribe is remembered. Tammany, or Tammenund, is believed to have lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. Removing when young from the seacoast to the valley of the Ohio, he became eminent as a sachem, or chief. His rule was beneficent. He was a firm friend of the Whites, and he sought in every way to cultivate among his people the arts of peace. When and in what manner he acquired the title of *saint* does not appear. It was doubtless a tribute to his piety and worth. The first day of May is sometimes known as St. Tammany's day. A parish in Louisiana and a political society in New York are named in his honor.

Among the Aztecs of Mexico there was a well-developed system of idolatrous worship, with a priesthood and sacrificial rites. At the same time there seems to have been, among the higher classes at least, a recognition of a Supreme Deity, Tloquenalmaque, or Ipaluemoan ("He by whom we live"), who was not represented by images or propitiated with sacrifices other than offerings of incense and flowers.

There were more than a dozen gods (teotls) prominent in the Aztec system. Among these were HUITZILOPOCHTLI, the god of war; TEZCATLIPOCA, the god of justice; QUETZALCOATL, the god of the air; TONATIUH and METZTLI, the sun and moon; CENTEOTL, the goddess of the earth; TLAZOLTEOTL, the goddess of pleasure.

Huitzilopochtli was the real head of the Aztec Pantheon. The great temple, or group of temples and altars, in the ancient city of Mexico was built in his honor, and human sacrifices were offered to him.

The great pyramid at Cholula was surmounted by a temple of Quetzalcoatl. Seats were provided in Mexico for

Tezcatlipoca, who was, in popular belief, the highest of the image-gods.

The Mexican altars were built upon "teocallis," or truncated pyramids, some of which were of immense proportions.

> I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
> Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
> And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
> Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.
> —*Longfellow's "Armory at Springfield."*

The ancient Peruvians worshiped the heavenly bodies and the ocean, but generally without the bloody rites of the Aztecs.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

The most noted poem based upon the myths of the American Indians is *The Song of Hiawatha*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which was designed to be an American Edda, a repository for the more pleasing and curious legends found among the various tribes. The scene of action is the south shore of Lake Superior. This poem was published in 1855, and was remarkable for the peculiarity of its meter, as well as for the novelty and charm of its subject.

Among the minor productions of the German poet Schiller is one entitled *Nadowessiers Totenslied*, a dirge to a chieftain who was buried near Carver's Cave, on the site of St. Paul, Minn., considerably more than a century ago. The poem has been translated by more than one British author. It expresses the Indian's faith in the Great Spirit and in a future life.

Gertrude of Wyoming, by the British poet Thomas Campbell, and *Mogg Megone* and *The Bridal of Pennacook*, by John Greenleaf Whittier, are among the earlier poems of the present century relating to the pioneer days of American settlements, and portray scenes of Indian life, though their allusions to the mythology of the aborigines are not numerous. (Evidently Campbell was in error in placing the accent of *Wyoming* upon the first syllable.)

The witchery of soft moonlight on the Hudson engaged the teeming fancies of the American poet Joseph Rodman Drake to people the romantic banks of that beautiful river with elfin spirits of the night—brought thither from the fairyland of Old World folk-lore. His poem *The Culprit Fay* enjoyed unbounded popularity in the earlier years of

this century, and has been deemed comparable only to Milton's *Comus.* It is still unapproached by any other fairy poem of the century in the almost human interest which its characters possess, and in the delicacy of its description.

Washington Irving found in the folk-lore of colonial days in the Catskills the materials for his *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*—prose idyls, which are written in a style singularly well adapted to the delineation of the legendary and the picturesque.

Interesting accounts of the religions of the Aztecs and the ancient Peruvians are to be found in William H. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru.* A novel entitled *The Fair God*, by General Lew Wallace, relates the overthrow of Montezuma, the Aztec emperor, by the Spanish invader Cortes, and presents a graphic picture of the days of Mexican idolatry. *The Story of Mexico*, a recent work by Susan Hale, is a valuable contribution to Spanish-American history.

AN INDIAN STORY.

(The Legend of Maquon.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

"I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

"And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower,
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower."

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting-ground on the hills;
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;
And Maquon's sylvan labors are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground;
At once to the earth his burden he heaves,
And breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there,

By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs, on the sassafras broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour
Ever watched his coming to see?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower.
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapor and sleet
On the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door;
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side—
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine-grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh, dark mold,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls that pass that way
Point out the ravisher's grave;
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Returned the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

THE DEATH LAMENT OF THE NADOWESSIE CHIEFTAIN.

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

(TRANSLATED BY EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.)

See, he sitteth on his mat,
Sitteth there upright,
With the grace with which he sat
While he saw the light.

Where is now the sturdy gripe,
Where the breath sedate,
That so lately whiff'd the pipe
Toward the Spirit Great?

Where the bright and falcon eye,
That the reindeer's tread
On the waving grass could spy,
Thick with dewdrops spread?

Where the limbs that used to dart
Swifter through the snow
Than the twenty-member'd hart,
Than the mountain roe?

Where the arm that sturdily
Bent the deadly bow?
See, its life hath fleeted by;
See, it hangeth low!

Farewell gifts, then, hither bring,
Sound the death-note sad!
Bury him with everything
That can make him glad.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide,
That he boldly swung;
And the bear's-fat haunch beside,
For the road is long;

And the knife, well sharpenèd,
That, with slashes three,
Scalp and skin from foeman's head
Tore off skillfully;

And, to paint his body, place
Dyes within his hand.
Let him shine with ruddy grace
In the Spirit Land.

COMANCHE BOY.

BY FANNIE A. D. DARDEN.

SWEET child of the forest and prairie,
Say, where have thy dusky tribe gone?
Have they silently passed as the shadows
That flit 'neath the cloud-veilèd moon?

Have they folded their tents 'neath the greenwood—
Have they gone to some far hunting-ground,
Where the buffalo roameth at pleasure,
And the fleet-footed dun deer is found?

Or on the red trail of the war-path
Do thy stern chieftains seek for the foe?
And the songs of their gay plumèd warriors,
Are they breathing out vengeance and woe?

They are gone to the land of the West Wind;
In the mountain's rock-caverns a home
They have found, where the voice of the torrent
Roars loud from its white bed of foam.

As the lingering rays of the sunset
O'er woodland and prairie are thrown,
As the soft, hazy Indian summer
Is a dream of the summer that's gone:—

So the day of their glory is over,
And out on the desolate waste
The far-scattered remnants yet hover,
Like shades of the long-vanished past.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill

But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the Fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell);
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the humbird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;

And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup;—
A scene of sorrow awaits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away;—
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone;

The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne;
He waved his scepter in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII.

"Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
. . . . . .
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine;
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.

Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heavens' blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting-star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

. . . . . .

XXV.

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down;
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,

To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
  They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
  And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time, on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
  They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
  Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe,
  Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
  That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the firefly courser bent,

And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred by the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare,
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty specters flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,

The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!
But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky way,
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, Oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright;

She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told in accents low
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And "O, sweet sprite of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!

And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbèd moon!
We'll sit upon the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleaming string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her look so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek:
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye,
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,

To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wan and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his firefly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;

And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
  And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
  And quenched is its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
  It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
  That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
  As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail behind
  The elfin gallops along,
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
  But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
  While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
  And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
  And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
  And sped through the midnight dark.

. . . . . .

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
  Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
  Hither, hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
  Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
  With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
  And doubly bright his fairy fire.

Twine ye in an airy round,
  Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
  He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
  He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
  The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
  Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
  The sentry-elf his call has made:
A streak is in the eastern sky,
  Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed,—and the Fays are gone.

BRITISH FOLK-LORE.

THE ancient Britons and the Celts of the Continent were governed and taught by the DRUIDS, a powerful order of bards, vates (seers), and priests. The Druids possessed neither temples nor books. They worshiped generally in sacred groves, and held in special reverence the oak and the mistletoe. They set up huge stones in great circles. The most famous of these remaining is Stonehenge, on Salisbury plain. The Druids were possessed of considerable learning, all of which was transmitted orally. Human sacrifices were offered upon their altars to appease offended deities. Their order was abolished by the Romans. The English festivals of May Day, Midsummer Eve, and Harvest-home are supposed to have had their origin in Druidical observances.

NORMA, in Bellini's opera of that name, is a Druid priestess of the god IRMINSUL, in Gaul (France).

The mythical history of England commences many centuries before the time of Christ, when the island was ruled by the giant ALBION, a son of Neptune (see Grecian mythology).

BRUTUS, or Brute, a great-grandson of Æneas (the hero of Vergil's Æneid), is the fabled founder of London (Trojanova, or Troynovant), and with his followers of Trojan descent is said to have exterminated the few remaining giants in the island.[1]

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[1] Our Jack the Giant-Killer is clearly the last modern transmutation of the old British legend, told in Geoffrey of Monmouth, of Corinëus the Trojan, the companion of the Trojan Brutus when he first settles in Britain; which Corinëus, being a very strong man, and particularly good-humored, is satisfied with

> For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
> And Troynovant was built of old Troy's ashes cold.
> —*Spenser's "Faerie Queene."*

Of the many legendary kings of England, but few are worthy of extended notice.

LEIR, the King Lear of Shakespeare, is one of these.

LUD, buried near one of the portals of his capital, gave his name to Ludgate, and from the same name some derive that of the British capital itself.

CASSIBELLAUNUS and CYMBELINE[1] are semi-historical personages.

COEL, or COLE, is famous in nursery legend. It has been held by some historians that the Empress Helena (St. Helena, mother of Constantine, the first Christian emperor) was his daughter.

BUNDUCA, or Bonduca, is the historic Queen Boadicea.

ARTHUR[2] is by far the most celebrated of the legendary kings. In his praises all succeeding ages have united. Arthur is a real personage. His history, however, has been so covered over with romance and poetry, with distorted and exaggerated legend and pure fable, that he is most important as a character in fiction. He was a ruler of the Britons at

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being King of Cornwall, and killing out the aboriginal giants there, leaving to Brutus all the rest of the island, and only stipulating that, whenever there is a peculiarly difficult giant in any part of Brutus's dominions, he shall be sent for to finish the fellow.—*David Masson.*

[1] The resemblance between the names Cymbeline and Campbell may not be accidental. James Parton says: "The family from which the Marquis of Lorne descends is one of the most ancient in Europe. It may be *the* most ancient; for there is some reason to think that while the Romans possessed Britain, one of his ancestors was already chief of a Scottish clan, afterward known as the clan Campbell."

[2] It was in the struggle against Cerdic that the British King Arthur acquired his fame. At Camelot (in Somersetshire) he gathered around him the bravest of his followers, who were known as the Knights of the Round Table; and for twenty-four years he fought bravely for his kingdom, and conquered the Saxons in twelve battles. He is said to have been mortally wounded in a war with his rebellious nephew, Modred, and buried at Glastonbury, A. D. 542. —*David Morris.*

the time of the early Saxon invasions (in the fifth century). He is said to have maintained a court of Oriental magnificence at his capital, Caerleon, on the Usk River, in Wales. This is supposed to be the modern Cardiff. Camelot, frequently mentioned in the legends of Arthur, is believed to be Winchester; and Shalott, the town of Guildford. Hamo's Port is doubtless Southampton. Lyonesse was a fabulous region, said to have been contiguous to Cornwall, and at a later time submerged in the ocean. The innumerable tales of the days of Arthur center in his Round Table, and in the Holy Grail, which graced it.

THE ROUND TABLE had seats for thirteen, in memory of the Apostles of the Lord—the seat of Judas being always vacant. A variation of the description represents forty or fifty seats, with one place left vacant in honor of the Grail. The name of each chosen knight was written on the marble.

THE HOLY GRAIL, or Graal, sometimes called Sangreal, was the emerald cup from which, it is said, the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. It was originally brought from Palestine, says the legend, by Joseph of Arimathea, and long remained in England. It disappeared from view, and its absence was attributed to the sins of its custodians. Therefore the Knights of the Round Table set forth as knights-errant, to do good, to work penance, to redress wrong, and to deserve, if possible, a return of the blessed cup.

The stories of the adventures that befell the venturesome souls in this holy quest are innumerable. The Grail was not recovered, though it was granted to some to behold it, generally veiled and borne by angels in the night.

The names of the more prominent of the knights have been rendered familiar by modern authors.

SIR LAUNFAL, in his quest, met in a vision a leper asking alms, to whom he gave a part of his crust and a cup of water.

'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—

Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.
As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

. . . . . .

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup, which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body, broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need."

—*Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."*

Sir Galahad was a pure-hearted knight, with whose death the visions of the Holy Grail ceased forever.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board—no helmsman steers,
I float, till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light,
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

—*Tennyson's "Sir Galahad."*

Sir Gawain, or Gawayne, was noted alike for his knightly virtues and for the wonderful strength with which he was endowed at certain hours of the day. He is described by romancers as the Sage and Courteous Knight. He was a brother of Agravain, Gaharet, and Gareth.

With so high reverence and observance,
As well in speeche as in countenance,

That Gawain, with his olde courtesie,
Though he were come agen out of faërie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word.
—*Chaucer's "Squiere's Tale"—"Canterbury Tales."*

SIR TRISTRAM (whose name signifies *sorrowful*) was led into the infamy of betraying the Princess ISEULT, or Isoude, who was committed to his care in making the journey from Ireland to meet her bridegroom, his uncle, the Cornish KING MARK. The queen-mother of Iseult had intrusted to BRANGWAIN, maid of the latter, a secret and magic love-potion, to be drunk by King Mark and his bride. This was unwittingly drunk by Sir Tristram and Iseult, and proved the ruin of both. The hopeless love for the Queen of Cornwall ever burned in the heart of Sir Tristram. Yielding to circumstances, he espoused Isoude of the White Hands, a princess of Brittany. When he was wounded and very ill, his wife sent for the Queen of Cornwall, through whose ministrations he had once recovered from a deadly illness. But in a moment of jealousy Isoude of the White Hands falsely told the hero that the royal lady refused to come. Sir Tristram expired; and the queen, arriving and learning his fate, was stricken with mortal grief, and died holding his dead body in her arms. Tristan and Isolde (other forms of the same names) are the subject of one of Wagner's exquisite operas. Sir Tristram is described in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (Book VI), where SIR CALIDORE meets him in a forest. In the *Idylls of the King* Sir Tristram takes up the harp and sings the admired lay:

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was near!
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire
And one will ever shine and one will pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere.
—*Tennyson's "Last Tournament."*

SIR LANCELOT DU LAC was a bold and courageous knight, but the betrayer of his queen, the beautiful GUINEVERE, or Geneura, wife of King Arthur.

SIR GERAINT was a valorous knight, the slayer of giants. His wife ENID, is a type of conjugal fidelity and love.

SIR BEDIVERE was one of the most faithful and the last of the Knights of the Round Table.

> Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
> "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
> Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
> For now I see the true old times are dead,
> When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.
> Such times have been not since the light that led
> The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
> But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
> Which was an image of the mighty world,
> And I, the last, go forth companionless,
> And the days darken round me, and the years
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
>
> —*Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur."*

MERLIN was a famous enchanter, who figures prominently in the legends of Arthur. With him was associated VIVIEN, the Lady of the Lake, whose palace was in the midst of a mystic lake of marvelous and unreal properties.

Besides Guinevere, the faithless queen, Enid, the devoted wife, and Vivien, the enchantress, there was ELAINE, the Maid of Astolat, who died from unrequited love for Sir Lancelot.

EXCALIBUR was the name of King Arthur's famous sword, which he alone, of more than two hundred nobles, was able to detach from a miraculous stone. It was because of this feat that Arthur was chosen king. As he drew near death, he commanded an attendant to hurl the weapon into a lake. This was done with reluctance, but a hand and arm arose from the water and waved the blade thrice before it sank.

FINGAL and TEMORA are chief among the heroes of some compositions purporting to be translations of ancient Celtic

lays of Ossian, a traditionary bard of North Britain, who is believed by many to have lived in the fourth century of the Christian era. These poems—for such they are called, though they are without rhyme or meter—were given to the public by James Macpherson, a Scotch writer, who failed to give any satisfactory account of the alleged originals. They attracted much attention in the latter half of the last century, when they appeared. They are now regarded as forgeries. Their singular and impressive style is in keeping with their mysterious origin.[1]

"*Reyno.* The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream. But more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood, as a wave on the lonely shore?

"*Alpin.* My tears, O Reyno, are for the dead; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the slain. But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourners shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the halls unstrung.

"Thou wert swift, O Morar, as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed by the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose."—*Macpherson's "Translation of Ossian."*

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY is the name applied in legend to an islet in Lough Derg, in Ireland. The tradition relating to the locality dates from early Norman days, at least—probably from an era much more remote.

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[1] Sir James Mackintosh, in his "History of England," says of the Ossianic compositions, "No other imposture in literary history approaches them in the splendor of their course."

Sir Owain, a knight of the court of King Stephen of England, is the hero of an old English romance, who is described as having passed through St. Patrick's Purgatory. The narrative was dramatized by the Spanish poet Calderon in the seventeenth century, and recalls to the student the *Divina Commedia* of Dante.

St. Brandan, or Borandan, is the name of an ancient Celtic ecclesiastic and navigator of Ireland, who is said to have lived in the sixth century, and is believed by some to have discovered America. His name was long given to a fabulous flying island to the west of the Canaries. This appeared on maps published as late as 1755. St. Brandan is the subject of many interesting traditions.

Maeldune is a hero of ancient Irish legend, who is said to have traversed the seas on an errand of vengeance and to have been dissuaded from his purpose at last by the Christian teachings of a saint who had been the companion of St. Brandan. *The Voyage of Maeldune* is the subject of a poem by Lord Tennyson.

The mythology of the Saxon invaders of Great Britain was essentially that of the Norse. They named the first day of the week in honor of the sun, and the second in honor of the moon. Sater was their form of *Saturn*, and is preserved in the name of the seventh day. Eostre was the name of the goddess of Spring, for whom, singularly, the Christian festival of Easter is named.

The Saxons, who conquered Arthur's nation and occupied Britain, giving to its greater part the name of one of their tribes (*England*, or *Angle-land*, from the Angles), brought with them from the Continent a cycle of epic ballads recounting the deeds of the heroes and monsters. Many of these old songs are still preserved. They possess great interest, since they constitute the oldest existing composition in the mother tongue of the English, and bring before us the mythical beings that occupied the minds of our forefathers.

HROTHGAR was a great King of Denmark, who built a vast feasting hall for his warriors and councilors in commemoration of his victories.

GRENDEL was a terrible spirit of evil, a hideous monster of the fens, who stole away thirty sleeping Danes from the hall, and devoured them, and often returned for more through a period of twelve years.

BEOWULF (probably so called from the name of the woodpecker), the hero, was a chief from the Geat Country (Britain), who came to the aid of Hrothgar. Unaided and unarmed, Beowulf silently awaited in the great hall the approach of the fearful monster. Grendel advanced in the darkness, and sated his horrible thirst with the life-blood of a sleeping Dane. He then came to Beowulf himself. The hero boldly grasped his assailant, and a terrible conflict ensued, in which the great building resounded and even shook with the fury of the struggle. The monster's arm and shoulder-blade were completely severed from his body, and in the agonies of approaching death he fled to his fens, where he expired.

His mission accomplished, Beowulf returned to his home in the country of the Geats, where he subsequently reigned for half a century. The last of the famous deeds of Beowulf was his encounter with a great Dragon which lived in a cave by the seashore. The cave contained a vast treasure of gold, from which a golden cup was stolen by one of Beowulf's subjects. The infuriated Dragon rained fire upon the kingdom, and the conflagration advanced to the very palace of Beowulf. With the assistance of but one man, Beowulf destroyed the Dragon, but was himself killed by the poison of its blood, with which his hands were imbrued. Beowulf died in peace, gazing upon a portion of the treasure which he had won for his country.

ÆSCHERE was a member of Hrothgar's council, who was slain by Grendel's mother. The latter was sought by Beowulf in her foul fen. She dragged the hero into her cave,

where he seized a great sword which was hanging upon the wall and slew her.

WIGLAF was a kinsman of Beowulf, who assisted his king in the battle with the fiery Dragon. While Beowulf seized the monster, Wiglaf with a great sword divided the body in twain.

The oldest manuscript of the poetic cycle relating to Beowulf's deeds dates probably from the tenth century. The poem consists of several thousand lines. It is not rhymed, but is full of alliteration, as, indeed, we find all early English poems, the grace of rhyme having been acquired by poets later.

Long before the poem was written it was orally transmitted. It is, in fact, impossible to say when it was first committed to writing, though probably this was not until the beginning of the eighth century.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth the genius of Edmund Spenser introduced into English letters a new class of imaginary personages in his great work, *The Faerie Queene.*[1] These differ from other British myths in that they are not derived from ancient popular tradition, but were created to serve the purposes of the poem. They are allegorical characters, representing abstract virtues and vices; but Spenser has interwoven with his narrative some very ancient legends.

GLORIANA is the Faerie Queene, representing glory, but

[1] This was the last great work modeled on chivalry. Awakening from the gloom of the theological contests of Edward and Mary, the court of the Maiden Queen, from state policy and her own disposition, had been transformed into a court of romance. Glory was the cheap but inappreciable meed bestowed by the economical sovereign, and love was the language to which the female from the throne could bend to listen to her subject. Elizabeth, stately and tender, was herself the Faerie Queene, without even the poet's flattery, when seated under the dais, amid long galleries hung with cloth of gold or silver, and all the moving tilt-yard glittering in its sheen; "the noise of music" and the sound of shields; the solemn procession and gay crowds of the many-colored liveries; the tasseled caparisons of the horses and the nodding plumes of the knights.—*Isaac Disraeli.*

portraying especially the majesty of the Virgin Queen of England.

UNA is a lovely lady, symbolizing truth; her name (meaning, in Latin, *one*) has reference to her singleness of purpose and integrity of character.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT is a hero typifying holiness. He releases the father and the kingdom of Una from the power of a great Dragon, which he slays.

ACRASIA is a witch, depicted as dwelling in the Bower of Bliss, upon a floating island of marvelous beauty. She is a type of intemperance.

SIR GUYON is a knight, commissioned by the Faerie Queene to arrest Acrasia and destroy her home. He typifies temperance and self-control.

AMORET is a lady of the court, who is wooed and won by Sir Scudamore. She personifies conjugal devotion and womanly tenderness.

BRITOMARTIS, or Britomart, is a lady knight, armed with a resistless magic spear. She is a type of chastity and purity.

DUESSA is a base witch, who, under tha name Fidessa, assumes the disguise of a lovely woman in distress, and entices the Red-Cross Knight into the House of Pride, where his virtue becomes weakened, and he is overcome by Orgoglio. She is overcome by Prince Arthur, and betakes herself in shame to a wilderness.

ORGOGLIO is a giant, the consort of Duessa.

In addition to the characters mentioned above are Archimago (hypocrisy), Abessa (superstition), Ignaro (ignorance), Sans Loy (lawlessness), Sans Joy (moroseness), the Seven Deadly Sins (idleness, gluttony, lechery, avarice, envy, wrath, and pride), Fidelia (faith), Speranza (hope), Charissa (charity), Mercy, Patience, and several others.

The fairy-lore of England is of high antiquity. Shakespeare makes use of it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Romeo and Juliet*.

OBERON and his wife TITANIA, king and queen of the fairies, are said to have come from India to northern Europe to dance by moonlight.

QUEEN MAB, a fairy queen, is a myth derived from an Irish princess of old time.

PUCK, known at first as a fiend, appears in Shakespeare as a "merry wanderer of the night," and is called also Robin Goodfellow.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO BRITISH FOLK-LORE.

Edmund Spenser's great poem, *The Faerie Queene* contains a succinct account of all the legendary kings of England down to Uther, the father of King Arthur. Spenser ranks among the four great masters of English verse, and his *Faerie Queene* is one of the greatest classics in the language. Later poets have generally acknowledged their indebtedness to him for much of their inspiration. The measure in which he wrote is known as the Spenserian stanza. *The Faerie Queene* is the repository of the Spenserian myths. One of the most familiar cantos of the poem is that which describes the slaying of the Dragon.

Boadicea, the British queen, emerges for a moment from the shadowy realm of legend into the clear light of recorded history through her heroic but ineffectual struggle with the Roman power in Britain. She is the subject of a number of poems by various authors. Lord Tennyson's *Boadicea* is a remarkable composition, classed among his *Experiments*. William Cowper's *Boadicea* is one of the best of his odes.

King Arthur, as previously stated, is supposed to have flourished at about the time of the Saxon invasion, in the fifth century A. D. He figures prominently in a very unhistorical *History of the Kings of Britain*, which was written (in Latin) by Geoffrey of Monmouth, about the year 1150. The Welsh claim that the materials for this work were taken from an older history by St. Talian, Bishop of St. Asaph, of the seventh century, and that Geoffrey's book was a translation from the Welsh, or Armorican.

The growth of Arthurian legend is thus critically traced by J. R. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*: "Out of Geoffrey's creation grew, little by little, the poem of the 'Table Round.' Brittany, which has mingled with the story of Arthur the older and more mysterious legend of the Enchanter Merlin, lent that of Lancelot to the wandering minstrels of the day, who molded it, as they wandered from hall to hall, into the familiar song of knighthood wrested from its

loyalty by the love of woman. The stories of Tristram and Gawayne, at first as independent as that of Lancelot, were drawn with it into the whirlpool of Arthurian romance; and when the Church, jealous of the popularity of the legends of chivalry, invented as a counteracting influence the poem of the Sacred Dish, the San Graal, which held the blood of the Cross, invisible to all eyes but those of the pure in heart, the genius of a court poet, Walter de Map, wove the rival legends together, sent Arthur and his knights wandering over sea and land in the quest of the San Graal, and crowned the work by the figure of Sir Galahad, the type of ideal knighthood, without fear and without reproach."

The *Mabinogeon* of the Welsh is a repository of early British romance.

The *Chronicles* of Holinshed (who wrote in the sixteenth century) have supplied to later writers much interesting material for semi-historical romances. The story of King Lear is found in these *Chronicles*, and is related by Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*, and appears also in a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*. Holinshed relates the suicide of Cordelia after the death of Lear, her father. Shakespeare omits this in order to bring his drama to a happy ending, and he takes liberties with the narrative in various details. Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* is likewise based lightly upon a fragment of history found in Holinshed, though the drama is of no historical value.

The *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* was carefully compiled in the last century by Thomas Percy, an English bishop.

Thomas Bulfinch, an American writer, published in 1858 *The Age of Chivalry*, a fine collection of Arthurian legends in the quaint and beautiful English prose of old days. A few years later, Alfred Tennyson, the Laureate of England, wrote, as a tribute to the lamented Prince Consort, a cycle of artistic poems embodying these legends, and entitled *Idylls of the King*.

Robert Browning has developed into a powerful poem a brief and obscure reference to *Childe Roland*,[1] which occurs in Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

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[1] The suggestion of this poem is a line from "King Lear"—this, and nothing more: "Childe Roland to the dark tower came." Who Childe Roland was, where the dark tower was, why he came to the dark tower, what he did when he got there, no commentator on Shakespeare has ever been able to tell. But this mysterious line has a certain fascination, as all mystery has. . . . This is a very mysterious poem, and I doubt not that any one who will read it once will find it so. Perhaps you who read it in the light of this interpretation may find a suggestion in it: I see a man who sets out on some great, noble errand. He

The story of Tristram and Iseult (Isoude) forms the subject of a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, entitled *Tristram of Lyonesse.*

A later revision of Bulfinch's *Age of Chivalry*, edited by Edward Everett Hale, includes some narratives taken from *The Mabinogeon.*

References to early British heroes are common in the literature of the United Kingdom and of the United States.

Among the most recent books relating to the subject is *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, by Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). This is a clever satire upon abuses in government and religion. It introduces a representative American of our own realistic age into the shadowy realm of Arthur's mystic court, and abounds in striking and significant contrasts.

A belief in such supernatural agencies as witches, warlocks, etc., has been characteristic of the Scotch, though by no means peculiar to that people. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (which is based upon an account in Holinshed's *Chronicle*) abounds in witches and ghosts.

One of the most popular of all Scotch poems is *Tam o' Shanter*, by Robert Burns. This was composed but little more than a century ago, and describes a revel of warlocks and witches in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," which was witnessed by a drunkard, who unwittingly interrupted the revel, and was pursued by the demoniac crowd to the middle of a stream. Beyond this, according to popular belief, the supernatural beings dared not go, though one of them succeeded in snatching off the tail of Meg, the mare which carried the hero in his flight.

Prince MADOC, a Welsh hero of the twelfth century, who is said to have discovered America and to have founded a colony in the New World, is the subject of a poem by Robert Southey, which was published in 1805. It contains beautiful descriptions, and its subject is

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has a noble ideal, to which he swears allegiance—certain principles of life to which he pledges his faith; but he has been so long delayed in it, the way has been so long, the discouragements so many, the failures of his friends so disappointing, that broken, discouraged, weary, utterly out of heart, not lifted by anything which we think usually lifts the hero, he plods on, and at last comes to where his very ideal is seen, and he is disappointed even in that. A squat tower appears, where once he thought the City of God would lift him. Notwithstanding all this discouragement and weariness and protracted labor, notwithstanding his hopes have almost died away and his effort is relaxed, and even his enthusiasms are wasted at the last, still, true to his word, dauntless he sets to his lips the horn, and blows his blast of defiance and of victory.—*Oscar C. McCulloch.*

one of deep interest. The narrative, however, possesses but little authentic basis.

Owain Gwynedd was one of the greatest of the old Welsh monarchs. His capital was Aberfraw, and he is said to have reigned from 1137 to 1169. According to the story, he had nineteen children, seventeen being sons, of whom Madoc was one. Hywel, whose mother was an Irish princess, succeeded to the Welsh throne; for, though he was not the oldest, his elder brother was incapacitated for reigning because of a physical injury. While Hywel was making a visit to his mother's estate in Ireland, his brother Davydd (David) asserted a claim to the throne, in view of his unmixed Welsh blood (for Davydd's mother was a Briton), and Hywell was slain on his return. Davydd became a tyrant, like Macbeth in Shakespeare's play. He slew one of the remaining brothers, imprisoned another, and banished the rest—all except Madoc, who was commander of the fleet. The armament under Madoc's command appears to have been strong enough to oppose successfully the British fleet at the mouth of Menai Strait, in a somewhat important conflict which occurred in 1142. Prince Madoc did not wait to experience in his own person his brother's fury, but, leaving his embroiled country, he set sail for unknown regions to the west of the British Isles. To what shore he went no one can assert with any certainty; but it is said that he sailed over the broad Atlantic until he reached a vast unknown land on the other side. From the new-found world he subsequently returned to Wales, with glowing accounts of his discovery. These must have been highly encouraging, for he was able to fit out speedily a second expedition of ten ships and about three hundred people. His brother Riryd, of Ireland, joined fortunes with him.

The ships set sail from the isle of Anglesea. A small port about five miles from Holyhead was the scene of the departure. The fate of this expedition is unknown.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

BY EDMUND SPENSER.

BOOK II.—CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uther's reign.

. . . . . .

V.

THE land which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty empire raised,
In antique times was savage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unproved, unpraised;
Ne was it island then, ne was it paysed
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants far for profits therein praised;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have been from the Celtic mainland brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southern seacoast lay
Threat'ning unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-mark made,
And named it ALBION;[1] but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers' trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

VII.

But far inland a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and half-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beasts lurking in loathsome den,

[1] The name is derived from *Albus*, meaning white.

And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,
All naked, without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livèd then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amazed their sternness to behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprang, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to ween,
That monstrous error which doth some assot,
That Dioclesian's fifty daughters sheen
Into this land by chance have driven been;
Where compan'ing with fiends and filthy sprights
Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
They brought forth giants and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasured mights.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthiness
Polluted this same gentle soil long time;
That their own mother loath'd their beastliness,
And gan abhor her broods' unkindly crime,
All were they born of her own native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently derived
From royal stock of old Assarac's line,
Driven by fatal error here arrived,
And them of their unjust possession deprived.

X.

But ere he had establishèd his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his savage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groaning floor,
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hogh, besprinkled with the gore

Of mighty Goëmot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquerèd, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample Pit, yet far renown'd
For the large leap which Debon did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning back he fell:
But those three monstrous stones do most excel,
Which that huge son of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slain anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corinëus had that province utmost west
To him assignèd for his worthy lot
Which of his name and memorable gest
He callèd Cornwall, yet so callèd best:
And Debon's share was, that is Devonshire:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he called Canutium, for his hire;
Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realm unto his rule subdued,
And reignèd long in great felicity,
Loved of his friends, and of his foes eschew'd:
He left three sons, his famous progeny,
Born of fair Inogen of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
And Locrine left chief lord of Britanny.
At last ripe age bade him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the sovereign lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northern part,
Which of himself Albania he did call;
And Camber did possess the western quart,
Which Severn now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
That once their quiet government annoy'd;
But each his pains to others' profit still employ'd.

XV.

Until a nation strange, with visage swart
And courage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarm'd in every part,
And overflow'd all countries far away,
Like Noyé's great flood, with their impórtune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the north display:
Until that Locrine, for his realm's defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

XVI.

He them encount'red, a confusèd rout,
Foreby the river that whylóme was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chased so fiercely after fearful flight,
That forced their chieftain, for his safety's sake
(Their chieftain Humber namèd was aright),
Unto the mighty stream him to betake,
Where he an end of battle and of life did make.

XVII.

The king returnèd proud of victory
And insolent woxe through unwonted ease,

That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vain voluptuous disease:
He loved fair Lady Estrild, lewdly loved,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his heart from Guendolene removed,
From Guendolene his wife, though always faithful proved.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corinëus
Would not endure to be so vile disdain'd,
But, gathering force and courage valorous,
Encount'red him in battle well ordain'd,
In which him vanquish'd she to fly constrain'd:
But she so fast pursued, that him she took
And threw in bands, where he till death remain'd;
Als his fair leman flying through a brook
She overhent, nought movèd with her piteous look.

XIX.

But both herself, and eke her daughter dear
Begotten by her kingly paramour,
The fair Sabrina, almost dead with fear,
She there attackèd, far from all succour:
The one she slew in that im atient stoure,
But the sad virgin innocent of all
Adown the rolling river she did pour,
Which of her name now Severn men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

XX.

Then for her son, which she to Locrine bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her own hand the crown she kept in store,
Till riper years he raught and stronger stay:

During which time her power she did display
Through all this realm the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But, when her son to man's estate did wex,
She it surrend'red, ne herself would longer vex.

XXI.

Tho Madan reign'd unworthy of his race;
For with all shame that sacred throne he fill'd.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kill'd.
But Ebranck salvèd both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warrèd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remain which yet that land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first days he was,
And happy father of fair progeny:
For all so many weeks, as the year has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twenty sons, which did apply
Their minds to praise and chivalrous desire:
Those germans did subdue all Germany,
Of whom it hight, but in the end their sire
With foul repulse from France was forcèd to retire.

XXIII.

Which blot his son succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
Right well recured, and did away that blame
With recompense of everlasting fame:
He with his victor sword first openèd
The bowels of wide France, a forlorn dame,

And taught her first how to be conquerèd ;
Since which, with sundry spoils she hath been ransackèd.

XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day
And all the moor twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The *green shield* dyed in dolorous vermeil?
That not *scuith guiridh*[1] it mote seem to be,
But rather *y scuith gogh*,[2] sign of sad cruelty.

XXV.

His son, king Leill, by father's labour long,
Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Hudibras his realm did not encrease,
But taught the land from weary wars to cease.
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in arts
Excell'd at Athens all the learnèd preace,
From whence he brought them to these savage parts,
And with sweet science mollified their stubborn hearts.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling baths at Cairbadon,
Which seethe with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quick brimstóne,
Nourish the flames which they are warm'd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every foreign nation :
Yet he at last, contending to excel
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

[1] Green shield. [2] Red shield.

XXVII.

Next him king Leyr[1] in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three fair daughters, which were well uptrain'd
In all that seemèd fit for kingly seed;
Mongst whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided: tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He call'd his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquired, which of them most did love her parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,
That she much more than her own life him loved;
And Regan greater love to him profess'd
Than all the world, whenever it were proved;
But Cordeill said she loved him as behoved:
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scots,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shared his realm by equal lots;
But, without dow'r, the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
Their aged sire, thus easèd of his crown,
A private life led in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renown,
That nought him grieved to been from rule deposèd down.

[1] Lear.

XXX.

But true it is that when the oil is spent
The light goes out, and wick is thrown away;
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drooping day,
And weary wax of his continual stay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repair'd,
Who him at first well usèd every way;
But, when of his departure she despair'd,
Her bounty she abated, and his cheer empair'd.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truly tried in his extremest state!
At last, resolved likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himself addrest,
Who with entire affection him received,
As for her sire and king her seemèd best;
And after all an army strong she leaved,
To war on those which him had of his realm bereaved.

XXXII.

So to his crown she him restored again;
In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it should to her remain:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
Through proud amb.tion against her rebell'd,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she hong.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to reign;
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy

His brother Morgan, prick'd with proud disdain,
To have a peer in part of sovereignty;
And, kindling coals of cruel enmity,
Raised war, and him in battle overthrew:
Whence as he to these woody hills did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he reign alone, when he none equal knew.

XXXIV.

His son Rivall' his dead room did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rain,
Next great Gurgustus, then fair Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdoms did contain,
After whom Lago and Kinmarke did reign,
And Gorgobud, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sons unto them twain
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and stern Porrex him in prison threw.

XXXV.

But O! the greedy thirst of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stirr'd Porrex up to put his brother down,
Who, unto him assembling foreign might,
Made war on him, and fell himself in fight:
Whose death t' avenge, his mother merciless,
Most merciless of women, Wyden hight,
Her other son last sleeping did oppress,
And with most cruel hand him murd'red pitiless.

XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus' sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne,
With high renown and great felicity:
The noble branch from th' ántique stock was torn

Through discord, and the royal throne forlorn.
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be born,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons' glory ancient.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchless might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affairs,
Who, stirr'd with pity of the stressèd plight
Of this sad realm, cut into sundry shares
By such as claim'd themselves Brute's rightful heirs,
Gather'd the princes of the people loose
To taken counsel of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choose
Their king, and swore him fëalty to win or lose.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,
This of Albány newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmèd late,
He overthrew through his own valiance,
Whose countries he reduced to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civil governance,
Now one, which erst were many made through variance.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision;
By which he freed the traveller's high-way,
The church's part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion:
The gracious Numa of Great Brittany.
For, till his days, the chief dominion

By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo died (for what may live for aye?),
And left two sons, of peerless prowess both,
That sackèd Rome too dearly did assay,
The recompense of their perjúrèd oath;
And ransack'd Greece well tried, when they were wroth,
Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speak, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Brittany.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus' son,
In rule succeed, and eke in father's praise;
He Easterland subdued, and Denmark won,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead father's days:
He also gave to fugitives of Spain,
Whom he at sea found wand'ring from their ways,
A seat in Ireland safely to remain,
Which they should hold of him as subject to Britáin.

XLII.

After him reignèd Guitheline his heir,
The justest man and truest in his days,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fair,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Which for this realm found many goodly lays,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deem'd to have been of the Fays,
As was Eegerié, that Numa[1] taught:
Those yet of her be Mercian laws both named and thought.

[1] Numa, a legendary king of Rome.

XLIII.

Her son Sifillus after her did reign;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crown sustain;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, should matchèd have the best
As well in that same field victorious
Against the foreign Morands he exprest:
Yet lives his memory, though carcass sleep in rest.

XLIV.

Five sons he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turns did reign:
First Gorboman, a man of virtuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdain
Deposèd was from princedom sovereign,
And piteous Elidure put in his stead;
Who shortly it to him restored again,
Till by his death he it recoverèd;
But Peridure and Vigent him disthronizèd:

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remain,
Till they out-reignèd had their utmost date,
And then therein reseizèd was again,
And rulèd long with honourable state,
Till he surrend'red realm and life to fate.
Then all the sons of these five brethren reign'd
By due success' and all their nephews late;
Even thrice eleven descents the crown retain'd,
Till aged Hèly by due heritage it gain'd.

XLVI.

He had two sons, whose eldest, callèd Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,

And endless monuments of his great good;
The ruin'd wall he did reædify
Of Troynovant, 'gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lies entombèd solemnly:
He left two sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
Was by the people chosen in their stead,
Who on him took the royal diadem,
And goodly well long time it governèd;
Till the proud Romans him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island never conquerèd,
And envying the Britons' blazèd fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulsèd back again,
And twice renforced back to their ships to fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
And the gray ocean into purple dye.
Ne had they footing found at last perdy,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soil,
And envious of uncle's sovereignty,
Betray'd his country unto foreign spoil.
Nought else but treason from the first this land did foil.

XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himself was chargèd heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.

Thenceforth this land was tributary made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defray'd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly sway'd.

L.

Next him Tenantius reign'd, then Kimbeline,[1]
What time th' Eternal Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombèd was, from wretched Adam's line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O joyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously display'd!
O too high ditty for my simple rhyme!
Soon after this the Romans him warray'd;
For that their tribute he refused to let be paid.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was emperor,
An army brought, and with him battle fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour[2]
Disguisèd slain, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceasèd not the bloody fight for ought:
For Arvirage his brother's place supplied,
Both in his arms and crown, and by that draught
Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacified.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnified,
Nor dread of Romans, than was Arvirage:
For which the emperor to him allied
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounced the vassalage
Of Rome again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoil and rage

[1] Cymbeline. [2] Traitor.

Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He died; and him succeed'd Marius,
Who joy'd his days in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll, and after him good Lucius,
That first receivèd Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grail (they say),
And preach'd the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

LIV.

This good king shortly without issue died,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,
That did herself in sundry parts divide,
And with her pow'r her own self overthrew,
Whilst Romans daily did the weak subdue:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca[1] up arose,
And taking arms the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marchèd straight against her foes,
And them unwares beside the Severn did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruel battle tried,
Not with so good success as she deserved,
By reason that the captains on her side,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerved;
Yet such as were through former flight preserved,
Gath'ring again her host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victor served:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captived, herself she slew.

[1] Boadicea.

LVI.

O famous monument of women's praise!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom ántique history so high doth raise,
Or to Hypsiphyl', or to Thomyris;
Her host two hundred thousand numb'red is,
Who, whiles good fortune favourèd her might,
Triumphèd oft against her enemies;
And yet, though overcome in hapless fight,
She triumphèd on death, in enemies' despite.

LVII.

Her relics Fulgent having gatherèd,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chase was slain of them that fled:
So made them victors whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carausius tyrannise anew,
And gainst the Romans bent their proper pow'r;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And took on him the robe of emperor;
Nathless the same enjoyèd but short happy hour.

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate h m overcame,
And left inglorious o a the vanquish'd plain,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did reign;
But shortly was by Coyll in battle slain;
Who after long debate, since Lucius' time,
Was of the Britons first crown'd sovereign:
Then gan this realm renew her passèd prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romans heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,

With whom king Coyll[1] made an agreëment,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all goodly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excel, but was most famous hight
For skill in music of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments as cunning lays:

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine beget,
Who afterward was Emperor of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set.
Octavius here leapt into his room,
And it usurpèd by unrighteous doom:
But he his title justified by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Roman legion in dreadful fight:
So settled he his kingdom, and confirm'd his right:

LXI.

But, wanting issue male, his daughter dear
He gave in wedlock to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdom heir,
Who soon by means thereof the empire wan,
Till murd'red by the friends of Gratian.
Then gan the Huns and Picts invade this land,
During the reign of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heir them to withstand;
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-able youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,
With wretched miseries and woful ruth
Were to those pagans made an open prey,

[1] Coel.

And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whom Roman wars, which now four hundred years
And more had wasted, could no wit dismay;
Till by consent of Commons and of Peers,
They crown'd the second Constantine with joyous tears.

LXIII.

Who having oft in battle vanquishèd
Those spoilful Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realm establishèd,
Yet oft annoy'd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and foreign scatterlings
With which the world did in those days abound:
Which to outbar with painful pyonings
From sea to sea he heap'd a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bound.

LXIV.

Three sons he dying left, all under age,
By means whereof their uncle Vortigere[1]
Usurp'd the crown during their pupilage;
Which th' infants' tutors gathering to fear,
Them closely into Armoric did bear:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoys,
He sent to Germany strange aid to rear;
From whence eftsoones arrivèd here three hoys
Of Saxons, whom he for his safëty employs.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitains, which hight
Hengist and Horsus,[2] well approved in war,
And both of them men of renownèd might;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of those foreigners which came from far,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realm ere long they stronger are

[1] Vortigern. [2] Horsa.

Than they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforced the kingdom to aband.

LXVI.

But, by the help of Vortimere his son,
He is again unto his rule restored:
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was done,
Receivèd is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's face and flatt'ring word.
Soon after which, three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his board;
Whose doleful monuments who list to rue,
Th' eternal marks of treason may at Stonehenge view.

LXVII.

By this the sons of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe years attain,
And, here arriving, strongly challeng'd
The crown which Vortiger did long detain:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slain;
And Hengist eke soon brought to shameful death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did reign,
Till that through poison stoppèd was his breath;
So now entombèd lies at Stonehenge by the heath.

. . . . . .

Book I.—Canto XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third, him overthrows; and gains
Most glorious victory.[1]

I.

High time now gan it wax for Una fair
To think of those her captive parents dear,

[1] Almost every one is familiar with the pictures of St. George slaying the Dragon. This is the conflict here described, for the Red-Cross Knight represents the patron saint of England. Spenser has here woven into his narrative a very ancient legend, dating from the early Christian centuries, and brought

And their forwasted kingdom to repair:
Whereto whenas they now approachèd near,
With hearty words her knight she gan to cheer,
And in her modest manner thus bespake:
"Dear knight, as dear as ever knight was dear,
That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
Oh, Heaven behold the tedious toil ye for me take!

II.

"Now are we come unto my native soil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoil;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel:
That shall ye evermore renownèd make
Above all knights on earth, that battle undertake."

III.

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brazen tow'r, in which my parents dear
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be;
Whom I from far see on the walls appear,
Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly cheer;
And on the top of all I do espy
The watchman waiting tidings glad to hear,
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

IV.

With that they heard a roaring, hideous sound,
That all the air with terror fillèd wide,

---

from the far East; but Spenser makes no pretense of consistency as to time or place of the events described. The story is found in another form in Percy's "Reliques." The real St. George lived in Asia Minor, in the fourth century. The Dragon is said to have been slain in Libya (Africa).

And seem'd uneath to shake the steadfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espied,
Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill;
But, all so soon as he from far descried
Those glist'ring arms that heaven with light did fill,
He roused himself full blithe, and hast'ned them until.

V.

Then bade the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside:
From whence she might behold that battle's proof,
And eke be safe from danger far descried:
She him obey'd, and turn'd a little wide.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learnèd dame,
Fair Imp of Phœbus and his aged bride,
The nurse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal name;

VI.

O, gently come into my feeble breast,
Come gently; but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martial troups thou dost infest,
And hearts of great heroès dost enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may assuage:
Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to sound
The god of war with his fierce equipage
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound;
And scarèd nations dost with horror stern astound.

VII.

Fair goddess, lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of wars and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Saracen blood bedyed,
Twixt that great Faerie Queene, and Paynim king,
That with their horror heaven and earth did ring;

A work of labour long and endless praise;
But now a while let down that haughty string
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly arms may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measurèd much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he rearèd high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness more,
Was swoll'n with wrath and poison, and with bloody gore;

IX.

And over all with brazen scales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of steel, so couchèd near
That nought mote pierce; ne might his corse be harm'd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed spear:
Which, as an eagle, seeing prey appear,
His aery plumes doth rouse full rudely dight;
So shakèd he, that horror was to hear:
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noise his rousèd scales did send unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gather'd full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens, that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards with flying canvas lined;
With which whenas him lift the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazèd with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
Does overspread his long brass-scaly back,
Whose wreathèd boughts whenever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and black,
It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two stings infixèd are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far.

XII.

But stings and sharpest steel did far exceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending claws:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous paws,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deep devouring jaws
Wide gapèd, like the grisly mouth of hell,
Through which into his dark abyss all ravin fell.

XIII.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enrangèd were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devourèd bodies did appear;
That sight thereof bred cold congealèd fear:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphur sear,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steamèd still,
That all the air about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:

As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Sent forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning give, that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lamps were set; that made a dreadful shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the bruisèd grass,
As for great joyaunce of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chafèd boar his bristles doth uprear;
And shook his scales to battle ready drest,
(That made the Redcross knight nigh quake for fear,)
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

XVI.

The knight gan fairly couch his steady spear,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steel arriving rudely there,
His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
But, glancing by, forth passèd forward right:
Yet, sore amovèd with so puissant push,
The wrathful beast about him turnèd light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tail, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose again,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest;
But th' idle stroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflamed the furious beast,

To be avengèd of so great despite;
For never felt his impierceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living wight:
Yet had he proved the pow'r of many a puissant knight.

XVIII.

Then, with his waving wings displayèd wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To bear so great a weight: He, cutting away
With his broad sails, about him soarèd round,
At last, low stooping with unwieldly sway,
Snatch'd up both horse and man, to bear them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plain,
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
To let them down before his flightès end:
As haggard hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowl above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth spend
To truss the prey too heavy for his flight;
Which coming down to ground, does free itself by fight.

XX.

He so disseizèd of his gripping gross,
The knight his thrillant spear again assay'd
In his brass-plated body to embosse,
And three men's strength unto the stroke he aid;
Wherewith the stiff beam quakèd, as afraid,
And glancing from his scaly neck did glide
Close under his left wing, then broad display'd:
The piercing steel there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the úncouth smart the monster loudly cried.

XXI.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blust'ring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
And boist'rous battle make, each other to avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruel claws he snatch'd the wood,
And quite asunder broke: forth flowèd fresh
A gushing river of black gory blood,
That drownèd all the land, whereon he stood;
The stream thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deep-rooted ill,
The flames of fire he threw forth from his large nostril.

XXIII.

His hideous tail then hurlèd he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thighs
Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage stout,
Striving to loose the knot that fast him ties,
Himself in straiter bands too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
To throw his rider; who can quickly rise
From off the earth, with dirty blood distain'd,
For that reproachful fall right foully he disdain'd;

XXIV.

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he struck so furious and so fell

That nothing seem'd the puissance could withstand;
Upon his crest the hard'ned iron fell;
But his more hard'ned crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he shunn'd the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguiled,
And smote again with more outrageous might;
But back again the sparkling steel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light,
As if in adamant rock it had been pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despite,
Thought with his wings to sty above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard:
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazed, and almost made afeared:
The scorching flame sore singèd all his face,
And through his armour all his body sear'd,
That he could not endure so cruel case,
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the ántique world
Whom famous poets' verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extoll'd,
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poison'd garment did enchant,

With Centaur's blood and bloody verses charm'd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fiery steel now burnt, that erst him arm'd;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII.

Faint, weary, sore, emboylèd, grievèd, brent,
With heat, toil, wounds, arm's smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefs did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needs require.
Whom so dismay'd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy stern about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him fell'd.

XXIX.

It fortunèd (as fair it then befell),
Behind his back, unweeting where he stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great virtues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursèd Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defiled those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his virtues had forgot.

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
Those, that with sickness were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excel,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spa;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west,
And his faint steeds wat'red in ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal labours they did rest;
When that infernal monster, having kest
His weary foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discolour'd breast
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,
As weening that the sad end of the war,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That fearèd chance from her to turn away;
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watch'd; ne once adown would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

The morrow next gan early to appear,
That Titan rose to run his daily race;
But early, ere the morrow next gan rear
Out of the sea fair Titan's dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And lookèd all about, if she might spy
Her lovèd knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safëty,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenchèd lay:

As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deck'd himself with feathers youthly gay,
Like eyas hawk up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay,
And marvels at himself, still as he flies:
So new this new-born knight to battle new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damnèd fiend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wond'red at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplièd knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewèd might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dullèd senses all dismay'd.

XXXVI.

I wot not, whether the revenging steel
Were hard'ned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feel;
Or his baptizèd hands now greater grew;
Or other secret virtue did ensue;
Else never could the force of fleshly arm,
Ne molten metal, in his blood embrue:
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harm
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charm.

XXXVII.

The cruel wound enragèd him so sore,
That loud he yellèd for exceeding pain;
As hundred ramping lions seem'd to roar,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constrain.
Then gan he toss aloft his stretchèd train,
And therewith scourge the buxom air so sore,

That to his force to yielden it was fain;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in pieces tore:

XXXVIII.

The same advancing high above his head,
With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortal sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seized,
Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be got:
The grief thereof him wondrous sore diseased,
Ne might his rankling pain with patience be appeased;

XXXIX.

But yet, more mindful of his honour dear
Than of the grievous smart which did him wring,
From loathèd soil he can him lightly rear,
And strove to loose the far infixèd sting:
Which when in vain he tried with struggèling,
Inflamed with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And struck so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge tail he quite asunder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him left.

XL.

Heart cannot think, what outrage and what cries,
With foul enfould'red smoke and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
Then fraught with rancour, and engorgèd ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himself out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his sun-bright shield, and gript it fast withal.

XLI.

Much was the man encumb'red with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talons to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus' greedy jaw
To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
To reave by strength the gripèd gage away:
Thrice he assay'd it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to think to rob him of his prey.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevail,
His trusty sword he call'd to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assail,
And double blows about him stoutly laid,
That glancing fire out of the iron play'd,
As sparkles from the anvil used to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are sway'd;
Therewith at last he forced him to untie
One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other foot, fast fixèd on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor strokes mote him constrain
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield;
He smote thereat with all his might and main,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustain:
Upon the joint the lucky steel did light,
And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twain;
The paw yet missèd not his minish'd might,
But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For grief thereof and devilish despite,
From his infernal furnace forth he threw

Huge flames, that dimmèd all the heaven's light,
Enroll'd in duskish smoke, and brimstone blue :
As burning Etna, from his boiling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountain molten new,
Enwrapt in coalblack clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
So sore him 'noy'd, that forced him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrails did expire
It chanced (Eternal God that chance did guide),
As he recoilèd backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And down he fell, with dread of shame sore terrified.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had been dyed,
Whereof great virtues over all were read :
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall :
Great God it planted in that blessed stead
With His Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprang out of the fruitful ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.

Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournful memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath done us all to die!

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a well,
A trickling stream of balm, most sovereign
And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowèd all the fertile plain,
As it had dewèd been with timely rain;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heal; and rear again
The senseless corse appointed for the grave;
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever damnèd beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preservèd did detest;
Yet he it oft adventured to invade.
By this the drooping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his room to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her dear knight, who, weary of long fight,
And faint through loss of blood, moved not at all,
But lay, as in a dream of deep delight,
Besmear'd with precious balm, whose virtuous might
Did heal his wounds, and scorching heat allay,
Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safety gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI.

The joyous day gan early to appear;
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear
With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed
About her ears, when Una her did mark
Climb to her charet, all with flowers spread
From heaven high to chase the cheerless dark;
With merry note her loud salutes the mountain lark.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healèd of his hurts and woundès wide,
And did himself to battle ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devour'd, so soon as day he spied,
When none he saw himself so freshly rear,
As if late fight had nought him damnified,
He woxe dismay'd, and gan his fate to fear;
Nathless with wonted rage he him advancèd near;

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought at once him to have swallow'd quite,
And rush'd upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him rencount'ring fierce as hawk in flight,
Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impórtune might,
That deep empierced his darksome hollow maw,
And, back retired, his life-blood forth withall did draw.

LIV.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe,
That vanish'd into smoke and cloudès swift;

So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have wash'd away,
With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,
And rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay:
So down he fell, and like an heapèd mountain lay.

LV.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a mass it seem'd;
And his dear lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeem'd;
But yet at last, whenas the direful fiend
She saw not stir, off-shaking vain affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praised, and thank'd her faithful knight,
That had achieved so great a conquest by his might.

BOADICEA.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize;
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

I.

THE SAILING OF THE SWALLOW.

About the middle music of the spring
Came from the castled shore of Ireland's king
A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound
And south by Wales and all its wonders round
To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home
That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam,
Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides
And high Carlion that now the steep sea hides
To the wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays
Of sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days.
Above the stem a gilded swallow shone,
Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glittering stone
As flying sunward oversea, to bear
Green summer with it through the singing air.
And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,
As the bright sail with brightening wind was drawn,
Sat with full face against the strengthening light
Iseult, more fair than foam or dawn was white.
Her gaze was glad past love's own singing of,
And her face lovely past desire of love.
Past thought and speech her maiden motions were,
And a more golden sunrise was her hair.
The very veil of her bright flesh was made
As of light woven and moonbeam-colored shade
More fine than moonbeam; white her eyelids shone
As snow sun-stricken that endures the sun,
And through their curled and colored clouds of deep
Luminous lashes thick as dreams in sleep
Shone as the sea's depth swallowing up the sky's
The springs of unimaginable eyes.

As the wave's subtler emerald is piercèd through
With the utmost heaven's inextricable blue,
And both are woven and molten in one sleight
Of amorous color and implicated light
Under the golden guard and gaze of noon,
So glowed their awless amorous plenilune,
Azure and gold and ardent gray, made strange
With fiery difference and deep interchange
Inexplicable of glories multiform;
Now as the sullen sapphire swells toward storm
Foamless, their bitter beauty grew acold,
And now afire with ardor of fine gold.
Her flower-soft lips were meek and passionate,
For love upon them like a shadow sate
Patient, a foreseen vision of sweet things,
A dream with eyes fast shut and plumeless wings
That knew not what man's love or life should be,
Nor had it sight nor heart to hope or see
What thing should come, but childlike satisfied
Watched out its virgin vigil in soft pride
And unkissed expectation; and the glad
Clear cheeks and throat and tender temples had
Such maiden heat as if a rose's blood
Beat in the live heart of a lily-bud.
Between the small round breasts a white way led
Heavenward, and from slight foot to slender head
The whole fair body flower-like swayed and shone
Moving, and what her light hand leant upon
Grew blossom-scented: her warm arms began
To round and ripen for delight of man
That they should clasp and circle: her fresh hands
Like regent lilies of reflowering lands
Whose vassal firstlings, crown and star and plume,
Bow down to the empire of that sovereign bloom,
Shone scepterless, and from her face there went
A silent light as of a God content;

Save when, more swift and keen than love or shame,
Some flash of blood, light as the laugh of flame,
Broke it with sudden beam and shining speech,
As dream by dream shot through her eyes, and each
Outshone the last that lightened, and not one
Shewed her such things as should be borne and done,
Though hard against her shone the sunlike face
That in all change and wreck of time and place
Should be the star of her sweet living soul.
Nor had love made it as his written scroll
For evil will and good to read in yet;
But smooth and mighty, without scar or fret,
Fresh and high-lifted was the helmless brow
As the oak-tree flower that tops the topmost bough,
Ere it drop off before the perfect leaf;
And nothing save his name he had of grief,
The name his mother, dying as he was born,
Made out of sorrow in very sorrow's scorn,
And set it on him smiling in her sight,
Tristram; who now, clothed with sweet youth and might,
As a glad witness wore that bitter name,
The second symbol of the world for fame.
Famous and full of fortune was his youth
Ere the beard's bloom had left his cheek unsmooth,
And in his face a lordship of strong joy
And height of heart no chance could curb or cloy
Lightened, and all that warmed them at his eyes
Loved them as young larks love the blue strong skies.
So like the morning through the morning moved
Tristram, a light to look on and be loved.
Song sprang between his lips and hands, and shone
Singing, and strengthened and sank down thereon
As a bird settles to the second flight,
Then from beneath his harping hands with might
Leapt, and made way and had its fill and died,
And all whose hearts were fed upon it sighed

Silent, and in them all the fire of tears
Burned as wine drunken not with lips but ears.
And gazing on his fervent hands that made
The might of music all their souls obeyed
With trembling strong subservience of delight,
Full many a maid that had him once in sight
Thought in the secret rapture of her heart
In how dark onset had these hands borne part
How oft, and were so young and sweet of skill;
And those red lips whereon the song burned still,
What words and cries of battle had they flung
Athwart the swing and shriek of swords, so young;
And eyes as glad as summer, what strange youth
Fed them so full of happy heart and truth,
That had seen sway from side to sundering side
The steel flow of that terrible spring-tide
That the moon rules not, but the fire and light
Of men's hearts mixed in the mid mirth of fight.
Therefore the joy and love of him they had
Made thought more amorous in them and more glad
For his fame's sake remembered, and his youth
Gave his fame flower-like fragrance and soft growth
As of a rose requickening, when he stood
Fair in their eye, a flower of faultless blood.
And that sad queen to whom his life was death,
A rose plucked forth of summer in mid breath,
A star fall'n out of season in mid throe
Of that life's joy that makes the star's life glow,
Made their love sadder toward him and more strong.
And in mid change of time and fight and song
Chance cast him westward on the low sweet strand
Where songs are sung of the old green Irish land,
And the sky loves it, and the sea loves best,
And as a bird is taken to man's breast
The sweet-souled land where sorrow sweetest sings
Is wrapt round with them as with hands and wings

And taken to the sea's heart as a flower.
There in the luck and light of his good hour
Came to the king's court like a noteless man
Tristram, and while some half a season ran
Abode before him harping in his hall,
And taught sweet craft of new things musical
To the dear maiden mouth and innocent hands
That for his sake are famous in all lands.
Yet was not love between them, for their fate
Lay wrapt in its appointed hour at wait,
And had no flower to show yet, and no sting.
But once being vexed with some past wound the king
Bade give him comfort of sweet baths, and then
Should Iseult watch him as his handmaiden.
For his more honor in men's sight, and ease
The hurts he had with holy remedies
Made by her mother's magic in strange hours
Out of live roots and life-compelling flowers.
And finding by the wound's shape in his side
This was the knight by whom their strength had died
And all their might in one man overthrown
Had left their shame in sight of all men shown,
She would have slain him swordless with his sword;
Yet seemed he to her so great and fair a lord
She heaved up hand and smote not; then said he,
Laughing: "What comfort shall this dead man be,
Damsel? what hurt is for my blood to heal?
But set your hand not near the toothèd steel
Lest the fang strike it."—"Yea, the fang," she said,
"Should it not sting the very serpent dead
That stung mine uncle? for his slayer art thou,
And half my mother's heart is bloodless now
Through thee, that mad'st the veins of all her kin
Bleed in his wounds whose veins through thee ran thin."
Yet thought she how their hot chief's violent heart
Had flung the fierce word forth upon their part

Which bade to battle the best knight that stood
On Arthur's, and so dying of his wild mood
Had set upon his conqueror's flesh the seal
Of his mishallowed and anointed steel,
Whereof the venom and enchanted might
Made the sign burn here branded in her sight.
These things she stood recasting, and her soul
Subsiding in her, thought like thin flame stole
Through all its maiden courses, and filled up
Its hidden ways as wine fulfills a cup.
So passed she from him humbly, and he went
Home with hands reconciled and heart content,
To bring fair truce 'twixt Cornwall's wild bright strand
And the long wrangling wars of that loud land.
And when full peace was struck between them twain,
Forth must he fare by those green straits again,
And bring back Iseult for a plighted bride,
And set to reign at Mark his uncle's side.
So now with feast made and all triumphs done
They sailed between the moonfall and the sun
Under the spent stars eastward; but the queen
Out of wise heart and subtle love had seen
Such things as might be, dark as in a glass,
And, lest some doom of these should come to pass,
Bethought her with her secret soul alone
To work some charm for marriage unison,
And strike the heart of Iseult to her lord
With power compulsive more than stroke of sword.
Therefore with marvelous herbs and spells she wrought
To win the very wonder of her thought,
And brewed it with her secret hands, and blest
And drew and gave out of her secret breast
To one her chosen and Iseult's handmaiden,
Brangwain, and bade her hide from sight of men
This marvel covered in a golden cup;
So covering in her heart the counsel up

As in the gold the wondrous wine lay close;
And when the last shout with the last cup rose
About the bride and bridegroom bound to bed,
Then should this one word of her will be said
To her new-married maiden child, that she
Should drink with Mark this draught in unity,
And no lip touch it for her sake but theirs:
For with long love and consecrating prayers
The wine was hallowed for their mouths to pledge,
And if a drop fell from the beaker's edge,
That drop should Iseult hold as dear as blood
Shed from her mother's heart to do her good.
And having drunk, they twain should be one heart
Who were one flesh till fleshly death should part—
Death, who parts all. So Brangwain swore, and kept
The hid thing by her while she waked or slept.
And now they sat to see the sun again,
Whose light of eye had looked on no such twain
Since Galahault in the rose-time of the year
Brought Launcelot first to sight of Guenevere.

. . . . . .

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,
Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east
And blackening, till its might had marred the skies;
And the sea thrilled as with heart-sundering sighs
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,
And the green hardened into iron blue,
And the soft light went out of all its face.
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite
Laboring; and all the rowers rowed hard, but he
More mightily than any wearier three.
And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes
That loved him but in holy girlish wise

For noble joy in his fair manliness
And trust and tender wonder; none the less
She thought if God had given her grace to be
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,
Even such a man she would be; for his stroke
Was mightiest as the mightier water broke,
And in sheer measure like strong music drave
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave,
And as a tune before a great king played
For triumph was the tune their strong strokes made,
And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars
Over the mid sea's gray foam-paven floors,
For all the loud breach of the waves at will.
So for an hour they fought the storm out still,
And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high
The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and the sky
Glared at them for a breath's space through the rain;
Then the bows with a sharp shock plunged again
Down, and the sea clashed on them, and so rose
The bright stem like one panting from swift blows,
And as a swimmer's joyous beaten head
Rears itself laughing, so in that sharp stead
The light ship lifted her long quivering bows
As might the man his buffeted strong brows
Out of the wave-breach; for with one stroke yet
Went all men's oars together, strongly set
As to loud music, and with hearts uplift
They smote their strong way through the drench and drift,
Till the keen hour had chafed itself to death,
And the east wind fell fitfully, breath by breath,
Tired; and across the thin and slackening rain
Sprang the face southward of the sun again.
Then all they rested and were eased at heart,
And Iseult rose up where she sat apart,
And, with her sweet soul deepening her deep eyes,
Cast the furs from her, and subtle embroideries

That wrapped her from the storming rain and spray,
And, shining like all April in one day,
Hair, face, and throat dashed with the straying showers,
She stood the first of all the whole world's flowers,
And laughed on Tristram with her eyes, and said,
"I too have heart, then; I was not afraid."
And answering some light courteous word of grace,
He saw her clear face lighten on his face
Unwittingly, with unenamored eyes,
For the last time. A live man in such wise
Looks in the deadly face of his fixed hour
And laughs with lips wherein he hath no power
To keep the life yet some five minutes' space.
So Tristram looked on Iseult face to face,
And knew not, and she knew not. The last time—
The last that should be told in any rhyme
Heard anywhere on mouths of singing men
That ever should sing praise of them again;
The last hour of their hurtless hearts at rest,
The last that peace should touch them breast to breast,
The last that sorrow far from them should sit,
This last was with them, and they knew not it.

For Tristram, being athirst with toil, now spake,
Saying: "Iseult, for all dear love's labor's sake
Give me to drink, and give me for a pledge
The touch of four lips on the beaker's edge."
And Iseult sought and would not wake Brangwain,
Who slept as one half dead with fear and pain,
Being tender-natured; so with hushed light feet
Went Iseult round her, with soft looks and sweet
Pitying her pain; so sweet a spirited thing
She was, and daughter of a kindly king.
And spying what strange bright secret charge was kept
Fast in that maid's white bosom while she slept,
She sought and drew the gold cup forth and smiled
Marveling, with such light wonder as a child

That hears of glad sad life in magic lands;
And bare it back to Tristram, with pure hands
Holding the love-draught that should be for flame
To burn out of them fear and faith and shame,
And lighten all their life up in men's sight,
And make them sad forever. Then the knight
Bowed toward her and craved whence had she this strange thing,
That might be spoil of some dim Asian king,
By starlight stolen from some waste place of sands,
And a maid bore it here in harmless hands.
And Iseult, laughing—"Other lords that be
Feast, and their men feast after them; but we,
Our men must keep the best wine back to feast
Till they be full, and we of all men least
Feed after them and fain to fare so well:
So with mine handmaid and your squire it fell
That hid this bright thing from us in a wile:"
And with light lips yet full of their swift smile,
And hands that wist not though they dug a grave,
Undid the hasps of gold, and drank, and gave,
And he drank after, a deep glad kingly draught:
And all their life changed in them, for they quaffed
Death; if it be death so to drink, and fare
As men who change and are what these twain were.

GUINEVERE.

(*From "Idylls of the King."*)

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

So Lancelot got her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
And then they rode to the divided way,
There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he passed
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,

Back to his land; but she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,
And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:
And in herself she moan'd, "Too late, too late!"
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn.
A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,
Croak'd, and she thought, "He spies a field of death;
For now the heathen of the Northern Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land."
And when she came to Almesbury she spake
There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time
To tell you:" and her beauty, grace, and power
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared
To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,
But communed only with the little maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness
Which often lured her from herself; but now,
This night, a rumor wildly blown about
Came that Sir Modred had usurp'd the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen, while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,
"With what a hate the people and the King
Must hate me!" and bow'd down upon her hands
Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
No silence, brake it, uttering, "Late! so late!
What hour, I wonder, now?" and when she drew
No answer, by and by began to hum

An air the nuns had taught her: "Late, so late!"
Which when she heard, the Queen looked up, and said,
"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"No light had we; for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye can not enter now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.
Then said the little novice prattling to her:
"Oh, pray you, noble lady, weep no more:
But let my words, the words of one so small,
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey—
And if I do not there is penance given—
Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow
From evil done: right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
And weighing find them less; for gone is he
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
The traitor—Ah, sweet lady, the King's grief
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.

For me I thank the saints I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me,
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good.
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they can not weep behind a cloud:
As even here they talk at Almesbury
About the good King and his wicked Queen.
And were I such a King with such a Queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
But were I such a King, it could not be."

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen,
"Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?"
But openly she answer'd, "Must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?"

"Yea," said the maid, "this is all woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen."

Then thought the Queen within herself again,
"Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?"
But openly she spake and said to her,
"O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"

To whom the little novice garrulously:
"Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs

And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.
So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great Table—at the founding of it;
And rode thereto from Lyonnesse, and he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard
Strange music, and he paused, and turning—there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyonnesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them—headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west:
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the land,
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.
So said my father—yea, and furthermore,
Next morning, while he passed the dim-lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.
And when at last he came to Camelot,
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand
Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall;
And in the hall itself was such a feast
As never man had dream'd; for every knight
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for served
By hands unseen; and even as he said,
Down in the cellars merry bloated things
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the butts

While the wine ran, so glad were spirits and men
Before the coming of the sinful Queen."
Then spake the Queen, and somewhat bitterly,
"Were they so glad? Ill prophets were they all,
Spirits and men: could none of them foresee,
Not even thy wise father with his signs
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the realm?"
To whom the novice garrulously again:
"Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father said
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,
When round him bent the spirits of the hills,
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:
So said my father—and that night the bard
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King
As well-nigh more than man, and rail'd at those
Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs:
For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempests, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him
Till he by miracle was approven king:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
The twain together well might change the world.
But even in the middle of his song
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n,

But that they stay'd him up: nor would he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?"
Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they have set her on,
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,
To play upon me," and bow'd her head nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue
Full often, "And, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and with tales
Which my good father told me, check me too:
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest: and he died,
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,
And left me; but of others who remain,
And of the two first-famed for courtesy—
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Among them, Lancelot, or our lord the King?"

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answered her,
"Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two
Were the most nobly-manner'd men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

"Yea," said the maid, "be manners such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousandfold
Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world."

To which a mournful answer made the Queen,
"O closed about by narrowing nunnery walls,
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he 'scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her, who drew him to his doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray for both;
But I should all as soon believe that his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen."

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,
"Such as thou art be never maiden more
Forever! thou their tool, set on to plague
And play upon, and harry me, pretty spy
And traitress." When that storm of anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,
And when the Queen had added, "Get thee hence!"
Fled frighted. Then that other left alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,
Saying in herself, "The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.
But help me, Heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:

And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more."
And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet thought, or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure (for the time
Was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd),
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crown'd the state pavilion of the King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point, when first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,
"Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus,
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armèd warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,

Then on a sudden a cry, "The King." She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armèd feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovel'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armèd feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's.

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea,
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,

To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit, I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I, the King, should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve until I wedded thee!
Believing 'Lo, mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scath and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds,
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes,
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,

Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart,
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes.
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death
(When first I learnt thee hidden here), is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I can not touch thy lips; they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I can not take thy hand; that, too, is flesh,

And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine own polluted, cries,
'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee;
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more.
Farewell!"

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armèd steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought,
"If I might see his face and not be seen."
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!

And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.
Then she stretch'd out her arms, and cried aloud,
"O Arthur!" there her voice brake suddenly,
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Fills in mid-air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—
Went on in passionate utterance:
"Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin, to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I can not kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,

The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessèd be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color, which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art:
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here her hand
Grasp'd, made her veil her eyes: she look'd, and saw
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,
"Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven?"
Then glancing up, beheld the holy nuns
All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed
Within her, and she wept with these, and said:
"Ye know me, then, that wicked one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of the King.
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'Shame!'
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you:
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you;
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be prayed for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The somber close of that voluptuous day
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

She said: they took her to themselves, and she,
Still hoping, fearing, "Is it yet too late?"
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there an Abbess lived

For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
Suppression of the glee that pursed and scored
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

II.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?
What, save to waylay with his lies, insnare
All travelers who might find him posted there,
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh
Would break, what crutch gin write my epitaph
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

III.

If at his counsel I should turn aside
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
So much as gladness that some end might be.

IV.

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,
What with my search drawn out through years, my hope
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope

With that obstreperous joy success would bring,—
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

V.

As when a sick man very near to death
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end
The tears, and takes the farewell of each friend,
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath,
Freelier outside ("since all is o'er," he saith,
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend");

VI.

While some discuss if near the other graves
Be room enough for this, and when a day
Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
With care about the banners, scarves, and staves:
And still the man hears all, and only craves
He may not shame such tender love, and stay.

VII.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
So many times among "The Band"—to wit,
The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now should I be fit?

VIII.

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
That hateful cripple, out of his highway
Into the path he pointed. All the day
Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.

IX.

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two,
Than, pausing to throw backward a last view
O'er the safe road, 'twas gone; gray plain all round:
Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on: naught else remained to do.

X

So, on I went. I think I never saw
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing throve
For flowers—as well expect a cedar grove!
But cockle, spurge, according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You'd think; a burr had been a treasure trove.

XI.

No! penury, inertness, and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion. "See,
Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"It nothing skills: I can not help my case:
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free."

XII.

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped; the bents
Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents
In the dock's harsh swarth leaves, bruised as to balk
All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must walk
Pashing their life out, with a brute's intents.

XIII.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy: thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the Devil's stud!

XIV.

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red gaunt and colloped neck a-strain,
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

XV.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards—the soldier's art:
One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

XVI.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's disgrace!
Out went my heart's new fire and left it cold.

XVII.

Giles then, the soul of honor—there he stands
Frank as ten years ago when knighted first.
What honest man should dare (he said), he durst.
Good—but the scene shifts—faugh! what hangman hands
Pin to his breast a parchment? His own bands
Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and curst!

XVIII.

Better this present than a past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path again!
No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
I asked: when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train.

XIX.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes.
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms;
This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof—to see the wrath
Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes.

XX.

So petty yet so spiteful! All along,
Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;
Drenched willows flung them headlong in a fit
Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:
The river which had done them all the wrong,
Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no whit.

XXI.

Which, while I forded,—good saints, how I feared
To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
—It may have been a water-rat I speared,
But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

XXII.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
Now for a better country. Vain presage!
Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage

Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank,
Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage—

XXIII.

The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque.
What penned them there, with all the plain to choose?
No footprint leading to that horrid mews,
None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the Turk
Pits for his pastime, Christians against Jews.

XXIV.

And more than that—a furlong on—why, there!
What bad use was that engine for that wheel,
Or brake, not wheel—that harrow fit to reel
Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
Of Tophet's tool, on earth left unaware,
Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of steel.

XXV.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a wood,
Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere earth
Desperate and done with; (so a fool finds mirth,
Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood
Changes and off he goes!); within a rood—
Bog, clay, and rubble, sand and stark black dearth.

XXVI.

Now blotches rankling, colored gay and grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's
Broke into moss or substances like boils;
Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim
Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

XXVII.

And just as far as ever from the end :
Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
To point my footstep further! At the thought
A great black bird, Apollyon's bosom friend,
Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-penned
That brushed my cap—perchance the guide I sought.

XXVIII.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it, you!
How to get from them was no clearer case.

XXIX.

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—
In a bad dream, perhaps. Here ended, then,
Progress this way. When, in the very nick
Of giving up, one time more, came a click
As when a trap shuts—you're inside the den.

XXX.

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! those two hills on the right
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

XXXI.

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round, squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart

In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

XXXII.

Not see? because of night, perhaps?—why, day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
"Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!"

XXXIII.

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

XXXIV.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! In a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*"

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had stricken my father dead—
But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike
off his head.

Each of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean—we sail'd on a Friday morn—
He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog couldn't bark.
And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath—
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,

And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle-cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die—
O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—so fluster'd with anger were they
They almost fell on each other; but after we sail'd away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew;
But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds, and we sail'd with our wounded away.

V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers: their breath met us out on the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze;

And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis clung,
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush.
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea;
And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet,
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sail'd away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and the capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beech and rioted over the land,

And the mountain arose like a jewel'd throne thro' the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-color'd plums and with golden masses of pear,
And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine,
But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine;
And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever were seen,
And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet between,
And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,
And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame;
And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one drew
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew;
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sunder'd the fray,
Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sail'd away.

VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire: we were lured by the light from afar,
For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star;
Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,
For the whole isle shudder'd and shook like a man in a mortal affright;
We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed, that at last
There were some leap'd into the fire; and away we sail'd, and we passed

Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air:
Down we look'd: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,
Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land,
And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a sunbright hand,
Then it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest,
Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the West;
And we wander'd about it and thro' it. O never was time so good!
And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,
And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,
And we chanted the songs of the bards and the glories of fairy kings;
But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sunbright hand of the dawn,
For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green isle was our own,
And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sail'd away.

IX.

And we passed the Isle of Witches, and heard their musical
cry:
"Come to us, O come, come!" in the stormy red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful
shapes,
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the
loftiest capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-birds in a
row,
And a hundred gambol'd and pranced on the wrecks in the
sand below,
And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd the
burst of the spray,
But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sail'd
away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double
Towers:
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with
flowers:
But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the
dells,
And they shock'd on each other and butted each other with
clashing of bells,
And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and
wrangled in vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and
the brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with
the Towers,
There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more
for the carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with St. Brendan of yore;
He had lived ever since on the isle, and his winters were fifteen score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels, and his white beard fell to his feet,
And he spake to me: "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us 'Vengeance is mine!'
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life;
Thy father had slain his father—how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past."
And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard, and we pray'd as we heard him pray,
And the holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife, and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

MADOC.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

XVII.

THE DEPARTURE.

WINTER hath passed away; the vernal storms
Have spent their rage; the ships are stored, and now
To-morrow they depart. That day a boy,
Weary and foot-sore, to Aberfraw came,
Who to Goervyl's chamber made his way,
And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaimed,
"A boon, a boon, dear Lady!" Nor did he
Wait more reply than that encouragement
Which her sweet eye and lovely smile bestowed:
"I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy,
Born to fair promises and better hopes,
But now forlorn. Take me to be your page.
For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not!
I have no friend on earth nor hope but this."

The boy was fair; and though his eyes were swoln,
And cheek defiled with tears, and though his voice
Came choked by grief, yet to that earnest eye,
And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not sure been easy to refuse
The boon he begged. "I can not grant thy suit,"
Goervyl cried, "but I can aid it, boy!
Go, ask of Madoc!" And herself arose
And led him where her brother, on the shore,
That day the last embarkment oversaw.
Mervyn then took his mantle by the skirt,
And knelt and made his suit; she, too, began
To sue; but Madoc, smiling on the maid,
Won by the virtue of the countenance
Which looked for favor, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, when that fair boy
Told his false tale? for, hadst thou heard the voice,
The gentle voice, so musically sweet,
And seen that earnest eye, it would have healed
Thy wounded heart, and thou hadst voyaged on,
The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country. He, on board the bark,
Leaned o'er the vessel-side, and there he stood
And gazed, almost unconscious that he gazed,
Toward yon distant mountains where she dwelt—
Senena, his beloved. Caradoc,
Senena, thy beloved, is at hand,
Her golden locks are clipped, and her blue eye
Is wandering through the throng in search of thee,
For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.
You deem her false, that her frail constancy
Shrunk from her father's anger, that she lives
Another's victim-bride: but she hath fled
From that unnatural anger—hath escaped
The unnatural union; she is on the shore,
Senena, blue-eyed maid, a seemly boy,
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love,
And to the land of peace to follow thee,
Over the ocean-waves.

Now all is done.
Stores, beeves and flocks and water, all aboard;
The dry East blows, and not a sign of change
Stains the clear firmament. The Sea Lord sate
At the last banquet in his brother's court,
And heard the song. It told of Owen's fame,
When with his Normen and assembled force
Of Guienne and Gascony, and Anjou's strength,
The Fleming's aid, and England's chosen troops,
Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes
Denounced his wrath; for Mona's dragon-sons,

By wary patience, baffled long his force,
Winning slow Famine to their aid, and helped
By the angry Elements, and Sickness sent
From Heaven, and Fear, that of its vigor robbed
The healthy arm; then in quick enterprise
Fell on his weary and disheartened host,
Till with defeat and loss and obloquy
He fled with all his nations. Madoc gave
His spirit to the song; he felt the theme
In every pulse; the recollection came,
Revived and heightened to intenser pain,
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,
He never more should share the feast, nor hear
The echoing harp again. His heart was full;
And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood
Of awful feeling, he called forth the King,
And led him from the palace-porch, and stretched
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaimed:
"To-morrow over yon wide waves I go;
To-morrow, never to return, I leave
My native land! O David! O my brother!
Turn not impatiently a reckless ear
To that affectionate and natural voice
Which thou wilt hear no more! Release our brethren;
Recall the wanderers home; and link them to thee
By cordial confidence, by benefits
Which bless the benefactor. Be not thou
As is the black and melancholy yew,
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,
And prospers on the dead! The Saxon King,—
Think not I wrong him now; an hour like this
Hath softened all my harsher feelings down;
Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,
Thy gentle Queen—whom, that great God may bless,
And, blessing her, bless thee and our dear country,
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers.

But he is far away; and, should there come
The evil hour upon thee,—if thy kin,
Wearied by suffering and driven desperate,
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise
His banner, and demand his father's throne,—
Were it not trusting to a broken reed
To lean on England's aid? I urge thee not
For answer now; but sometimes, O my brother!
Sometimes recall to mind my parting words,
As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the friend
Who loved thee best!"

The affection of his voice,
So mild and solemn, softened David's heart:
He saw his brother's eyes, suffused with tears,
Shine in the moonbeam as he spake. The King
Remembered his departure, and he felt
Feelings which long from his disnatured breast
Ambition had expelled: he could almost
Have followed their strong impulse. From the shore,
Madoc with quick and agitated step
Had sought his home; the monarch went his way
Serious and slow, and laid him down that night
With painful recollections, and such thoughts
As might, if Heaven had willed it, have matured
To penitence and peace.

The day is come;
The adventurers in St. Cybi's holy fane
Hear the last Mass, and all assoiled of sin,
Partake the bread of Christian fellowship.
Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,
They knelt, in such an awful stillness hushed,
As with yet more oppression seemed to load
The burdened heart. At times, and half suppressed,
Womanly sobs were heard, and manly cheeks
Were wet with silent tears. Now forth they go,
And at the portal of the church unfurl

Prince Madoc's banner: at that sight, a shout
Burst from his followers, and the hills and rocks
Thrice echoed their acclaim.
There lie the ships,
Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out
With sinuous flow and swell, like water-snakes,
Curling aloft; the waves are gay with boats—
Pinnace and barge and coracle; the sea
Swarms, like the shore, with life. Oh, what a sight
Of beauty for the spirit unconcerned,
If heart there be which unconcerned could view
A sight like this!—how yet more beautiful
For him whose soul can feel and understand
The solemn import! Yonder they embark—
Youth, beauty, valor, virtue, reverend age—
Some led by love of noble enterprise;
Others, who, desperate of their country's weal,
Fly from the impending yoke; all warm alike
With confidence and high heroic hope,
And all in one fraternal bond conjoined
By reverence to their Chief, the best beloved
That ever yet on hopeful enterprise
Led gallant army forth. He, even now
Lord of himself, by faith in God and love
To man, subdues the feeling of this hour,
The bitterest of his being. At this time,
Pale, and with feverish eye, the King came up,
And led him somewhat from the throng apart,
Saying: "I sent at daybreak to release
Rodri from prison, meaning that with thee
He should depart in peace: but he was gone;
This very night he had escaped. Perchance—
As I do hope—it was thy doing, Madoc?
Is he aboard the fleet?"
"I would he were!"
Madoc replied; "with what a lightened heart

Then should I sail away! Ririd is there
Alone; alas that this was done so late!"
"Reproach me not!" half sullenly the King,
Answering, exclaimed; "Madoc, reproach me not!
Thou know'st how hardly I attained the throne;
And is it strange that I should guard with fear
The precious prize? Now, when I would have taken
Thy counsel, be the evil on his head!
Blame me not now, my brother, lest sometimes
I call again to mind thy parting words
In sorrow!"
"God be with thee!" Madoc cried;
"And if at times the harshness of a heart
Too prone to wrath have wronged thee, let these tears
Efface all faults. I leave thee, O my brother!
With all a brother's feelings."
So he said,
And grasped, with trembling tenderness, his hand,
Then calmed himself, and moved toward the boat.
Emma, though tears would have their way and sighs
Would swell, suppressing still all words of woe,
Followed Goervyl to the extremest shore.
But then, as on the plank the maid set foot,
Did Emma, staying her by the hand, pluck out
The crucifix, which next her heart she wore
In reverence to its relic, and she cried:
"Yet, ere we part, change with me, dear Goervyl!
Dear sister! loved too well, or lost too soon!
I shall betake me often to my prayers—
Never in them, Goervyl, of thy name
Unmindful; thou, too, wilt remember me
Still in thine orisons. But God forefend
That ever misery should make thee find
This cross thy only comforter!"
She said,
And kissed the holy pledge, as each to each

Transferred the mutual gift. Nor could the maid
Answer, for agony, to that farewell:
She held Queen Emma to her breast, and close
She clasped her with a strong, convulsive sob,
Silently. Madoc, too, in silence went,
But pressed a kiss on Emma's lips, and left
His tears upon her cheek. With dizzy eyes,
Gazing she stood, now saw the boat push off.
The dashing of the oars awakened her:
She wipes her tears away, to view once more
Those dear familiar faces; they are dim
In the distance: never shall her waking eye
Behold them, till the hour of happiness,
When death hath made her pure for perfect bliss!

Two hearts alone of all that company,
Of all the thousands who beheld the scene,
Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with delight,
Young Hoel views the ships, and feels the boat
Rock on the heaving waves; and Llaian felt
Comfort—though sad, yet comfort—that for her
No eye was left to weep nor heart to mourn.

Hark! tis the mariners, with voice attuned,
Timing their toil; and now, with gentle gales,
Slow from the holy haven they depart.

XVIII.

RODRI.

Now hath the evening settled; the broad moon
Rolls through the rifted clouds. With gentle gales
Slowly they glide along, when they behold
A boat, with press of sail and stress of oar,
Speed forward to the fleet; and now, arrived
Beside the chieftain's vessel, one inquires
If Madoc be aboard. The answer given,
Swift he ascended up the lofty side.

With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord
Again behold Llewelyn; but he gazed
Doubtfully on his comrade's countenance—
A meager man, severe of brow, his eye
Stern. "Thou dost view me, Madoc," he exclaimed,
"As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel not!
The long afflictions of my prison-house
Have changed me."
"Rodri!" cried the Prince, and fell
Upon his neck; "last night, subdued at length
By my solicitations, did the King
Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst share
My happy enterprise; and thou art come,
Even to my wish!"
"Nay, Madoc, nay, not so!"
He answered with a stern and bitter smile;
"This gallant boy hath given me liberty,
And I will pay him with his father's throne;
Ay, by my father's soul! Last night we fled
The house of bondage, and in the sea-caves
By day we lurked securely. Here I come,
Only to see thee once before I die,
And say farewell—dear brother!"
"Would to God
This purpose could be changed!" the Sea Lord cried;
"But thou art roused by wrongs, and who shall tame
That lion-heart? This only, if your lot
Fall favorable, will I beseech of ye
That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,
All honorable humanity ye show,
For her own virtue, and in gratitude,
As she hath pleaded for you, and hath urged
Her husband on your part, till it hath turned
His wrath upon herself. Oh! deal ye by her
As by your dearest sister in distress,
For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart.

And now I know she from Aberfraw's tower
Watcheth these specks upon the moonlight sea,
And weeps for my departure, and for me
Sends up her prayers to Heaven, nor thinks that now
I must make mine to man in her behalf!"

Quoth Rodri: "Rest assured for her. I swear,
By our dead mother, so to deal with her
As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as herself
Shall wish."
The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes.
"O Britain! O my country!" he exclaimed;
"Forever thus by civil strife convulsed,
Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy
Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still support
The struggle with the Saxon?"
Rodri cried:
"Our strife shall not be long; Mona will rise
With joy to welcome me, her rightful lord;
And woe be to the King who rules by fear,
When danger comes against him!"
"Fear not thou
For Britain!" quoth Llewelyn; "for not yet
The country of our fathers shall resign
Her name among the nations. Though her Sun
Slope from his eminence, the voice of man
May yet arrest him on his downward way.
My dreams by day, my visions in the night,
Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne—
Yes, Madoc! and the Bard of years to come,
Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's deeds,
Shall with the worthies of his country rank
Llewelyn's name. Dear uncle, fare thee well!
And I almost could wish I had been born
Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,
Companion of this noble enterprise.

Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft
Remember thee in love!"
For the last time
He pressed his uncle's hand, and Rodri gave
The last farewell; then went the twain their way.
So over ocean, through the moonlight waves,
Prince Madoc sailed with all his company.
No nobler crew filled that heroic bark
Which bore the first adventurers of the deep
To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous shores;
Nor richlier fraught did that illustrious fleet
Home to the Happy Island hold its way,
When Amadis, with his prime chivalry—
He of all chivalry himself the flower—
Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spoils,
And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

TAM O' SHANTER.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

When chapman billies[1] leave the street,
And drouthy[2] neebors neebors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,[3]
And gettin' fou[4] and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[5] and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

[1] Chapman billies—peddling fellows. [2] Thirsty. [3] Ale.
[4] Boosy. [5] Gates.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder[1] wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;[2]
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars[3] me greet[4]
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco[5] right,
Fast by an ingle,[6] bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming[7] swats[8] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter[9] Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

---

[1] Grist. [2] Money. [3] Makes. [4] Weep. [5] Uncommonly.
[6] Fireplace. [7] Foaming. [8] Beer. [9] Cobbler.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride,
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast,
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,[1]
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neckbane:
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore[2] the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny,[3] we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae,[4] we'll face the devil!—
The swat sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,

---

[1] Smothered. [2] Crevice. [3] Cheap ale. [4] Whisky.

She ventured forward on the light,
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels,
Put life and mettle i' their heels:
At winnock-bunker,[1] i' the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke,[2] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,[3]
Till roof and rafter a' did dirl.[4]
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses,
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;

[1] Window seat. [2] Rough dog. [3] Shriek. [4] Vibrate.

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,[1]
And coost[2] her duddies[3] to the wark,[4]
And linket at it in her sark.[5]
Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks[6] o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld, and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal
Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear
And kept the country side in fear).
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vaunty.

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

---

[1] Steamed. [2] Threw. [3] Rags. [4] Corner. [5] Skirt. [6] Breeches.

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke,
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross;
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—

Ae spring braught aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail!
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

NORSE FOLK-LORE.

THE ancient Scandinavians were a race of heroes, whose lives were passed amid scenes of wild excitement. They braved the stormiest seas, engaged in fierce encounters with neighboring peoples or among themselves, and spent their intervals of rest in hearty revels in their mountain fastnesses.

Their mythology was a reflection of their character. Their favorite divinity was the god of war and of thunder. Human sacrifices were offered upon their stone altars. Their gods themselves were arrayed in continual conflicts.

The introduction of the Christian religion into Norway, in the tenth century, was bitterly opposed by King Gorm the Old, but the better faith was shortly afterward propagated under Harold Bluetooth, and under King Olaf Tryggvesson, who

Preached the gospel with his sword.

The names of the old Norse divinities are preserved in the appellations of the days of the week, and in numerous forms of speech. The mythology is so interwoven with modern literature and art that a knowledge of its leading characters and distinctive features is now especially valuable.

Unlike the disconnected tales of Greek and Roman divinities, the mythology of the Norse presents a comprehensive and intelligent scheme, and formed the basis of a strong and in many respects rational faith, which fitted the Scandinavians to receive the light of Christian teachings.

Out of the dark and formless chaos, we are told in the ancient lore, sprang the giant from whose body the earth was

formed. A continuous conflict follows between the forces of good and evil. The souls of brave mortals rise to dwell in a soldier's paradise, while cowards are cast down into the drear abode of the lost. Then, after long ages, comes the day of judgment. The evil deity and his minions cause the destruction of the world, and even the abode of the celestials sinks in the Twilight of the Gods—in Ragnarok.

But the universe is not left in darkness. A new earth arises from out the waters. The Almighty descends to sit in judgment. Here not merely bravery in battle, but righteousness in all its forms, is the standard by which the soul is tried. The good are reserved for eternal life with God, while the wicked are consigned to never-dying fires.

The giant YMER, or Imir, represents chaotic matter. He was produced in the open space, Ginungagap, by the action of heat and frost from the fire-world, Muspelheim, and the ice-world, Nifiheim. Frost giants sprang into being, from whom was descended Odin, the father of gods and men. Ymer, being evil, was slain by Odin, and from his body the world was formed. The seas, which flowed from his veins, ingulfed the whole race of frost giants, with the exception of a single pair, from whom a later giant race was descended.

ODIN, the greatest of the gods, having formed the world, molded the first human pair, ASK and EMBLA, and gave them Midgard for a residence. From his elevated throne, Hlidskjalf, he viewed the entire world and ruled the nations. He is portrayed as a tall, aged, heavily bearded, one-eyed man, with an expression of deep thoughtfulness upon his features. He wears a cloak of colored stripes, and carries a spear (Gungner). He wears also a broad hat (for all the Norse gods are well clothed) and has a bracelet (Draupner) upon his arm. He is attended by two wolves, Gere and Freke (greedy and voracious), and two ravens, Hugin (reflection) and Munin (memory). From another form of Odin's name we derive Wednesday. His wives were JORD, FRIGGA, and RIND.

THOR, the Thunderer, was the son of Odin and Jord. Representing the strength manifest in the convulsions of Nature, and in a moral sense the principle of right in conflict with evil, he is always at war, slaying giants and demons with his hammer, Mjölner. Most happily has Longfellow depicted this grand deity in the Challenge, with which his noble *Saga* opens:

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

"Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Can not withstand it!

"These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

"The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard,
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

"Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

"Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;

Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant;
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!"
—*Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf."*

BALDER was the son of Thor and Frigga. He represented the sunlight of summer, and perhaps also, in an allegorical sense, truth and virtue. He is depicted as fair and beautiful, with golden hair and dazzling eyes.

HODER, the blind brother and slayer of Balder, was the god of winter. He was killed by his brother Vale, or Vali.

TYR was the son of Odin and a giantess. He is represented as a one-armed warrior, the missing hand having been bitten off by the wolf Fenris. The genitive form of his name is Tys, and the third day of the week is named in his honor.

BRAGE, or Bragi, a son of Odin, was the god of poetry, the greatest of the Skalds.

HEIMDAL, or Heimdallar, was the god of the trumpet (Gjallarhorn), whose call could be heard throughout the universe; the warder of the heavens; the watchman of the skies.

VIDAR, the slayer of the wolf Fenris, was the son of Odin and the giantess GRID. Noiselessly he walked upon the water and the air.

VALE, or Vali, the famous god of the bow, who slew his brother Hoder when but one night old, represented the return of light after the night of winter.

FORSETE, the son of Balder, was the peacemaker of the gods.

ULLER was a stepson of Thor, and presided over the ordeal of the duel.

LOKE, or Loki, was a malign god, a principle of evil, the Satan of the Norse mythology. He instigated Hoder to slay the good Balder. Loke was the parent of Hela, and also of the strange monsters, the Midgard serpent, the wolf Fenris, and Sleipner (the eight-footed steed of Odin).

The twelve divinities above described were THE ASAS, or gods inhabiting Asgard, as distinguished from THE VANS, or sea-gods, who dwelt in Vanaheim. NJORD and his son FREY, originally of the Vans, were received among the Asas.

> The gods are what you make them,
> As earth shall Asgard prove,
> And hate will come of hating,
> And love will come of love.
> —*Whittier's "Dole of Jarl Thorkell."*

THE ELVES were beings of a nature between human and divine. Their home was Fairyland, and FREY was their king.

The goddesses were more numerous than the gods, but there are fewer important names among them.

FRIGGA was the queen of the gods, sharing with Odin the glory of Hlidskjalf. Her solicitude for Balder and her grief at his death are pathetically described.

FREYJA (who is often mistaken for Frigga) was the daughter of Njord. She was the goddess of love. It is not known whether Friday is named in honor of Frigga or of Freyja.

THE NORNS were the fates, which presided over birth, and cast the horoscope of life. Their names were URD (past), VERDANDE (present), and SKULD (future). Their home was at the fountain of Urd.

> Bur Hilding said, "My foster-son,
> Your reason is by love outrun;
> The Norns are partial in bestowing
> The blood that in her veins is flowing.
> To Odin high, where bright stars shine,
> Ascendeth her ancestral line."
> —*Holcomb's "Translation of Fridthjof's Saga."*

HELA was the goddess of death, the daughter of Loke and the giantess ANGERBODA. Her abode was Helheim.

THE HOARD OF GOLDEN TREASURE occupies an important place in the mythology of the northern nations of Europe.

According to the Norse version, it was hidden within a rocky cave by the dwarf Andvare, in the land of swarthy Elves. Loke killed an otter, which was claimed as a son by the magician Hreidmar, who demanded an indemnity. Loke seized the hoard of Andvare, and wrested from the latter a charmed ring, which was then cursed by its late possessor. Both the hoard and the ring were given as a ransom to Hreidmar, but proved a curse to all who held them. A son of Hreidmar slew him and the other son, and became a monstrous serpent, the guardian of the treasure on Glittering Heath.

The curse of the gold is held to symbolize the bane of ill-gotten wealth.

THE VALKYRIES were the beautiful maids of Odin, who served at the feasts in Valhalla, the paradise of the brave. They were also his messengers, and presided over battle, marking the heroes to be slain, and accompanying them to the banquet halls of the blest.

RAGNAROK signified the last day, the day of judgment, the Twilight of the Gods, when the trumpet of Heimdal should sound, when earth and heaven should be dissolved, and gods and mortals alike disappear in the wreck of the universe.

THE WOLF FENRIS was a monster of evil, which bit off the hand of Tyr, after which he was chained until Ragnarok. Escaping then, he swallows the sun and slays Odin. He is in turn slain by Vidar, who thus avenges his father's death.

THE MIDGARD SERPENT, representing the agencies of sin, extended entirely around Midgard (the abode of man). In Ragnarok he is slain by the noble Thor, who, after inflicting the death-stroke, falls back nine paces and succumbs, poisoned by the monster's horrid breath.

SURT, or Surtur, is a fire-giant, who appears at Ragnarok, to fling fire over the world. The flames soar to the skies, enveloping the tree of life, Ygdrasil, and the ruined universe sinks beneath the black waves of the surging ocean.

In the final conflict Frey is slain by Surt, and Loke and Heimdal fall, each at the hands of the other.

This is a scene for a painter of transcendent genius, and is suited to the conceptions of Wagner, who has made it the subject of one of his greatest operas. In the background of the old Norse religion is the Eternal One, who existed before Odin, and who judges the world and evolves a new heaven and a new earth, after the destruction of the old.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO NORSE FOLK-LORE.

Among the most famous volumes of folk-lore in the literature of the world are the *Elder* and *Younger Eddas*.[1] The first of these was probably compiled near the middle of the thirteenth century.[2] It consists of thirty-nine poems. It opens with the prophecy of VALA (the *Völuspa*), which covers the history of time from the creation to Ragnarok. An ingeniously condensed paraphrase of this poem is given in the *Helga*, by William Herbert, an English clergyman and author.

Following the *Völuspa* is a poem supposed to have been composed by Odin himself. Near the end of the collection is the romantic story of Sigurd and Brynhild, which has been retold in many forms, notably in the grand *Nibelungenlied* of German literature.

The *Younger Edda* is the work of Snorre Sturleson, of the thirteenth century, and is written principally in prose. It contains a vast number of tales, and has been compared to the *Decameron* and the *Arabian Nights*. Sturleson was the author of the famous *Heimskringla*, from which Longfellow drew the materials and the inspiration of his beautiful *Saga of King Olaf*.

> And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
> A saga of the days of old:
> "There is," said he, "a wondrous book
> Of legends in the old Norse tongue,
> Of the dead kings of Norroway;
> Legends that once were told or sung

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[1] The striking fact brought vividly before our minds is that the people of the North, even before the time when they carried their warfare into Gaul and Britain, possessed a degree of civilization which would be difficult for us to realize, were it not that antiquities help us, in a most remarkable manner, and in many essential points, to corroborate the truthfulness of the Eddas and Sagas.—*Paul B. Du Chaillu's "Viking Age."*

[2] To this an earlier date is often assigned.

In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man, or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called."
—*Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."*

In the earlier years of this century a very general interest in the Scandinavians was awakened by the works of the famous Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, which were popularized in Europe and America, and by the charming tales of Hans Christian Andersen. In later years this popular interest has been greatly increased in America by the very extensive settlement of the people of northern Europe in our States of the Northwest; by the valuable books and lectures of Paul C. Sinding, Björnstjerne Björnson, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Prof. R. B. Anderson, and others; by the *Fridthjof's Saga* and *The Saga of King Olaf*, the operas of Wagner, the millennial anniversary of the settlement of Iceland, and the world-wide fame of Henrik Ibsen.

The Saga of King Olaf, which forms a part of *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, by Longfellow, is one of the most perfect poems of that matchless word-master. It reproduces not merely the tales taken from the old *Heimskringla*, but also the spirit of the sagas, and, in many instances, the old Norse words, which constitute a portion of our heritage from the ancient Saxons and Angles, and have come down to us but little changed. In this poem Einar Tamberskelver (whose songs, it is said, are still sung by Scandinavian boatmen) and other half-mythical heroes of King Olaf's boat's crew are graphically portrayed:

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended:
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and starlit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted,
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work;
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded,
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarreled,
Old King Gorm or Blue-tooth Harold
Owned a ship so well appareled,
Boasted such a crew!

Fridthjof's Saga, by the Danish author, Bishop Esaias Tegnér (1782–1846), is one of the most famous compositions of the century. It has been translated into almost all the modern languages of Europe. There are at least nineteen translations of the work in English. It has been painted in panorama, and set to music. Through it runs, like a silken thread, the love-story of Fridthjof and Ingeborg—an element lacking in *The Saga of King Olaf*.

The following stanzas are taken from *Ingeborg's Lament;*

Summer is past,
Ocean's broad bosom's upheav'd by the blast;
Yet oh, how gladly out yonder
Far would I wander!

Long did I view
Westward His sail on the wave as it flew;
Sail, ah! how bless'd—that abideth
Still where he rideth.

Swell not so high,
Billow of blue; fast enough he sweeps by.
Guide him, ye stars! In his danger,
Shine on the stranger.

Mine shalt thou be,
Hawk he forgot; yes; I'll love as did he;
Ing'borg will feed thee, through endless
Skies hunting friendless.

Freja, one day,
Falcon-wings took, and through space hied away;
Northwards and southwards she sought her
Dearly lov'd Oder.

Ah! could I wear
Thine, they, alas! would not carry me there;
Wings like the gods', to the lonely—
Death giveth only!

Pretty one! keep
Fix'd on my shoulder, and gaze on the deep;—
Gaze we and long as we will, no
Keel cleaves the billow.

—*Stephens's Translation of "Fridthjof's Saga."*

Tegnér is the most popular and brilliant poet of the Swedes. Scarcely inferior in interest to *Fridthjof's Saga* is his saga or romance of *Axel*, which is based upon a legend of the insane wars of Charles XII and Peter the Great.

AXEL is a youthful dragoon of the mad young Swedish king. MARIA, the heroine in disguise, is a soldier of the Czar. Though the subject of the poem is comparatively modern—being less than two hundred years old—the furious death-grapple of the northern monarchs has all the rush and power of ancient sea-king struggles, and is a happily chosen subject for a saga of the later centuries.

The sagas of Bjarne Herjulfson and Thorfinn Karlsefne are of special interest to Americans, since they relate to the discovery of the American continent by Norse voyagers. Leif the Fortunate, son of Erik the Red, visited Newfoundland and various points on the New England coast in the year 1000. His brother Thorwald died in America, and was buried on the seashore. While the discovery of America by the Norse is now admitted to be historical, it is not recorded with such detail and accuracy as characterize the accounts of the later discovery. It is interwoven with embellishments of legend and romance.

Thorwald's Lay, by James Russell Lowell, and *The Norsemen*, by Paul Christian Sinding, relate to the Norse discoveries in America.

At the millennial celebration of Iceland, in 1874, Americans were represented by Bayard Taylor, Dr. I. I. Hayes, and Cyrus W. Field. From Bayard Taylor's translation of the Icelandic greeting to the king are taken the following lines:

Here, as in thousand years of old,
The same words sound, a voice unended,
As when their life and law defended
The spearmen with their shields of gold;
The same land yet the same speech giveth,
The ancient soul of Freedom liveth,
And hither, King, we welcome thee.

Again, as in the olden time—

All the folk in Alta-fjord
Boasted of their island grand,
Saying in a single word,
Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon.

"Even at the present day," says Sinding, in his *Scandinavian Races*, "an Icelander, if it in any way be possible, is sure to return and spend his old age among the volcanic fire and eternal snowstorms of his own dear island." So, in the fair clime of southern Europe, Ibsen is carried in dreams to his native Norway. As he says in his *Burned Ships:*

To the huts of the Snowland,
From the pomp of the South,
Rideth a rider
Every night.

THE SONG OF VALA.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT.

SILENCE, all ye sons of glory!
Silence, all ye powers of light!
While I sing of ancient story,
Wonders wrapt in mystic night.

I was rocked in giant's cradle,
Giant's lore my wisdom gave;
I have known both good and evil,
Now I lie in lowly grave.

Long before the birth of Odin,
Mute was thunderous ocean's roar;
Stillness o'er the huge earth brooding,
Strand was none, or rocky shore.

Neither grass nor green tree growing,
Vernal shower, nor wintry storm,
Nor those horses, bright and glowing,
Dragged the sun's refulgent form.

He who rules by night the heaven,
Wist not where his beams to throw;
All to barren darkness given,
There, confusion, hell below.

Imir sat in lonely sadness,
Watching o'er the fruitless globe;
Never morning beamed with gladness;
Never eve with dewy robe.

Who are those in pride advancing
Through the barren tract of night?
Mark their steel divinely glancing;
Imir falls in holy fight!

Of his bones, the rocks, high swelling,
Of his flesh the glebe is made;
From his veins the tide is welling,
And his locks are verdant shade.

Hark! his crest with gold adorning,
Chanticleer on Odin calls!
Hark! another bird of morning
Claps his wings in Hela's halls!

Nature shines in glory beaming;
Elves are born, and man is formed,
Every hill with gladness teeming,
Every shape with life is warmed.

Who is he by heaven's high portal,
Beaming like the light of morn?
'Tis Heimdallar's form immortal;
Shrill resounds his golden horn.

Say, proud warder, robed in glory,
Are the foes of Nature nigh?
Have they climbed the mountains hoary?
Have they stormed the vaulted sky?

On the wings of tempest riding,
Surtur spreads his fiery spell;
Elves in secret caves are hiding;
Odin meets the wolf of hell.

She must taste a second sorrow,
She who wept when Balder bled;
Fate demands a nobler quarry;
Death must light on Odin's head.

See ye not yon silent stranger?
Proud he moves, with lowering eyes;
Odin, mark thy stern avenger!
Slain the shaggy monster lies.

See the serpent, weakly crawling!
Thor has bruised its loathsome head!
Lo, the stars from heaven are falling!
Earth has sunk in Ocean's bed!

Glorious sun! thy beams are shrouded,
Vapors dank around thee sail;
Nature's eye with mists is clouded;
Shall the powers of ill prevail?

Say, shall earth, with freshness beaming,
Once again from ocean rise?
Shall the dawn of glory streaming
Wake us to immortal joys?

He shall come in might eternal,
He whom eye hath never seen!
Earth and heaven and Powers infernal
Mark his port and awful mien!

He shall judge, and he shall sever
Shame from glory, ill from good!
These shall live in light forever,
Those shall wade the chilling flood.

Dark to dwell, in grief reclining,
Far beyond the path of day,
In that bower, where serpents, twining,
Loathsome spit their venomed spray!

THORWALD'S LAY.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THEN Eric looked at Thorwald, where he sat,
Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,
And said: "O Skald, sing now an olden song,
Such as our fathers heard who led great lives;
And, as the bravest on a shield is borne
Along the waving host that shouts him king,
So rode their thrones upon the thronging seas!"

Then the old man arose; white-haired he stood,
White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar
From their still region of perpetual snow,
Beyond the little smokes and stirs of men;

His head was bowed with gathered flakes of years,
As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine,
But something triumphed in his brow and eye,
Which whoso saw it could not see and crouch.
Loud rang the emptied beakers as he mused,
Brooding his eyried thoughts; then, as an eagle
Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed woods,
So wheeled his soul into the air of song,
High o'er the stormy hall; and thus he sang:

"The fletcher for his arrow-shaft picks out
Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned, straight as light;
And, from a quiver full of such as these,
The wary bowman, matched against his peers,
Long doubting, singles yet once more the best.
Who is it needs such flawless shafts as Fate?
What archer of his arrows is so choice,
Or hits the white so surely? They are men,
The chosen of her quiver; nor for her
Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained stick
At random from life's vulgar fagot plucked:
Such answer household ends, but she will have
Souls straight and clear, of toughest fiber, sound
Down to the heart of heart; from these she strips
All needless stuff, all sapwood; seasons them,
From circumstance untoward feathers plucks
Crumpled and cheap, and barbs with iron will:
The hour that passes is her quiver-boy:
When she draws bow, 'tis not across the wind,
Nor 'gainst the sun, her haste-snatched arrow sings,
For sun and wind have plighted faith to her;
Ere men have heard the sinew twang, behold,
In the butt's heart her trembling messenger!

"The song is old and simple that I sing;
But old and simple are despised as cheap,
Though hardest to achieve of human things.

Good were the days of yore, when men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words;
But, while the gods are left, and hearts of men,
And wide-doored ocean, still the days are good.
Still o'er the earth hastes Opportunity,
Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for her.
Be not abroad, nor deaf with household cares
That chatter loudest as they mean the least;
Swift-willed is thrice-willed; late means nevermore;
Impatient is her foot, nor turns again."

He ceased; upon his bosom sank his beard
Sadly, as one who oft had seen her pass
Nor stayed her; and forthwith the frothy tide
Of interrupted wassail roared along;
But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart
Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen.
"A ship," he muttered, "is a wingèd bridge
That leadeth every way to man's desire,
And ocean the wide gate to manful luck."
And then with that resolve his heart was bent,
Which like a humming shaft, through many a stripe
Of day and night across the unpathwayed seas,
Shot the brave prow that cut on Vinland sands
The first rune in the saga of the West.

THE NORSEMEN.

BY PAUL C. SINDING.

EACH circling year its darkness casts
Over the dim and shadowy past:
Those kings who ruled with iron hand
O'er many a broad and fertile land,

Those crested chiefs, whose dauntless might
Turned the fierce tide of many a fight;
Those poets, who, untaught by art,
Could rouse, or soothe or melt the heart;
Sleep half remembered and alone—
Their deeds, their names, are almost gone;
And o'er their fame gray Time has flung
His mantle, as he passed along.

Yet still some glorious deeds remain
Of Norseman bold and fiery Dane;
Those wild, fierce rovers, proud and free,
Those daring wanderers of the sea,
Well earned the name their sagas gave
Of Vikings, monarchs of the wave.
Long ere Columbus dared to brave
The dangers of the Western wave,
Their keels had grated on the strand
That binds New England's rocky land;
Red Erik's hardy sons had seen
Her broad blue streams and forests green;
And where the Pilgrim city stands,
Bold Thorwald and his fearless band
Shook with their rugged oars the brine,
Plucked the thick clusters of the vine,
And laid their huge, strong limbs to rest
Beneath the wild woods of the West.

No shore to which the Northmen came
But kept some token of their fame;
On the rough surface of a rock,
Unmoved by time or tempest's shock,
In Runic letters, Thorwald drew
A record of his gallant crew;
And those rude letters still are shown,
Deep chiseled in the flinty stone.

FRIDTHJOF'S SAGA.

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

(TRANSLATED BY OSCAR BAKER.)

CANTO XV.

THE VIKING'S CODE.

Now he flew far and wide o'er the desert-like sea,
And he forayed and fought like a hawk;
But for warriors on board he wrote statutes and laws—
Wilt thou hear, then, his Vikingabalk?

"Spread no tent on thy ship, never sleep in a house,
In the portal but enemies stand;
Thou must sleep on thy shield, 'neath the heavens of blue,
With thy falchion so true in thy hand.

"Very short is the hammer of conquering Thor;
Frey's sword measures only an ell;
'Tis enough; hast thou courage, close in with thy foe,
And a dagger will serve thee as well.

"When the storms roar around, hoist the sails of thy bark;
Life is sweet on the maddening wave;
Let them roar; he's a coward that reefs but an inch—
Thou must sooner sink down in thy grave.

"Never take a fair maiden on board of thy ship,
For e'en Freya would strive to beguile;
For the falsest of whirlpools are those of the cheek,
And a treacherous wind is a smile.

"Wine is Odin's own drink; thou mayst drink an thou wilt,
So that well a carouse thou canst bear.
The drunkard on shore can rise up if he fall,
But at sea is cold Rana too near.

"If the merchant sail forth, then his vessel protect;
By the weak shall no ransom be told;
Thou art king on the wave, he is slave to his gains,
And thy steel is as good as his gold.

"Share the goods on the deck or with lots or with dice;
At the issue let no one repine;
The sea-king alone keeps the honor and fame,
All the goods and the money are thine.

"When a Viking ship's seen, there is boarding in haste,
And firm at thy post thou must stand;
If thou flinch but a step, our statutes enjoin,
Never more shalt thou be with our band.

"Sure, a conquest's enough! He that begs for his life,
Without sword, is no longer thy foe;
Prayer is Heaven's own shield. Hear the pallid one's voice;
He's a niding that answereth 'No.'

"Wounds are counted a gain; they adorn thee right well,
If on breast or on forehead they stand;
Let them bleed; bind them up when the day has gone by,
Not before, if thou'rt one of our band."

Thus his statutes were framed, and his name, day by day,
Grew great o'er the billow so bright;
And his equals he never could find on the sea,
And his champions fought with delight.

But he sat by the rudder, with gloom on his brow,
And gazed on the watery swell:
"Thou art deep; in thy breast perchance quiet is found,
But above thee it never can dwell.

"If Balder is wroth, why not take up his sword?
I must fall if he fixes my doom;
But he sits in the sky, mournful thoughts sending down,
That forever oppress me with gloom."

Yet when battle's at hand doth his spirit soar up,
Like an eagle that mounts to the sky,
And his forehead is bright, and his accents are loud,
And the lightnings flash forth from his eye.

Thus he sailed but from conquest to conquest again,
And on ocean he harbored no fear;
And he saw many climes in the South, and at last
To the islands of Greece he drew near.

When the arbors he saw, that uprose from the waves,
And the temples that stood midst the grove,
What he thought and desired only Freya can feel,
And the bosoms of mortals that love.

"It is here I have dwelt—here my father oft spoke
Of the temples and flowery earth;
It is here that I asked her to dwell and to love—
She remained in the land of her birth.

"Love and peace to these valleys, so sweet to the view,
And their arbors must surely belong!
Like the whispers of love are the murmuring streams,
Like a bride-hymn the nightingale's song.

"Where is Ingeborg now? She's forgotten me long,
For her king, that is withered and old.
Ah, I can not forget! I would willingly die,
If her face I once more could behold.

"Three years have now passed since I last saw my land,
That land where but honor is seen;
Stand those glorious hills mid the heavens of blue?
Are the valleys in Framnas still green?

"In the North, where my father reposes in death,
On the cairn a young lime tree did grow;
Who shelters it now? Give thy moisture, O Earth,
And thy dew, kindly Heaven, bestow!

"Yet why linger I longer in foreign domains,
Take ransom, and plunder and slay?
I have honor enough, and the red, flaming gold,
With abhorrence I hurl it away.

"Lo, the flag on my mast! To the northward it points,
To the country long treasured and dear.
I will follow the heavenly breezes' command,
And again to the North I will steer."

THE SAGA OF AXEL.

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

(TRANSLATED BY L. A. SHERMAN.)

In Bender Sweden's sovereign[1] lay.
His foes had torn his lands away;
His glory sinking out of sight,
His people, like a wounded knight,
Who even feels death's creeping chill,
Rose on its knees, resisting still,
And hope of rescue there was none,
Except in Charles, the absent one.
Although the leaves in Fate's dark book
Turned in the storm, though Nature shook,
He stood calm like the bombproof wall,
When sacked and burning cities fall,
Like rocks lashed wildly by the wave,
Like Resignation on a grave.

The king had called, one afternoon,
Young Axel in, the brave dragoon:
"Here, take this letter, and—away!
Ride for your life both night and day,

[1] Charles XII, "The madman of the North."

And straightway, when you reach our land,
Deliver to the council's hand.
Go with God's help, set forth to-night,
And greet our hills and northern light!"

Young Axel dearly loved to ride,
And glad he sewed the letter in
His hollow belt. At Holofzin
His father fell the king beside;
And orphaned thus this son of arms
Grew up amid the camp's alarms.
His frame was strong, such as of old,
Whose like have not yet vanished all,
Fresh as a rose, but slight and tall,
Like pines upon the Swedish mould.
. . . . . .

The keen-eyed king had placed him in
His body-guard, souls near of kin.
They numbered seven, a slender troop
As are the stars of Charles's Wain,
At most nine, like the Muses' group,
And hard the honor was to gain.
By sword and fire their claims were tried.
They were a Christian viking-stock,
Not unlike that which once defied
All dangers of the wave and rock.
They never slept upon a bed,
But on their cloaks spread on the ground,
In storms and northwest snows as sound
As if on daisied meads instead.
A horseshoe they could press together,
And never in the wildest weather
Approached the hearthstone's crackling light,
But warmed themselves with shot,[1] each one
As red as when the rayless sun

[1] That is, by a red-hot cannon ball placed at the middle of the tent.

Goes down in blood some winter's night.
The rule was, when in strife exposed
That one might yield if seven opposed,
His breast still turned to their attack,
For none must ever see his back.
And last there was this law beside,
The most austere, perhaps, of all,
To let no maid bring them in thrall,
Till Charles himself should take a bride.
However blue two eyes might smile,
However red two lips beguile—
They all must shut their eyes, or flee:
Their swords were pledged, they must be free.

Young Axel saddled glad his steed,
And rode both night and day with speed.
When Ukrane's boundaries drew near
The sudden gleam of lance and spear
Flashed round him, spurring through a wood.
At once the ambush rose and stood:
"Thou art the bearer of commands;
Give up the letter to our hands;
Dismount and give it up, or die."
Then rang his sword its swift reply,
And he who spoke, grown wondrous meek,
Bowed to the earth with piercing shriek.
His back now screened against an oak
Now Axel meets each stroke with stroke.
Wherever fell that ponderous sword,
There knees were bent and blood was poured:
And thus he gave his oath support.
Not one to seven—that were but sport—
But one to twenty rang his blade:
Resistance such as Krakë made.
To life by hope no longer bound,
He sought but fellowship in death.

The purple mouth of many a wound
Now whispers with enfeebled breath
That strength and life are taking flight.
His hand no longer knows the steel,
And swooning darkness sets its seal
Upon his eyes—he sinks in night!

"Halloo!" With shouts the wood resounds,
And falcons bold and faithful hounds
Press hard upon their frightened prey,
And now the hunters dash this way.
And first upon a roan-flecked steed,
And vying with the wind for speed,
An Amazon rides like a queen,
With cheek of rose and robe of green.
The robber gang affrighted fled,
But she whose steed chafed at the dead
Dismounted with a single bound
Where lay he, as within some dale
An oak thrown prostrate by the gale
Lies on the copse which clothes the ground.
How fair he lay, though bathed in gore!
And over him Maria[1] bent,
As fair Diana[2] long before
On Latmos, also well content
That dogs and din of chase were gone,
Bent over her Endymion.
The slumberer who caused her bliss
Was surely not more fair than this.
A spark of life had still endured
Within his breast, and, soon procured,
They raise the fallen to a bier
Of interwoven twigs, and bear

[1] Pronounced as in Swedish, Marē'a. Marie, which occurs beyond, is pronounced Marē'.

[2] For the story of Diana and Endymion, see Grecian mythology.

It slowly forth with reverent care,
And seek her dwelling, which was near.

She sat beside his couch, oppressed
With anxious cares that leave their trace,
And fastened on his pallid face
A look well worth a realm's acquest.
She sat as in the groves of Greece
(That land of beauty overthrown),
The wild rose blooms in noiseless peace
By prostrate Hercules in stone.
At last he wakes to consciousness,
And looks around him in distress.
Alas! his eye, before so mild,
Now glares deliriously wild.
"Where am I? Girl, why art thou here?
To King Carl's service I am bound,
And must not look on thee; thy tear
I will not have within my wound.—
My sire beyond the milky way
Is wroth: he heard the oath I took.
How fair, though, is the tempter's look!
How winning! Satan, hence away!—
Where is my belt and my commands?
I took them from my king's own hands.
My father's sword is good, it smites
With special hate on Muscovites.—
Oh! what delight it was to slay!
I would the king had seen the fray:
Like prostrate harvests lay the dead.
It almost seemed I also bled.—
I bore dispatches from the war,
My honor stands in pledge therefor.
Waste not a moment more—away!"
She heard his ravings with dismay,
While swooning sank her hero then
Exhausted on his couch again.

Thus grappled life with death anew
Till life had won the youth at last,
And slowly was the danger passed,
When Axel now could calmly view
With glance restored, though weak and dim,
The angel bending over him.
She was not like the idyl's queen,
Who roves and sighs in groves of green,
The counterfeit of languishing,
With locks bright gold like suns of spring,
And cheeks deep-dyed as Julian flowers,
And eyes like blue-bells after showers.
She was an Oriental maid.
Her dark, rich locks, which fell unstayed,
Seemed midnight round a bed of roses;
And on her brow was throned the grace
Of cheerfulness, as in the face
An Amazonian shield exposes—
The face and mien of victory.
Its hue was like Aurora's [1] haze,
Which artists paint with clouds of rays.
Of form so shapely, gait so free,
She seemed a Dryad from the grove;
And high and deep her bosom's sea
Of youth and health swelled ceaselessly.
A body all divinely wove
Of roses red and lilies white,
A soul of only fire and light—
A summer and a southern sky
With fragrance filled and golden beams.
She cast on all a glance as proud
As looks Jove's eagle from the cloud,
Yet mild as are the doves that bear
The car of Venus through the air.

[1] For accounts of Aurora, the Dryads, Jove, and Venus, see Grecian mythology.

O Axel! Wounds soon lose their smart,
And nothing but the scars remain.
Thy breast is healed, thy thoughts are sane,
But ah! how is it with thy heart?
Look not so fondly at the hand
Which bound thy wounds with gentle band;
That hand, as white as sculptor's stone—
It must not linger in thine own.
It is more dangerous by far
Than angry Turkish hands last year,
In Bender, callous with the spear
And cimeter, and many a scar.
Those lips so fresh in changeless red,
Which only whisper when they ope
In spirit-lays of trust and hope—
Far better didst thou hear instead
Czar Peter's hundred cannon roar
In line at Pultava once more.
When pale thou walkest in the heat,
With drooping limbs and stumbling feet,
Lean, Axel, on thy sword alone,
Not on that arm beside thine own,
Which Love hath formed so round and fair
That he might make his pillow there.

O Love! all miracles in one!
Thou breath of universal bliss!
Thou breeze of heaven which comes to kiss
Life's groves beneath their sweltering sun!
Thou open heart in Nature's breast,
The solace both of gods and men!
Each ocean-drop clings to the rest,
And all the stars that smile above
Wind on from pole to pole again
Their bride-dance round the suns they love.
Yet love is in the human mind

But twilight of remembered rays
From fairer and from better days,[1]
When once a little maid she twined
The dance in heaven's azure hall
With silver crowns on arch and wall,
And when in weariness would rest,
Slept nestled on her father's breast.
Then was she rich as reason's powers
Of growth, her speech was only prayer,
And each her brother of the fair
And wingèd sons in heaven's bowers.
But ah! she fell; and here her love
Is no more pure like that above.
Yet in the lover oft she traces
Lines from her heavenly kindred's faces,
And hears their voice in notes of spring,
And in the songs the poets sing.
How glad, how sweet that moment is!
As when upon some desert track
The Swiss hears sounds which straight bring back
His Alpine childhood's memories.

The sun was sinking. Evening lay
Still couched and dreaming in the west,
And mute as priests of Egypt pressed
The stars along their opening way:
And earth stood in the evening's hush
As blessèd as a bride stands fair
With diamonds in her raven hair,
And veil which hides not smile or blush.
From all day sports now seeking rest
The Naiad smiled in glad repose,
While twilight's blush with hue of rose
Glowed tremblingly upon her breast.

[1] The author does not here personify love, but, reversing the process, considers it once a person and inhabitant of heaven, now degraded to be a mere quality on earth.

The Cupids, bound while day-beams crown
The gazing sky, are loosed, and rove
With bow and arrows up and down
Upon the moonbeams in the grove,—
The darksome green triumphal gate
Which spring had entered through of late.
From dripping oaks the nightingale
Struck notes which echoed through the dale
As tender, innocent, and chaste
As lays which Franzen's[1] muse has graced.
It was as if, her cares dismissed,
Now Nature kept her hour of tryst,
All stir, and yet such hush complete
Thou might'st have heard her bosom beat.
Then did the twain in winsome bliss
Together rove the hours away.
As groom and bride change rings, so they
Exchanged their childhood's memories.
He told her of the days he spent
Still in his mother's house content,
Which, built of fir and painted red,
Stood lone, with pines on every hand,
And of his cherished fatherland,
And of dear sisters, all now dead.
Then told he how his soul was stirred
By all the battle-songs he heard,
And sagas which, whoever reads,
Will wake desire for valiant deeds,
And how he dreamed full many a night
He sat in armor burnished white
Upon the giant charger Grane,
And rode like Sigurd,[2] Fafner's-bane
Through Vafur's flames, to where the maid

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[1] A poet-bishop of Sweden, much admired by Tegnér.

[2] For the story of Sigurd the Volsung, see German Folk-lore.

Of memory dwells in castle walls
Which gleam afar when evening falls
Throughout the mountain laurel glade.
Thick grew his breath, close grew his room,
He rushed out in the forest's gloom,
Climbed up and joined with boyish glee
The eagle on the highest tree,
And rocked before the northern blast.
It cooled his cheek, it cooled his heart.
How happy, could he but depart
Upon the cloud-wain hurrying past,
And wend him yonder through the air
To that far world so bright and fair,
Where Victory beckons, and Renown
Stands holding out her laurel crown,
And where King Charles (though he has known
But seven more years of youth than thou)
Is plucking crowns from Europe's brow,
And keeping none except his own.
"At length I won, at fifteen years,
My mother's blessing, and with tears
Embraced her, and to camp I went;
And there my life has since been spent,
And has shone true as beacon rays
Amid the rage and rush of men.
Yet saw I birds come back again,
And feed their young on summer days,
Or saw I boys who lay and played
Beside some brook in flowers and shade,
Then did the roar of guns grow faint,
For peaceful visions rose between
Of golden harvests, groves of green,
And children glad in unrestraint;
And by a quiet cottage door
A maiden stood, and evening's flame
Lit up her face, which was the same

I oft in dreams had seen before.
And now these pictures seek me here,
And in my mind throng ceaselessly;
I shut my eyes, and yet I see
Them not less animate and clear—
And find the maid of my idea
An image of thyself, Maria!"

Embarrassed then replied Marie:
"How blest of fortune is your sex!
No chains of destiny can vex
Your strength, born only to be free;
And danger's spell, and honor's throne—
Yea, earth and heaven, are yours alone.
But woman's destiny is sealed
As man's appendage to his life,
A bandage on his wounds in strife,
Forgotten when they once are healed.
She is the sacrifice, but he
The flame that soars, and shines afar.—
My sire fell battling for the Czar;
My mother's face can memory
But dimly trace, and here her child
In solitude grew strong and wild
Within these halls, without caress,
Where worship serfs, if in each whim
Their master find they humor him,
The idol of their wretchedness.
The noble soul must grow ashamed
Of life so willing to be tamed.
Hast thou seen roam the steppes' vast space
Our beautiful, wild charger race?
Bold as the chief, fleet like the doe,
It serves and knows no master's will,
But pricks its ear, and, standing still,
Scents danger in the winds that blow,

Then sudden in a cloud of dust
It darts away from its mistrust—
Fights all the foes it ever had
With hoof unshod, chafes, or is glad.
'How blest, ye children of the plains,
How sweet and free your green domains!'
So have I cried, and bid them stay,
Whenever on my Tartar steed
I have approached with careful speed
Their throng, and myriad-answering neigh.
Obeying not, with scornful eye
They looked at us and passed us by.
Intolerable then became
These halls, so endlessly the same.
Then zealously I won the skill
To brave the wolves upon the hill,
The vultures in their native air,
And rescued often from the bear
A life before of little worth.
Alas! although we strive from birth,
We can not, Nature, thwart thy will.
Be it a throne she sits upon,
As peasant maid or Amazon,
Thy woman is a woman still,
A withering vine if not upheld,
A being with its half withheld:
No unshared joy can she possess,
For twin-born is her happiness.
Within my heart there ever beats
A pain, yet sweeter borne than not,
A yearning for I know not what,
So grievous, yet so full of sweets.
It has no limits, has no aim:
It is as if with wings it came
And bore me upward from the base
And groveling earth to yonder space,

Where stars and suns with gathering light
Surround God's throne in farthest night;
Again, as if I fell apace,
Down from the dizzy heights above,
Ye dear existences, to you,
Ye trees with which through life I grew,
Thou brook, with all thy songs of love,
Thou cliff with flowers upon thy brow!
A thousand times have I seen you,
But as a statue's face might view—
I love you now—first love you now!
I do not love myself so much—
A sentiment of nobler touch
I find within, since I . . ." Then sped
Across her cheek the deepest red,
And what her words left unexpressed
Was in a half-sigh uttered best.

And all was hushed, except the lone
Far nightingale renewed its song,
And in a kiss that lingered long,
Their souls communing blissfully
Dissolved in perfect harmony.
They kissed as kiss in sacrifice
Two altar-flames, which thus unite,
And shine with an intenser light
As nearer heaven's door they rise.
To them the world had fled from sight,
And time desisted from its flight.
Each hour of time's mortality
Is measured by the strictest line,
But death's cold kiss, and love's divine
Are children of eternity.

. . . . .

From their celestial flight restored
Spake Axel first: "Now by my sword,
By Northland's honor, by each star,
Which like a bride-maid standing far
Looks down on us with beams benign—
By earth and heaven, thou art mine!
Oh! it were blessèd, far from strife,
In some sweet vale where peace has made
Her home beneath the mountain's shade,
To live with thee in blended life.
Alas! my oath, my oath prevents.
With hateful look, as here we stand,
It speechless thrusts its icy hand
Between our hearts, and bids me hence.
But fear not; I shall be released
With honor from my stringent oath,
And when next May shall bid us both
To her luxuriant, floral feast,
Then shall I surely come again,
And claim thee as my bride, my wife.
Farewell, thou jewel of my life!
Farewell—a long farewell till then!"

And with the word he turned away.
He took his sword, and king's commands,
And through Czar Peter's hundred lands
Resumed his swift and dangerous way,
Oft hid in woods the whole day through,
And guided in his paths by night
From heaven's peerless signal light—
The star of Northland, steadfast, true,
Or by those stars in heaven's crown,
Which know no hour of going down,
The Wain of Charles, with argent beam,
And wheel-spikes forged of brightest gold.
And thus he rode through risks extreme,

And hordes of foemen manifold,
To Mälar's palace,[1] where amid
The council's wonderment he told
How had escaped their sovereign bold,
And gave the letter as he bid.

But meanwhile in her vacant halls
Maria murmured Axel's name,
In woods her sighs repeat the same,
And vales and hills send back her calls.
"What oath, pray, was it so austere?
Some maid in that bleak land so dear,
An older flame? or is there more
Than one? My heart spurns three or four!
Thou Northern maid in snow attire,
One of us twain must to the grave!
Thou knowest naught of Southern fire.
Beyond thy farthest frozen wave,
Beyond thy snow-peaks burdened high,
I'll search thee out, for thou must die!
Yet—went not Axel when a boy
From home? Nor has he since that day
Returned, and far from all annoy
Of camps and strife love flees away.
Yes, only truth and honor dwell
On such a brow, and arched so well.
His steadfast gaze have I looked through,
Down to the bottom of his heart,
As deep the searching sunbeams dart
Through spring-depths, clear and silver-blue.
Why fleest thou then? What craved the test
Of oaths? Was it to crush this breast?
What—but in space my protest dies—
A widow faint with bitter sighs,

[1] The palace at Stockholm, on Lake Mälar.

A dove which roams with weary cry
Through earth and heaven without reply.
Yes, forests sigh and torrents fall
Between us, he hears not my call.
What! if I followed him?—But no!
It were not meet for woman so.
A *woman*—who will know? If I
But wear a sword, the man is made.
With danger I have often played,
And staked life when I threw the die.
From horseback I was never thrown,
Nor ever carbine failed me aught.
Yes, God inspired in me the thought.
Now, Axel, thou art all my own!
I seek thee in thy land of birth,
I search for thee throughout the earth,
From dale to dale, from strand to strand,
And all oaths from thy lips I wring.
Now take me, War, upon thy wing,
And set me down in Axel's land!"

So said, so done. Resolve and deed
Are one with woman, and with speed
She is disguised. A casque compressed
And hid her dark abundant hair,
A doublet stayed her swelling breast,
Her powder-sack she filled with care,
And from her fair white shoulder slung
Death's telescope, her carabine.
Down from a belt of Greek design
A crookèd saber gleaming hung,
And either lip and cheek she smeared
With black—the hint of future beard.

. . . . . .

She seemed, thus girt with belt and sword,
Like Love in hero's garb concealed,

Or Klinias' son's fair form restored,
Once painted on the gleaming shield.

"Farewell, my father's home, farewell!
I shall return with love and dwell
Again within thy walls some day.
I can not wait, I must away.
Hide me beneath thy veil, O Night,
And give my Axel to my sight."
Already lay upon the strands
Of slumbering Sweden's vanquished lands
Czar Peter's city, which has since
Held crowns in pledge from many a prince.
Then was it paltry. On its bay
It like a newborn dragon lay.
Yet nature is betrayed in young
That coils itself on heated sands,
Already venom in its glands,
And hisses on its cloven tongue.
A fleet to ravage Svea's[1] shores
Was lading there with murderous stores,
And thitherward Maria pressed,
And where the ships received their hoard
Traced out her way, and made request
That she might have a place on board.
An officer who walked the quay,
And saw, surprised, addressed her then:
"You seem more dangerous, Sir youth,
To Northern maids than Northern men.
However it shall go with thee,
They can not tweak thy beard, forsooth!
Yet thou canst learn of them the whole
Of war: it is for death or life;
But either issue of the strife
God and Saint Nicholas control."

[1] Svea is a poetical name of Sweden.

The sails are set, the keel cuts through
The foam, and hastens toward the west,
And Svea's cliffs soon rise to view
In sunset flames: they stand at rest
Amid the swirl of tide and wave,
The giant landmarks Nature gave
Of old to warn of dangerous strands.
They landed on the famous sands
Which skirt the base of Sota's reef,
Where parted Hjalmar from the side
Of Ingeborg, his faithful bride,
Where afterward she died of grief,
When Odin called the youth above
To Valhall's courts, to do his will;
And there her ghost sits lingering still
Upon the cliff and mourns her love.

. . . . . .

But towns are blazing one by one,
And children shriek and women fly;
Too well they know the war begun,
And bells are ringing far and nigh
Both night and day the call to arms.
Alas! the dead hear no alarms.
Woe! wretched land! what arm can save?
Thy valiant men are in their grave.
But still the peril of the land
Joins boys and old men in a band
With swords which smote on German mail,
And saw Gustavus's hosts prevail,
And halberds wielded with dispatch
In Denmark, worn with victory,
And curious shapes of musketry
With rusted locks, and kindled match.
Such was the kingdom's sole defense,
A paltry troop, and weaponed ill;
Without surprise or doubt it still

Went forth to drive the foemen thence.
These did not battle hand to hand,
But spread their cloud across the land,
And lightened from the mountain's crown
Where boldest hearts could not aspire,
And unrevenged death thundered down
On scanty ranks with ceaseless fire.

But then, as cometh angry Thor
With hammer, girt with manhood's belt,
So Axel came and joined the war,
Where flight prevailed and horror dwelt—
An angel sent in time of need.
His arm is death, his glance a frown;
He posts his men, spurs up and down
The lines upon his foam-white steed.
"Stand, Swedes, close up the ranks again!
I have been sent by Carl to bring
His greeting home to all his men.
Our watchword, God, and Carl our king!"
"God and King Charles!" sound through the field.
They follow where he leads the way,
And heights from which the death-shots play
Are stormed, and in a moment yield.
And so was stopped the throat of hell,
And fields were sown with weapons well,
And blindly raged the sword throughout
The terrible and bloody rout,
Till awe-struck swept the robber-band,
With quick-snatched cables foom the strand.

Now like a sated beast of prey
Lay Slaughter sleeping on the field.
From heaven's tent the moon revealed
The awful scene with pitying ray.
Along the shore, with sighs, alone,
Went Axel where the dead were strewn.

They lay by twos, men face to face:
How fierce the grasp of their embrace!
A faithful clasp wouldst thou behold?
Think not of lovers who infold
Each other, smiling tenderly;
Go to the battlefield and see
How hate, inflamed by death's fierce smart,
Can press its foeman to its heart!
Ah! charms of love and happiness
Are fleeting as the zephyr's breath,
But hate, and sorrow, and distress
Are faithful even unto death.
Thus musing, in the darkness nigh
He heard the words of weak complaint:
"O Axel, water! I am faint—
A last farewell before I die!"
He started at the well-known sounds,
And looking on the rocks espied
A youth unknown who leaned beside
The sharp cliff, pale and weak with wounds.
The moon broke through the cloud and shone
Upon the face, and with a groan
Of trembling horror bitterly
He shrieked, "O Jesus, it is she!"

Yes, it *was* she. Despite constraint
Of pain she spoke in accents faint:
"Adieu, O Axel! we must part,
For death stands knocking at my heart.
Ask not why we meet here to-day.
Naught but my love brings me away.
Oh! when the endless shadows close,
And man stands by death's open door,
How changed from what it was before
Seems life with all its paltry woes;

And nothing but a love like ours
Shall rise with him to heaven's powers!
I craved to know thy oath austere,
And that it was which brought me here.
Now shall I search it out on high
Among the stars of purest ray
Where it is writ, and shall espy
Thine innocence as bright as they.
I know I acted foolishly,
I know thou sorely mournest me.
Forgive me, for my love and trust,
Each tear let fall upon my dust!
I had not brother, sire, or mother;
Thou wast my mother, father, brother—
Thou wast my all! O Axel, swear
In death that I am dear to thee!
Thou sayst it—thou contentest me.
The sweetest of its sagas rare
Hath life told me. Shall we not part,
Thy maiden folded to thy heart?
And shall not here her dust be blended
With this dear soil thou hast defended?
See, Axel, yonder cloud shut in
The moon. When it shines out again
I shall be dead. My spirit then
Shall on far-distant shores begin
To pray all good, and with all eyes
Of heaven, watch thee from the skies.
Set on my grave a Southern rose,
And when in snows its bloom shall fade,
Child of the sun, think of thy maid
Who slumbers under Northern snows.
Her morning years were quickly passed—
See, Axel, now the cloud moves fast—
Farewell—farewell!"—She sank, and sighed,
And pressed her lover's hand, and died.

Then forth from realms of nether air
Not death, but death's young brother rose—
Pale, fierce insanity, which goes
With poppy wreaths in streaming hair,
And glares up sometimes at the sky,
And sometimes downward at the earth
Distorts its ashen lips in mirth,
And weeps from its low-burning eye.
It comes and touches Axel's brain,
And ever afterwards his feet
Pace round the grave with restless beat,
As once in saga-days the slain
Were wont to flit, and linger nigh
Where some deep-buried treasure lay,
And all the shore heard night and day
His pitiful, dejected cry:—
"Be still, ye billows! cease your roar:
Ye must not smite so on the shore.
What do ye but disturb my dreams?
I can not love your foamy streams
That dance blood-mixed along the sands,
For ye bring death to these my strands.
Here lately lay a youth and bled,
And roses on his grave I spread,
For he was like—I know well whom;
I bear *her* home in spring's first bloom.
They tell me that earth lulls my love
To slumber, that grass grows above
Her faithful breast: they are deceived—
She sat upon the rock and grieved,
Pale was she as one painteth death—
But that came of the moon's faint light;
And cold her lips and cheek that night—
That came but of the north wind's breath.
I bade my own belovèd stay,
Her finger stroked my locks away:

My brain was dark and heavy then,
But soon methought it light again.
Far off in yonder east there shine
The vanished days, alas! how few,
Those days as fair as heaven's blue
When Axel lived the life divine.
A castle stood in groves of green,
And in that castle dwelt a queen.
I lay in forests murdered there;
She brought my life back in a kiss,
And from her heart she gave me bliss,
Her heart of love, so warm and rare.
Now lies it frozen in her breast,
Her withering breast, and all is past!—
Ye stars of yonder spaces vast,
Take off from me your burning eyes!
A morning star, as bright as ye,
I saw sink in a bloody sea.
It smells of blood yet by the strand,
And blood there is upon my hand."

Such was his plaint on Sota's shore,
Where yet he stands at break of day,
At nightfall will not go away,
But lingers weeping as before.
One morning saw him lifeless there,
His hands clasped upward as in prayer,
While on his cheeks the last tears lie,
Half stiffened in the morning's chill;
But on the grave is fastened still
The viewless luster of his eye.

GERMAN FOLK-LORE.

THE mythology of the Germans, which seems to have passed from the minds of the people about the time of the Reformation, has been revived within the past century and a half, and is to-day more fondly cherished than ever before. It is artistically grouped in two great epic cycles of poetry, centuries old. The materials of which it is composed are very ancient, and originated in an era antecedent to written history. They are, in fact, a part of the hereditary possession of the Aryan race, and are traced by Max Müller and others to an origin in common with that of other Aryan mythologies. In Germany and in the Norse countries they assume a local form and coloring, and are thoroughly representative of the peoples by whom they have been developed into their present poetic forms. In the south German cycle, dim traditions of old historical events are seen to have been insensibly combined with the fables of antiquity.

SIEGFRIED, the hero, was a prince of the lower Rhine, the son of KING SIGMUND and QUEEN SIEGELIND, who dwelt in the strong castle of Santen. In his youth he slew a dragon, and bathed in its blood, which possessed the charm of rendering invulnerable the portions of the body which it touched. Unfortunately, a linden leaf lodged upon his back, between his shoulders, and clung there, preventing the entire application of the blood, and leaving a vulnerable spot. Siegfried rode forth into the land of old King Nibelung, where there was a cavern containing a vast hoard of golden treasure. SCHILBUNG and NIBELUNG, sons of the old King, quarreled

over their inheritance. Siegfried slew them and their body-guard of twelve giants and possessed himself of the treasure, which he committed to the keeping of the dwarf ALBERICH, in the cave. The young knight obtained from the slain princes the famous sword Balmung, and from the dwarf the magic cloak Tarnkappe, which rendered the wearer invisible and endowed him with the strength of twelve men. Siegfried wooed and won the beautiful princess Kriemhild, daughter of KING DANKRAT and QUEEN UTE, of the great Burgundian kingdom, the capital of which was Worms.

He was treacherously slain by Hagen, the uncle of King Gunther, son of Dankrat. Michelet says of Siegfried, "In this colossal figure are combined what Greece divided—heroic strength and the passion for travel—Achilles and Ulysses."

KRIEMHILD was a princess of rare beauty and estate, residing with her three royal brothers, GUNTHER, GERNOT, and GISELHER, in the ancient city of Worms, where she was wooed and won by Siegfried, who came to her country as a wandering knight, and distinguished himself by great services to her brothers. She accompanied Siegfried to the Netherlands, where he was crowned king, and where she received as her bridal portion the title to the golden treasure of the Nibelungs. She bore a child, who was named Gunther, in honor of her brother. Returning with Siegfried to Worms to visit King Gunther, she became involved in a jealous quarrel with QUEEN BRUNHILD, through whose machinations she lost her husband and her hoard of treasure. Becoming transformed by her wrongs into a demon of hate, she entered upon a career of vengeance. She was sought in marriage by ETZEL, King of the Huns, and became his bride. Inviting her brothers and their knights to visit the capital of Etzel, she compassed their destruction, and was herself slain by one of her subjects. Forestier says of Kriemhild: "She does not purpose at first the destruction of any but her arch-enemy, Hagen; but the spirit by her set afloat grows and gains strength until all are overcome by its power; Kriemhild herself perishes in the

great massacre, but not until the hoard, the accursed (which, although no longer the main motive power, gives abundant evidence of its mischievous nature), is the cause of her having Gunther, the last remaining brother, beheaded, and herself bringing his head to Hagen."

BRUNHILD was the Queen of Isenland (not Iceland, as some have supposed, but Yssel, now a province of Holland), and was wooed by King Gunther. She agreed to be the bride of the man who should be able to compete with her in three trials of strength and skill in hurling the lance, throwing a stone, and leaping. Through the assistance of Siegfried, who was rendered invisible and supernaturally strong by means of his coat, Tarnkappe, Gunther was made to appear the victor, and won the Queen for his bride. Brunhild became offended with her husband, and by her superior strength bound him with a magic girdle, and hung him upon a nail in the wall of the bridal chamber. The unhappy king was relieved by Siegfried, who entered the chamber enveloped in his Tarnkappe and seized the Queen's girdle and ring, which he bore away. In the deadly rivalry which arose between Brunhild and Kriemhild began a struggle of appalling fierceness and magnitude, in which nations were destroyed.

HAGEN, the uncle of King Gunther, was the minister of Brunhild's vengeance. Gaining the confidence of Kriemhild, he learned from her the secret of Siegfried's vulnerability. He induced the hero to run a race with him to a spring of water, where, stepping behind him, the treacherous prince dealt Siegfried a fatal blow. When Kriemhild had her hoard of treasure removed from the Nibelungenland to Worms (where she resided after Siegfried's death), Hagen, by his wiles, secured the keys of her treasury, obtained the gold, and sunk it in a secret place in the Rhine River.

While Hagen opposed the marriage of Kriemhild to King Etzel, he was led to approve the friendly expedition of the Burgundians into the country of the Huns, whither King Gunther and his court had been invited to visit Kriemhild.

On his way he was warned by the prophecy of a nymph that all the members of the expedition should be destroyed and never return, save only the chaplain of the king. Hagen, in his wrath, hurled the priest from the boat when they were crossing a river. However, the chaplain swam to the shore. Hagen was slain at length by Kriemhild, who wielded in her own hand the sword Balmung.

THE MARGRAVE RÜDIGER was a high-minded noble, who was oppressed with a sense of divided loyalty and duty. The representative of King Etzel in the wooing of Kriemhild, he swore to take vengeance upon any one who should do her wrong. As a host who entertained the Burgundian knights invited to visit him, the sacred obligations of hospitality weighed heavily upon him. He fought reluctantly for his queen, and was slain, praised and lamented by even his foes.

In the cycle of northern Germany the hero is not Siegfried, but SIGURD the Volsung. His father is SIGMUND, King of Frankenland, and his mother HIORDIS. He is born in the country of the Danes, after the murder of his father. For him a sword, called Gram (wrath), is made from the shattered fragments of his father's weapon, by REGIN, son of RODMAR (see Hreidmar and the Hoard, in Norse mythology). Sigurd slays FAFNIR and REGIN (brothers), and becomes possessed of the hoard of gold.

He rides away upon his horse Grane, Grani (hairy), or Greyfell, carrying the treasure with him. He finds BRYNHILD upon the high mountain of Hindfell, and awakens her from an enchanted sleep. He visits the court of GIUKI, king of the Nibelungs, and is given a magic potion, which causes him to fall in love with GUDRUN, daughter of the king. GUNNAR, a brother of Gudrun, goes with Sigurd to seek Brynhild, who is in her deep sleep upon the mountain, in a retreat surrounded by a wall of flame, as a punishment for her disobedience of a divine command. Gunnar fails to pass the

flames, but Sigurd succeeds, and appears to the awakened maiden as Gunnar, to whom Brynhild is subsequently married.

A strife of jealousy arises between Gudrun and the deceived Brynhild, and GUTHORM, a brother of the former, is persuaded to murder Sigurd, and is slain by his dying victim.

Brynhild commits suicide. The widowed Gudrun marries ATLI, King of the Huns, who is a brother of Brynhild. Gunnar and HOGNI (brothers) visit the court of Atli, on invitation, and their host demands of them the hoard, which belongs of right to his wife. This is refused. Hogni is slain, and Gunnar is imprisoned in a den of serpents, where he is stung to death by an adder. The wretched Gudrun is consumed by the passion of hate, and kills her husband and her sons, burns the royal hall, and leaps into the sea.

It will be seen that the myths of north and south Germany are essentially the same, with local variations of detail. Both relate to the Nibelungen-land (Niflheim of the Norse —cloudy or misty land), which gives the name to the Nibelungenlied. Both recount a fearful tragedy in the land of the Huns. The student of history is by this reminded of the career of Attila, "The Scourge of God." Yet the history of the Huns has little in common with the mythological narratives.

Max Müller holds that Sigurd, Siegfried, and Achilles, of the various Aryan mythologies, signified originally the sun, which dies in glory at the close of the day. Anderson insists upon a higher symbolism than this, the representation of the heavenly illuminations of the soul, the light of innocence, piety, and love.

Among the later myths of Germany is THE ERL-KING, a goblin said to haunt the Black Forest in Thuringia. It is feared especially by children. It was introduced into German poetry and folk-lore from the sagas of the North, through a

German translation of an old Danish ballad, and is popularly known in many lands through Goethe's ballad, *Der Erl-König.*

Remarkable in its vitality, and in the circumstantiality of its details, is the German legend of THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELN (or Hamelin), a magical piper who led into the river Weser, by the charm of his music, all the rats which infested the city; and then, in anger at the refusal of the town corporation to remunerate him adequately, led away, by the same magic spell, the children of the city, who disappeared with him in the side of the hill. Even the exact date of the event is given (though variously—June 26, 1284, and July 22, 1376), and the house of the rat-catcher is still pointed out in the city.

It has been said that many of the children were decoyed away from the city in an old war, were carried away captive, and never returned; and since the German word *to decoy* means also *to pipe*, and great mystery has always enshrouded the "exodus," the growth of the legend may be thus explained. To this we may owe the adage, "Pay the piper."

The legend of Loreley is an ancient and widely known tradition of the Rhine River.

LORE was a water nymph, who sat upon a high bluff known as the Ley, or Lei, above the river, and by her magical singing so captivated the sailors that they failed to note the rapids below until they were hurled to destruction.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO GERMAN FOLK-LORE.

THE *Nibelungenlied* was brought to light in 1757, by Prof. Bodmer, a Swiss scholar and critic, who procured the manuscript from an old monastic library. It appears to have passed from view three centuries before, when it was probably cast aside as a worthless collection of childish fables. Its later publication attracted the attention of scholars throughout the world. A search was made among old libraries, and more than two dozen copies of the poetic cycle were discovered, that of Lassburg being deemed the most valuable. With the development of higher criticism the value of such legacies of the past has greatly appre-

ciated. Seldom has the imagination of man conceived of tragedies so sublime as those recounted in the *Nibelungenlied;* and underlying all is a moral which he that runs may read—the curse of ill-gotten gold, the culmination of a career of crime. "The keynote of the whole poem of the Nibelunge," says Max Müller, "as it was written down at the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is sorrow after joy. This is the fatal spell against which all heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the chaplain into the waves in order to belie the prophecy of the mermaids, but the chaplain rises and Hagen plunges headlong to destruction, so Brunhild is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate."

The *Nibelungenlied* has been rendered in modern German by various translators, and has been the subject of criticism by Schlegel, Tieck, and the Grimm brothers, Uhland, Simrock, and other German scholars. Max Müller, Thomas Carlyle, William Jordan, Prof. Anderson, and others have brought it to the attention of the English-speaking world.

Wagner's operas—*The Ring of the Nibelungen*, *The Rhinegold*, *The Valkyries*, *The Death of Siegfried*, and *The Twilight of the Gods*—are based upon this old epic and the Norse cycle, to which it is related.

The *Nibelungenlied* has been illustrated in modern painting. The walls of the royal palace at Munich are adorned with the masterpieces of Schnorr von Carolsfeld's brush, which portray the strong characters and the sublime events of the poem; and these, with many other paintings of noted artists illustrating the same themes, are reproduced in popular engravings.

There is an American prose translation of the poem, issued within recent years, by Auber Forestier.

The north German version of the story of the Nibelungs, which is the most closely allied to the Norse mythology, has been rendered into English by William Morris, the English poet, in a poetic cycle entitled *Sigurd the Volsung*, which "bears the noblest testimony that the Teutonic forefathers, the Teutonic myths and sagas, are ours also by right of our Anglo-Saxon descent" from the north German tribes.

Wholly disconnected with the ancient myths of Germany, yet highly important in its relation to modern letters and to psychological thought, is the story of Dr. Faustus, or Faust, a German magician, a contemporary of Martin Luther. Somewhat more than three centuries ago, and half a century after the death of the magician, a Protestant clergyman published at Frankfort-on-the-Main a strange and mythical account of that supposedly supernatural being. Christopher Marlowe, the English dramatist, based upon this singular narrative a drama of moral power, in which he represents Dr. Faustus as a sorcerer who traded his soul to

Mephistopheles (a devil) in exchange for a season of sensual pleasure and worldly power and pride.

The German poet Goethe developed upon the same theme his *Faust*, one of the literary masterpieces of the world. Goethe's FAUST is a student of high attainments, whose desire for intellectual advancement beyond his reach renders him a prey of the tempter, and who bargains his soul to the Evil One for the temporary gratification of his desires, in which a sensual element is not lacking.

MEPHISTOPHELES, in Marlowe's drama, is a melancholic, servile attendant; in Goethe's, he is a malignant, inexorable, but cold and scoffing fiend, possessed of hideous mirth. Carlyle says of this character: "He is the devil not of superstition but of knowledge. Such a combination of perfect understanding with perfect selfishness, of logical life with moral death, so universal a denier both in heart and head, is undoubtedly a child of darkness, an emissary of the primeval Nothing, and may stand in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times."

MARGARET is the heroine of Goethe's *Faust*, and is, with him, an original conception. The victim of the fallen Faust, she destroys her infant, is condemned to death, and becomes insane. It has been aptly said of her: "She is a perfect union of homely nature and poetic beauty. She says not a word that might not have been uttered by any girl of her class in any town of Germany, and yet, such is the exquisite art of the author, she acquires in our estimation an ideal import, and registers herself in the memory as one of the most remarkable portraits in the rich, wide gallery of dramatic art."

Goethe's *Faust* was first published in 1801, having been many years in preparation. In its final scene Faust is carried away to his doom by the adversary of human souls. In 1831 a Second Part of the drama was published. In this the soul of Faust is saved. It will be seen that the greatest liberties have been taken with the original legend. Faust has been represented as traveling in France and in Hungary, and this for the sole purpose of associating with the legend French and Hungarian airs.

The only noteworthy musical compositions on this theme are by Frenchmen, Gounod and Berlioz, who are singularly opposite in sentiment and in temperament. C. F. Gounod, a Parisian, educated for the priesthood, and bringing to his musical art all the native and acquired earnestness of his mind, reached the zenith of his fame when (in 1859) he produced his *Opera of Faust*, set to words of Bribier and Cane, after Goethe. This work still retains a foremost place in popular and critical favor. Hector Berlioz, of Grenoble, produced more recently a

work characteristic of its author and his school, entitled *The Damnation of Faust.*

In Gounod's opera the treatment of the principal subject is in keeping with the mind of the composer, essentially reverent and religious. Frivolous in some parts, but not unhappily so—as, for example, in the Kermess (market) scene—the work is remarkably coherent in tone with the central idea of man as a tool of the principle of evil.

Berlioz, in his composition, fails to represent any mode of life that is not more or less vicious. His contempt for recognized laws of musical and dramatic composition permits him to send his hero tramping over the continent of Europe, in order that Berlioz may interject a picture of the country revels of some French peasantry; and the Doctor is accompanied by his demoniac accomplice to the Danubian hills, in order that he may witness the tramp of a battalion to the strains of a Hungarian march. The closing picture of Berlioz's great work represents Faust's terrible ride to Perdition, in company with his infernal pander, and his final precipitation into the eternal abyss. The *Chorus of Devils* has been described as "surcharged with bloodthirsty, delirious passion."

The legend of Loreley is the subject of a popular ballad by the German poet Heinrich Heine, which has been a special favorite in Germany for half a century, and has been sung throughout the world. Of this there are various clever renderings in English.

Robert Browning is the author of a poem which recounts the exploits of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*—the rat-catcher of German legend.

Hallam Tennyson, son of the late laureate, has rendered in English blank verse the familiar nursery legend of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, which is commonly supposed to have originated among the Germans.

THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Book III.—Brynhild.

. . . . . .

Sigurd rideth with the Niblungs, and wooeth Brynhild for King Gunnar.

Now it fell on a day of the spring-tide that followed on these things,
That Sigurd fares to the meadows with Gunnar and Hogni the Kings;
For afar is Guttorm the youngest, and he sails the Eastern Seas,
And fares with war-shield hoisted to win him fame's increase.
So come the Kings to the Doom-ring, and the people's Hallowed Field,
And no dwelling of man is anigh it, and no acre forced to yield:
There stay those Kings of the people alone in weed of war,
And they cut a strip of the greensward on the meadow's daisied floor,
And loosen it clean in the midst, while its ends in the earth abide;
Then they heave its midmost aloft, and set on either side
An ancient spear of battle writ round with words of worth;
And these are the posts of the door, whose threshold is of the earth,
And the skin of the earth is its lintel: but with war-glaives gleaming bare
The Niblung Kings and Sigurd beneath the earth-yoke fare;
Then each an arm-vein openeth, and their blended blood falls down
On Earth the fruitful Mother where they rent her turfy gown:

And then, when the blood of the Volsungs hath run with the Niblung blood,
They kneel with their hands upon it and swear the brotherhood:
Each man at his brother's bidding to come with the blade in his hand,
Though the fire and the flood should sunder, and the very gods withstand:
Each man to love and cherish his brother's hope and will;
Each man to avenge his brother when the Norns his fate fulfill:
And now are they foster-brethren, and in such wise have they sworn
As the God-born Goths of aforetime, when the world was newly born.
But among the folk of the Niblungs goes forth the tale of the same,
And men deem the tidings a glory and the garland of their fame.

So is Sigurd yet with the Niblungs, and he loveth Gudrun his wife,
And wendeth afield with the brethren to the days of the dooming of life;
And naught his glory waneth, nor falleth the flood of praise:
To every man he hearkeneth, nor gainsayeth any grace,
And glad is the poor in the Doom-ring when he seeth his face mid the Kings,
For the tangle straighteneth before him, and the maze of crooked things.
But the smile is departed from him, and the laugh of Sigurd the young;
And of few words now is he waxen, and his songs are seldom sung.
Howbeit of all the sad-faced was Sigurd loved the best;
And men say: Is the king's heart mighty beyond all hope of rest?

Lo, how he beareth the people! how heavy their woes are grown!
So oft were a God mid the Goth-folk, if he dwelt in the world alone.

Now Giuki the King of the Niblungs must change his life at the last,
And they lay him down in the mountains and a great mound over him cast:
For thus had he said in his life-days: "When my hand from the people shall fade,
Up there on the side of the mountains shall the King of the Niblungs be laid,
Whence one seeth the plain of the tillage and the fields where man-folk go;
Then whiles in the dawn's awakening, when the day-wind riseth to blow,
Shall I see the war-gates opening, and the joy of my shielded men
As they look to the field of the dooming: and whiles in the even again
Shall I see the spoil come homeward, and the host of the Niblungs pour
Through the gates that the Dwarf-folk builded and the well-belovèd door."

So there lieth Giuki the King, mid steel and the glimmer of gold,
As the sound of the feastful Niblungs round his misty house is rolled:
But Gunnar is King of the people, and the chief of the Niblung land;
A man beloved for his mercy, and his might and his open hand;
A glorious king in the battle, a hearkener at the doom,
A singer to sing the sun up from the heart of the midnight gloom.

On a day sit the Kings in the high-seat when Grimhild saith to her son:
"O Gunnar, King belovèd, a fair life hast thou won;
On the flood, in the field hast thou wrought, and hung the chambers with gold;
Far abroad mid many a people are the tidings of thee told:
Now do a deed for thy mother and the hallowed Niblung hearth,
Lest the house of the mighty perish, and our tale grow wan with dearth.
If thou do the deed that I bid thee, and wed a wife of the Kings,
No less shalt thou cleave the war-helms and scatter the ruddy rings."

He said, "Meseemeth, mother, thou speakest not in haste,
But hast sought and found beforehand, lest thy fair words fall to waste."

She said: "Thou sayest the sooth; I have found the thing I sought:
A Maid for thee is shapen, and a Queen for thee is wrought:
In the waste land hard by Lymdale a marvelous hall is built,
With its roof of the red gold beaten, and its wall stones over-gilt:
Afar o'er the heath men see it, but no man draweth nigher,
For the garth that goeth about it is naught but the roaring fire,
A white wall waving aloft; and no window nor wicket is there,
Whereby the shielded earl-folk or the sons of the merchants may fare:
But few things from me are hidden, and I know in that hall of gold
Sits Brynhild, white as a wild-swan where the foamless seas are rolled;

And the daughter of Kings of the world, and the sister of Queens is she,
And wise, and Odin's Chooser, and the Breath of Victory:
But for this cause sitteth she thus in the ring of the Wavering Flame,
That no son of the Kings will she wed save the mightiest master of fame,
And the man who knoweth not fear, and the man foredoomed of fate
To ride through her Wavering Fire to the door of her golden gate:
And for him she sitteth and waiteth, and him shall she cherish and love,
Though the Kings of the world should withstand it, and the Gods that sit above.
Speak thou, O mighty Gunnar!—nay rather, Sigurd my son,
Say who but the lord of the Niblungs should wed with this glorious one?"

Long Sigurd gazeth upon her, and slow he sayeth again:
"I know thy will, my mother; of all the sons of men,
Of all the Kings unwedded, and the kindred of the great,
It is meet that my brother Gunnar should ride to her golden gate."

Then laughed Gunnar, and answered: "May a king of the people fear?
May a king of the harp and the hall-glee hold such a maid but dear?
Yet naught have I and my kindred to do with fateful deeds;
Lo, how the fair earth bloometh, and the field fulfilleth our needs,
And our swords rust not in our scabbards, and our steeds bide not in the stall,
And oft are the shields of the Niblungs drawn clanking down from the wall;

And I sit by my brother Sigurd, and no ill there is in our life,
And the harp and the sword is beside me, and I joy in the peace and the strife.
So I live, till at last in the sword-play midst the uttermost longing of fame
I shall change my life and be merry, and leave no hated name.
Yet nevertheless, my mother, since the word hath thus gone forth,
And I wot of thy great desire, I will reach at this garland of worth;
And I bid you, Kings and Brethren, with the wooer of Queens to ride,
That ye tell of the thing hereafter, and the deeds that shall betide."

"It were well, O Son," said Grimhild, "in such fellowship to fare;
But not to-day nor to-morrow; the hearts of the Gods would I wear,
And know of the will of the Norns; for a mighty matter is this,
And a deed all lands shall tell of, and the hope of the Niblung bliss."

So apart for long dwelt Grimhild, and mingled the might of the earth
With the deeds of the chilly sea, and the heart of the cloud-land's dearth;
And all these with the wine she mingled, and sore guile was set therein,
Blindness, and strong compelling for such as dared to win:
And she gave the drink to her sons; and withal unto Gunnar she spake,
And told him tales of the King-folk, and smote desire awake;

Till many a time he bethinks him of the Maiden sitting alone,
And the Queen that was shapen for him; till a dream of the night is she grown,
And a tale of the day's desire, and the crown of all his praise:
And the net of the Norns was about him, and the snare was spread in his ways,
And his mother's will was spurring adown the way they would;
For she was the wise of women and the framer of evil and good.

In the May-morn riseth Gunnar with fair face and gleaming eyes,
And he calleth on Sigurd his brother, and he calleth on Hogni the wise:
"To-day shall we fare to the wooing, for so doth our mother bid;
We shall go to gaze on marvels, and things from the King-folk hid."

So they do on the best of their war-gear, and their steeds are dight for the road,
And forth to the sun neigheth Greyfell as he neighed 'neath the Golden Load:
But or ever they leap to the saddle, while yet in the door they stand,
Thereto cometh Grimhild the wise-wife, and on each head layeth her hand,
As she saith: "Be mighty and wise, as the kings that came before!
For they knew of the ways of the Gods, and the craft of the Gods they bore:
And they knew how the shapes of man-folk are the very images
Of the hearts that abide within them, and they knew of the shaping of these.

Be wise and mighty, O Kings, and look in mine heart and behold
The craft that prevaileth o'er semblance, and the treasured wisdom of old!
I hallow you thus for the day, and I hallow you thus for the night,
And I hallow you thus for the dawning with my father's hidden might.
Go, now, for ye bear my will while I sit in the hall and spin;
And to-night shall be the weaving, and to-morn the web shall ye win."

So they leap to the saddles aloft, and they ride and speak no word,
But the hills and the dales are awakened by the clink of the sheathèd sword:
None looks in the face of the other, but the earth and the heavens gaze,
And behold those kings of battle ride down the dusty ways.

So they come to the Waste of Lymdale when the afternoon is begun,
And afar they see the flame-blink on the gray sky under the sun:
And they spur and speak no word, and no man to his fellow will turn;
But they see the hills draw upward and the earth beginning to burn:
And they ride, and the eve is coming, and the sun hangs low o'er the earth,
And the red flame roars up to it from the midst of the desert's dearth.
None turns or speaks to his brother, but the Wrath gleams bare and red,
And blood-red is the Helm of Aweing on the golden Sigurd's head,

And bare is the blade of Gunnar, and the first of the three
he rides,
And the wavering wall is before him and the golden sun it
hides.

Then the heart of a king's son failed not, but he tossed his
sword on high
And laughed as he spurred for the fire, and cried the Ni-
blung cry;
But the mare's son saw and imagined, and the battle-eager
steed,
That so oft had pierced the spear-hedge and never failed
at need,
Shrank back, and shrieked in his terror, and spite of spur
and rein
Fled fast as the foals unbitted on Odin's pasturing plain;
Wide then he wheeled with Gunnar, but with hand and knee
he dealt,
And the voice of a lord belovèd, till the steed his master felt,
And bore him back to the brethren; by Greyfell Sigurd stood,
And stared at the heart of the fire, and his helm was red as
blood:
But Hogni sat in his saddle, and watched the flames up-roll;
And he said: "Thy steed has failed thee that was once the
noblest foal
In the pastures of King Giuki; but since thine heart fails
not,
And thou wouldst not get thee backward and say, 'The fire
was hot,
And the voices pent within it were singing naught but death,'
Let Sigurd lend thee his steed that wore the Glittering
Heath,
And carried the Bed of the Serpent, and the ancient ruddy
rings.
So perchance may the mocks be lesser when men tell of the
Niblung Kings."

Then Sigurd looked on the twain, and he saw their swart hair wave
In the wind of the waste and the flame-blast, and no answer awhile he gave.
But at last he spake: "O brother, on Greyfell shalt thou ride,
And do on the Helm of Aweing and gird the Wrath to thy side,
And cover thy breast with the war-coat that is throughly woven of gold,
That hath not its like in the heavens nor has earth of its fellow told:
For this is the raiment of Kings when they ride the Flickering Fire,
And so sink the flames before them and the might of their desire."

Then Hogni laughed in his heart, and he said: "This changing were well
If so might the deed be accomplished; but perchance there is more to tell:
Thou shalt take the war-steed, Gunnar, and enough or naught it shall be:
But the coal-blue gear of the Niblungs the golden hall shall see."

Then Sigurd looked on the speaker, as one who would answer again,
But his words died out on the waste and the fire-blast made them vain.
Then he casteth the reins to his brother, and Gunnar praiseth his gift,
And springeth aloft to the saddle as the fair sun fails from the lift;
And Sigurd looks on the burden that Greyfell doth uprear,
The huge king towering upward in the dusky Niblung gear:

There sits the eager Gunnar, and his heart desires the deed,
And of naught he recketh and thinketh, but a fame-stirred warrior's need;
But Greyfell trembleth nothing and naught of the fire doth reck:
Then the spurs in his flank are smitten, and the reins lie loose on his neck,
And the sharp cry springeth from Gunnar—no hand-breadth stirred the beast;
The dusk drew on and over and the light of the fire increased,
And still as a shard on the mountain in the sandy dale alone
Was the shape of the cloudy Greyfell, nor moved he more than the stone;
But right through the heart of the fire forever Sigurd stared,
As he stood in the gold red-litten with the Wrath's thin edges bared.

No word for a while spake any, till Gunnar leaped to the earth,
And the anger wrought within him, and the fierce words came to birth:
"Who mocketh the King of the Niblungs in the desert land forlorn?
Is it thou, O Sigurd the Stranger? is it thou, O younger-born?
Dost thou laugh in the hall, O Mother? dost thou spin, and laugh at the tale
That has drawn thy son and thine eldest to the sword and the blaze of the bale?
Or thou, O God of the Goths, wilt thou hide and laugh thy fill,
While the hands of the foster-brethren the blood of brothers spill?"

But the awful voice of Sigurd across the wild went forth:
"How changed are the words of Gunnar! where wend his ways of worth?
I mock thee not in the desert, as I mocked thee not in the mead,
When I swore beneath the turf-yoke to help thy fondest need:
Nay, strengthen thine heart for the work, for the gift that thy manhood awaits;
For I give thee a gift, O Niblung, that shall overload the Fates,
And how may a King sustain it? but forbear with the dark to strive;
For thy mother spinneth and worketh, and her craft is awake and alive."

Then Hogni spake from the saddle: "The time, and the time is come
To gather the might of our mother, and of her that spinneth at home.
Forbear all words, O Gunnar, and anigh to Sigurd stand,
And face to face behold him, and take his hand in thine hand:
Then be thy will as his will, that his heart may mingle with thine,
And the love that he sware 'neath the earth-yoke with thine hope may intertwine."

Then the wrath from the Niblung slippeth and the shame that anger hath bred,
And the heavy wings of the dreamtide flit over Gunnar's head:
But he doth by his brother's bidding, and Sigurd's hand he takes,
And he looks in the eyes of the Volsung, though scarce in the desert he wakes.

There Hogni sits in the saddle aloof from the King's desire,
And little his lips are moving, as he stares on the rolling fire,
And mutters the spells of his mother, and the words she bade him say:
But the craft of the kings of aforetime on those Kings of the battle lay;
Dark night was spread behind them, and the fire flared up before,
And unheard was the wind of the wasteland mid the white flame's wavering roar.

Long Sigurd gazeth on Gunnar, till he sees, as through a cloud,
The long black locks of the Niblung, and the King's face set and proud:
Then the face is alone on the dark, and the dusky Niblung mail
Is naught but the night before him: then whiles will the visage fail,
And grow again as he gazeth, black hair and gleaming eyes,
And fade again into nothing, as for more of vision he tries;
Then all is naught but the night, yea, the waste of an emptier thing,
And the fire-wall Sigurd forgetteth, nor feeleth the hand of the King:
Nay, what is it now he remembereth? it is naught that aforetime he knew,
And no world is there left him to live in, and no deed to rejoice in or rue;
But frail and alone he fareth, and as one in the sphere-stream's drift,
By the starless empty places that lie beyond the lift:
Then at last is he stayed in his drifting, and he saith, It is blind and dark;
Yet he feeleth the earth at his feet, and there cometh a change and a spark,

And away in an instant of time is the mirk of the dreamland rolled,
And there is the firelit midnight, and before him an image of gold,
A man in the raiment of Gods, nor fashioned worser than they:
Full sad he gazeth on Sigurd from the great wide eyes and gray;
And the Helm that Aweth the people is set on the golden hair,
And the Mail of Gold enwraps him, and the Wrath in his hand is bare.

Then Sigurd looks on his arm and his hand in his brother's hand,
And thereon is the dark gray mail-gear well forged in the southern land;
Then he looks on the sword that he beareth, and, lo, the eager blade
That leaps in the hand of Gunnar when the kings are waxen afraid;
And he turns his face o'er his shoulder, and the raven-locks hang down
From the dark-blue helm of the Dwarf-folk, and the rings of the Niblung crown.

Then a red flush riseth against him in the face ne'er seen before,
Save dimly in the mirror or the burnished targe of war,
And the foster-brethren sunder, and the clasped hands fall apart;
But a change cometh over Sigurd, and the fierce pride leaps in his heart;
He knoweth the soul of Gunnar, and the shaping of his mind;
He seeketh the words of Sigurd, and Gunnar's voice doth he find,

As he cries: "I know thy bidding; let the world be lief or loath,
The child is unborn that shall hearken how Sigurd rued his oath!
Well fare thou, brother Gunnar! what deed shall I do this eve,
That I shall never repent of, that thine heart shall never grieve?
What deed shall I do this even that none else may bring to the birth,
Nay, not the King of the Niblungs, and the lord of the best of the earth?"

The flames rolled up to the heavens, and the stars behind were bright,
Dark Hogni sat on his war-steed, and stared out into the night,
And there stood Gunnar the King in Sigurd's semblance wrapped,
—As Sigurd walking in slumber, for in Grimhild's guile was he lapped,
That his heart forgat his glory, and the ways of Odin's lords,
And the thought was frozen within him, and the might of spoken words.

But Sigurd leapeth on Greyfell, and the sword in his hand is bare,
And the gold spurs flame on his heels, and the fire-blast lifteth his hair;
Forth Greyfell bounds rejoicing, and they see the gray wax red,
As unheard the war-gear clasheth, and the flames meet over his head,
Yet a while they see him riding, as through the rye men ride,
When the word goes forth in the summer of the kings by the ocean-side;

But the fires were slaked before him and the wild-fire burned
no more
Than the ford of the summer waters when the rainy time is
o'er.

Not once turned Sigurd aback, nor looked o'er the ashy ring,
To the midnight wilderness drear and the spell-drenched
Niblung King:
But he stayed and looked before him, and lo, a house high-
built,
With its roof of the red gold beaten, and its wall-stones over-
gilt:
So he leapt adown from Greyfell, and came to that fair abode,
And dark in the gear of the Niblungs through the gleaming
door he strode:
All light within was that dwelling, and a marvelous hall
it was,
But of gold were its hangings woven, and its pillars gleam-
ing as glass,
And Sigurd said in his heart, it was wrought erewhile for a
God:
But he looked athwart and endlong as alone its floor he trod,
And lo, on the height of the daïs is upreared a graven throne,
And thereon a woman sitting in the golden place alone;
Her face is fair and awful, and a gold crown girdeth her
head;
And a sword of the kings she beareth, and her sun-bright
hair is shed
O'er the laps of the snow-white linen that ripples adown to
her feet:
As a swan on the billow unbroken ere the firth and the ocean
meet,
On the dark-blue cloths she sitteth, in the height of the
golden place,
Nor breaketh the hush of the hall, though her eyes be set on
his face.

Now he sees this is even the woman of whom the tale hath been told,
E'en she that was wrought for the Niblungs, the bride ordained from of old,
And hushed in the hall he standeth, and a long while looks in her eyes,
And the word he hath shapen for Gunnar to his lips may never arise.

The man in Gunnar's semblance looked long and knew no deed;
And she looked, and her eyes were dreadful, and none would help her need.
Then the image of Gunnar trembled, and the flesh of the War-King shrank;
For he heard her voice on the silence, and his heart of her anguish drank:

"King, King, who art thou that comest, thou lord of the cloudy gear?
What deed for the weary-hearted shall thy strange hands fashion here?"

The speech of her lips pierced through him like the point of the bitter sword,
And he deemed that death were better than another spoken word:
But he clencheth his hand on the war-blade, and setteth his face as the brass,
And the voice of his brother Gunnar from out his lips doth pass:
"When thou lookest on me, O Goddess, thou seest Gunnar the King,
The King and the lord of the Niblungs, and the chief of their warfaring.

But art thou indeed that Brynhild of whom is the rumor and fame,
That she bideth the coming of kings to ride her Wavering Flame,
Lest she wed the little-hearted, and the world grow evil and vile?
For if thou be none other I will speak again in a while."

She said: "Art thou Gunnar the Stranger? O art thou the man that I see?
Yea, verily I am Brynhild: what other is like unto me?
O men of the Earth behold me! hast thou seen, O laboring Earth,
Such sorrow as my sorrow, or such evil as my birth?"

Then spake the Wildfire's Trampler that Gunnar's image bore:
"O Brynhild, mighty of women, be thou glorious evermore!
Thou seest Gunnar the Niblung, as he sits mid the Niblung lords,
And rides with the gods of battle in the forefront of the swords.
Now therefore awaken to life! for this eve have I ridden thy Fire,
When but few of the kings would outface it, to fulfill thine heart's desire.
And such love is the love of the kings, and such token have women to know
That they wed with God's belovèd, and that fair from their bed shall outgrow
The stem of the world's desire, and the tree that shall not be abased,
Till the day of the uttermost trial when the war-shield of Odin is raised.
So my word is the word of wooing, and I bid thee remember thine oath,
That here in this hall fair-builded we twain may plight the troth;

That here in the hall of thy waiting thou be made a wedded wife,
And be called the Queen of the Niblungs, and awaken unto life."

Hard rang his voice in the hall, and awhile she spake no word,
And there stood the Image of Gunnar, and leaned on his bright blue sword:
But at last she cried from the high-seat: "If I yet am alive and awake,
I know no words for the speaking, nor what answer I may make."

She ceased, and he answered nothing; and a hush on the hall there lay,
And the moon slipped over the windows as he clomb the heavenly way;
And no whit stirred the raiment of Brynhild: till she hearkened the Wooer's voice,
As he said: "Thou art none of the women that swear and forswear and rejoice,
Forgetting the sorrow of kings and the Gods and the laboring earth.
Thou shalt wed with King Gunnar the Niblung and increase his worth with thy worth."

And again was there silence a while, and the War-King leaned on his sword
In the shape of his foster-brother; then Brynhild took up the word:
"Hail, Gunnar, King of the Niblungs! to-night shalt thou lie by my side,
For thou art the Gods' belovèd, and for thee was I shapen a bride:
For thee, for the King, have I waited, and the waiting now is done;
I shall bear Earth's kings on my bosom and nourish the Niblung's son.

Though women swear and forswear, and are glad no less in their life,
To-night shall I wed with the King-folk and be called King Gunnar's wife.
Come, Gunnar, Lord of the Niblungs, and sit in my fathers' seat!
For for thee alone was it shapen, and the deed is due and meet."

Up she rose exceeding glorious, and it was as when in May
The blossomed hawthorn stirreth with the dawning-wind of day;
But the Wooer moved to meet her, and amid the golden place
They met, and their garments mingled, and face was close to face;
And they turned again to the high-seat, and their very right hands met,
And King Gunnar's bodily semblance beside her Brynhild set.

But over his knees and the mail-rings the high King laid his sword,
And looked in the face of Brynhild and swore King Gunnar's word:
He swore on the hand of Brynhild to be true to his wedded wife,
And before all things to love her till all folk should praise her life.
Unmoved did Brynhild hearken, and in steady voice she swore
To be true to Gunnar the Niblung while her life-days should endure;
So she swore on the hand of the Wooer: and they two were all alone,
And they sat a while in the high-seat when the wedding-troth was done,

But no while looked each on the other, and hand fell down
from hand,
And no speech there was betwixt them that their hearts might
understand.

At last spake the all-wise Brynhild: "Now night is begin-
ning to fade,
Fair-hung is the chamber of Kings, and the bridal bed is
arrayed."

He rose and looked upon her: as the moon at her utmost
height,
So pale was the visage of Brynhild, and her eyes as cold and
bright:
Yet he stayed, nor stirred from the high-seat, but strove with
the words for a space,
Till she took the hand of the King and led him down from
his place,
And forth from the hall she led him to the chamber wrought
for her love;
The fairest chamber of earth, gold-wrought below and above,
And hung were the walls fair-builded with the Gods and the
kings of the earth,
And the deeds that were done aforetime, and the coming
deeds of worth.
There they went in one bed together; but the foster-brother
laid
'Twixt him and the body of Brynhild his bright blue battle-
blade,
And she looked and heeded it nothing; but e'en as the dead
folk lie,
With folded hands she lay there, and let the night go by:
And as still lay that Image of Gunnar as the dead of life for-
lorn,
And hand on hand he folded as he waited for the morn.
So oft in the moonlit minster your fathers may ye see
By the side of the ancient mothers await the day to be.

Thus they lay as brother by sister—and e'en such had they
been to behold,
Had he borne the Volsung's semblance and the shape she
knew of old.

Night hushed as the moon fell downward, and there came
the leaden sleep
And weighed down the head of the War-King, that he lay in
slumber deep,
And forgat to-day and to-morrow, and forgotten yesterday;
Till he woke in the dawn and the daylight, and the sun on
the gold floor lay,
And Brynhild wakened beside him, and she lay with folded
hands,
By the edges forged of Regin and the wonder of the lands,
The Light that had lain in the Branstock, the hope of the
Volsung Tree,
The Sunderer, the Deliverer, the torch of days to be:
Then he strove to remember the night, and what deeds had
come to pass,
And what deeds he should do hereafter, and what manner of
man he was;
For there in the golden chamber lay the dark unwonted gear,
And beside his cheek on the pillow were long locks of the
raven hair:
But at last he remembered the even and the deed he came to do,
And he turned and spake to Brynhild as he rose from the
bolster blue:

"I give thee thanks, fair woman, for the wedding-troth
fulfilled;
I have come where the Norns have led me, and done as the
high Gods willed:
But now give we the gifts of the morning, for I needs must
depart to my men
And look on the Niblung children, and rule o'er the people
again.

But I thank thee well for thy greeting, and thy glory that I have seen,
For but little thereto are those tidings that folk have told of the Queen.
Henceforth with the Niblung people anew beginneth thy life,
And fair days of peace await thee, and fair days of glorious strife.
And my heart shall be grieved at thy grief, and be glad of thy well-doing,
And all men shall say thou hast wedded a true heart and a king."

So spake he in semblance of Gunnar, and from off his hand he drew
A ring of the spoils of the Southland, a marvel seen but of few,
And he set the ring on her finger, and she turned to her lord and spake:
"I thank thee, King, for thy good-will, and thy pledge of love I take.
Depart with my troth to thy people: but ere full ten days are o'er
I shall come to the Sons of the Niblungs, and then shall we part no more
Till the day of the change of our life-days, when Odin and Freyia shall call.
Lo, here, my gift of the morning! 'twas my dearest treasure of all;
But thou art become its master, and for thee was it fore-ordained,
Since thou art the man of mine oath and the best that the earth hath gained."

And lo, 'twas the Grief of Andvari, and the lack that made him loath,
The last of the God-folk's ransom, the Ring of Hindfell's oath;

Now on Sigurd's hand it shineth, and long he looketh thereon,
But it gave him back no memories of the days that were bygone.
Then in most exceeding sorrow rose Sigurd from the bed,
And again lay Brynhild silent as an image of the dead.
Then the King did on his war-gear and girt his sword to his side,
And was e'en as an image of Gunnar when the Niblungs dight them to ride.
And she on the bed of the bridal, remembering hope that was,
Lay still, and hearkened his footsteps from the echoing chamber pass.
So forth from the hall goes the Wooer, and slow and slow he goes,
As a conquered king from his city fares forth to meet his foes;
And he taketh the reins of Greyfell, nor yet will back him there,
But afoot through the cold slaked ashes of the yester-eve doth fare,
With his eyes cast down to the earth; till he heareth the wind, and a cry,
And raiseth a face brow-knitted and beholdeth men anigh,
And beholdeth Hogni the King set gray on his coal-black steed,
And beholdeth the image of Sigurd, the King in the golden weed:
Then he stayeth and stareth astonished and setteth his hand to his sword;
Till Hogni cries from his saddle, and his word is a kindly word:

"Hail, brother, and King of the people! hail, helper of my kin!
Again from the death and the trouble great gifts hast thou set thee to win

For thy friends and the Niblung children, and hast crowned thine earthly fame,
And increased thine exceeding glory and the sound of thy lovèd name."

Naught Sigurd spake in answer, but looked straight forth with a frown,
And stretched out his hand to Gunnar, as one that claimeth his own.
Then no word speaketh Gunnar, but taketh his hand in his hand,
And they look in the eyes of each other, and a while in the desert they stand,
Till the might of Grimhild prevaileth, and the twain are as yester-morn;
But sad was the golden Sigurd, though his eyes knew naught of scorn:
And he spake:
"It is finished, O Gunnar! and I will that our brotherhood
May endure through the good and the evil as it sprang in the days of the good:
But I bid thee look to the ending, that the deed I did yest'reve
Bear naught for me to repent of, for thine heart of hearts to grieve.
Thou art troth-plight, O King of the Niblungs, to Brynhild, Queen of the earth;
She hath sworn thine heart to cherish and increase thy worth with her worth:
She shall come to the house of Gunnar ere ten days are past and o'er;
And thenceforth the life of Brynhild shall part from thy life no more,
Till the doom of our kind shall speed you, and Odin and Freyia shall call,
And ye bide the Day of the Battle, and the uttermost changing of all."

The praise and thanks they gave him! the words of love they spake!
The tale that the world should hear of, deeds done for Sigurd's sake!
They were lovely might you hear them: but they lack; for in very deed
Their sound was clean forgotten in the day of Sigurd's need.

But as yet are those King-folk lovely, and no guile of heart they know,
And, in troth and love rejoicing, by Sigurd's side they go:
O'er heath and holt they hie them, o'er hill and dale they ride,
Till they come to the Burg of the Niblungs and the war-gate of their pride;
And there is Grimhild the wise-wife, and she sits and spins in the hall.

"Rejoice, O mother," saith Gunnar, "for thy guest hath holpen all,
And this eve shall thy sons be merry: but ere ten days are o'er
Here cometh the Maid, and the Queen, the Wise, and the Chooser of war;
So wrought is the will of the Niblungs and their blossoming boughs increase,
And joyous strife shall we dwell in, and merry days of peace."

So that night in the hall of the ancient they hold high-tide again,
And the Gods on the Southland hangings smile out full fair and fain,
And the song goes up of Sigurd, and the praise of his fame fulfilled,
But his speech in the dead sleep lieth, and the words of his wisdom are chilled:

And men say, The King is careful, for he thinks of the people's weal,
And his heart is afraid for our trouble, lest the Gods our joyance steal.

But that night, when the feast was over, to Gudrun Sigurd came,
And she noted the ring on his finger, and she knew it was nowise the same
As the ring he was wont to carry; so she bade him tell thereof:
Then he turned unto her kindly, and his words were words of love;
Nor his life nor his death he heeded, but told her last night's tale;
Yea, he drew forth the sword for his slaying, and whetted the edges of bale;
For he took that Gold of Andvari, that Curse of the uttermost land,
And he spake as a king that loveth, and set it on her hand;
But her heart was exceeding joyous, as he kissed her sweet and soft,
And bade her bear it forever, that she might remember him oft
When his hand from the world was departed and he sat in Odin's home.

But no one of his words she forgat when the latter days were come,
When the earth was hard for her footsteps, and the heavens were darkling above,
And but e'en as a tale that is told were waxen the years of her love.
Yea, thereof, from the Gold of Andvari, the spark of the waters wan,
Sprang a flame of bitter trouble, and the death of many a man,

And the quenching of the kindreds, and the blood of the broken troth,
And the Grievous Need of the Niblungs and the Sorrow of Odin the Goth.

FAUST.

(*An Extract.*)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(TRANSLATED BY ANNA SWANWICK.)

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question trifling seems from one
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low;
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
The inward essence from the name we read,
As all too plainly it doth appear,
When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
Who, then, art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
Produceth good, whilst ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies!
And justly; for whate'er to light is brought
Deserves again to be reduced to naught;

Then better 'twere that naught should be.
Thus all the elements which ye
Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,
Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,
Part of the part am I, which at the first was all.

A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
Yet he succeedeth not, for, struggle as he will,
To forms material he adhereth still;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share.

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess!
Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success.
Oppos'd to nothingness, the world,
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide!

And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood,
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away!
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair!
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold!
If fire I had not for myself retain'd,
No sphere whatever had for me remain'd.

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clinch'd in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent!
Henceforth some other task essay,
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon!
For this time have I leave to go?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I can not see.
Since one another now we know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door;
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er
Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede:
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar?

To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thine exit bar?
Could such a spirit aught ensnare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care:
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd!
So thou my captive art? No doubt
By accident thou thus art caught!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught;
Things now assume another shape.
The devil's in the house and can't escape.

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,
Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see!
I'm glad of that! a pact may then be made,
The which you gentlemen will surely keep?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require;
We'll speak of them when next we meet;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go! ere long I'll come again,
Then thou mayst question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

To capture thee was not my will.
Thyself hast freely entered in the snare:
Let him who holds the devil, hold him still!
A second time so soon he will not catch him there.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command;
Only on this condition, understand:
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile.

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be thine art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,
This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou couldst compass in the bound
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odors shall regale your smell,
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed.

SPIRITS.

Hence, overshadowing gloom,
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome,
Bend, beauteous light!
Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air!
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging.
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing!
Flutter their vestures bright
O'er field and grove!
Where in their leafy bower
Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower!
Bloometh the grove!
Grapes from the spreading vine
Crown the full measure;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam.
Leaving the hills behind,
On rolls the stream;
Now into ample seas
Spreadeth the flood;
Laving the sunny leas
Mantled with wood,
Rapture the feather'd throng
Gayly careering,
Sip as they float along;

Sunward they're steering;
On towards the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain,
Joyfully ringing!
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing;
Climbing the steep hill's side,
Skimming the glassy tide,
Wander they there;
Others on pinions wide
Wing the blue air;
On towards the living stream,
Towards yonder stars that gleam,
Far, far away;
Seeking their tender beam
Wing they their way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits! now he slumbers;
Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers;
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay—
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast!—
With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
And plunge him in a sea of dreams!
But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed
Tooth of rat the way must clear.
I need not conjure long, it seems;
One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thy presence; without fear
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,

Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou
Com'st hopping forth already! Now
To work! The point that holds me bound
Is in the outer angle found.
Another bite—so—now 'tis done—
Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded! must I deem
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal?
The devil's presence, was it nothing real?
The poodle's disappearance but a dream?

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat, Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,
I hope that we shall soon agree!
For now your fancies to expel,
Here, as a youth of high degree,
I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,

A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too;
And briefly I would counsel you
To don at once the same costume,
And, free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,
My heart to earth's low cares a prey.
Too old the trifler's part to play,
Too young to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world to me afford?
Renounce! renounce! is still the word;
This is the everlasting song
In every ear that ceaseless rings,
And which, alas! our whole life long,
Hoarsely each passing moment sings.
But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one.
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And must I then, when falls the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my pallet, languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my soul affright;
No rest vouchsafed me even there.
The god, who throned within my breast resides,
Deep in my soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
He can not move external things,
And so existence is to me a weight;
Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd
That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
Dissolved in bliss, in love's delicious bower!
O that before the lofty spirit's might,
Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain one night,
Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling
With the sweet harmonies of happier days:
So curse I all, around the soul that windeth
Its magic and alluring spell,
And with delusive flattery bindeth
Its victim to this dreary cell!
Curs'd before all things be the high opinion
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!

Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, deathless fame!
Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,
Wife, child, slave, plow, whate'er its name!
Accurs'd be Mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite:
Or when, to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight!
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first!
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And, more than all, be patience curs'd!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe! woe!
Thou hast destroy'd
The beautiful world
With violent blow:
'Tis shiver'd! 'tis shatter'd!
The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd!
Now we sweep
The wrecks into nothingness!
Fondly we weep
The beauty that's gone!
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more!
In thine own bosom the lost world restore!
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,

How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!
In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence:
For within this lonely cell
Stagnate sap of life and sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
Making thee feel thyself a man with men.
Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.
I to the upper ranks do not belong!
Yet if by me, companion'd, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take,
Upon the spot myself I'll make
Thy comrade;—
Should it suit thy need,
I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed!

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast!

FAUST.

No! no!
The devil is an egotist, I know:
And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way
Kindness to any one to show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,
Still at thy back alert and prompt to be;

But when together *yonder* we appear,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world;
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And if this world I must forego,
Let happen then,—what can and will.
I to this theme will close mine ears,
If men hereafter hate and love,
And if there be in yonder spheres
A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayst venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.

FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never;
Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow
Like restless quicksilver away;
A game thou hast, at which none win who play;
A girl who would, with amorous eyen,
E'en from my breast, a neighbor snare;
Lofty ambition's joy divine,
That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
And trees whose verdure daily buds anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not;
I can provide such treasures, it is true;
But, my good friend, a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
Then may my life that instant cease;
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
Till self-reproach away I cast?—
Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile?—
Let that day be for me the last!
Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Settled!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!
When to the moment I shall say,
"Linger awhile, so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late.

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day
Attend, my duties to commence.—
But one thing: accidents may happen, hence
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast?
Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?
Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure!
No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A specter this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life resigneth in the pen,
Leather and wax usurp the mastery then.
Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire?
Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
Thy choice is free; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite,
And thus thine eloquence inflame?
A scrap is for our compact good.
Thou undersignest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word!
The scope of all my energy
Is in exact accordance with my vow.
Vainly I have aspired too high;
I'm on a level but with such as thou;
Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied;
Nature from me herself doth hide;
Rent is the web of thought; my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in Time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance!
Excitement is the sphere for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal nor measure is prescrib'd to you.
If you desire to taste of every thing,
To snatch at joy while on the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too!
Only fall to and don't be over coy!

FAUST.

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss.
Enamor'd hatred, quickening vexation.
Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang—to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,

To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind,
And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven! Know, this Whole
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!
He in eternal brightness doth exist;
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here,
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit!
But one thing puzzles me, my friend:
Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally!
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,
Each good and noble quality,
Upon your honored brow to heap;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The Northern's steadfast mind!
Let him to you the mystery show
To blend high aims and cunning low;
And while youth's passions are aflame
To fall in love by rule and plan!
I fain would meet with such a man;
Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What, then, am I, if I aspire in vain
The crown of our humanity to gain,
Towards which my every sense doth strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.
Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,
Raise to a cubit's height thy learned socks,
Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain
The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain;
And when at length from studious toil I rest,
No power, newborn, springs up within my breast;
A hair's breadth is not added to my height;
I am no nearer to the infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed
Just as by other men they're view'd;
We must more cleverly proceed,
Before life's joys our grasp elude.
The devil! thou hast hands and feet,
And head and heart are also thine;
What I enjoy with relish sweet,
Is it on that account less mine?
If for six stallions I can pay,
Do I not own their strength and speed?
A proper man I dash away,
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
Up, then, from idle pondering free,
And forth into the world with me!
I tell you what—your speculative churl
Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads

On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed:
A place of torment this indeed!
A precious life, thyself to bore,
And some few youngsters evermore!
Leave it to neighbor Paunch;—withdraw,
Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw?
The very best that thou dost know
Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
One in the passage now doth wait!

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad! He must be tired, I trow;
He must not go disconsolate.
Hand me thy cap and gown; the mask
Is for my purpose quite first rate.

(*He changes his dress.*)

Now leave it to my wit! I ask
But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip
And make all ready for our pleasant trip!

(*Exit* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in* FAUST'S *long gown*).

Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus contemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then!—

Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still presses on forever,
And whose precipitate endeavor
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste,
Through scenes of vapid dullness, where at last,
Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast;
And, still to mock his greedy haste,
Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond—
Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost,
And were he not the devil's by his bond,
Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!

(A STUDENT *enters.*)

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home;
Full of devotion am I come
A man to know and hear, whose name
With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me!
A man like other men you see;
Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care!
I've youthful blood and courage high;
Of gold I bring a fair supply;
To let me go my mother was not fain;
But here I longed true knowledge to attain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place.

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.

These walls, this melancholy room,
O'erpower me with a sense of gloom ;
The space is narrow, nothing green,
No friendly tree is to be seen ;
And in these halls, with benches lined,
Sight, hearing fail, fails too my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
But before long its eager thirst
Is fain to slake with hearty zest :
Thus at the breasts of Wisdom, day by day,
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learnèd I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend;
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find ;
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase !
Though, to be sure, I fain would seize,
On pleasant summer holidays,
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies;
Method will teach you time to win;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise
With college logic to begin!
Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep;
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.
Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free,
Require a process:—one! two! three!
In truth, the subtle web of thought
Is like the weaver's fabric wrought:
One treadle moves a thousand lines,
Swift dart the shuttles to and fro,
Unseen the threads together flow,
A thousand knots one stroke combines.
Then forward steps your sage to show,
And prove to you, it must be so;
The first being so, and so the second,
The third and fourth deduc'd we see;
And if there were no first and second,
Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
This, scholars of all countries prize,—
Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise.
He who would know and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive:
Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
This process, chemists name, in learned thesis,
Mocking themselves, *Naturæ encheiresis.*

STUDENT.

Your words I can not fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,
When of scholastic forms you learn the use,
And how by method all things to reduce.

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,
As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!
There see that you profoundly comprehend,
What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;
For that which is or is not in the head
A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
But, before all, strive this half year
From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve!
Five lectures daily you must hear;
The hour still punctually observe!
Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
And closely in your manual look;
Hereby may you be quite aware
That all he utters standeth in the book;
Yet write away without cessation,
As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT.

This, sir, a second time you need not say!
Your counsel I appreciate quite;
What we possess in black and white,
We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,
And hence I can not your repugnance blame.
Customs and laws in every place,
Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,
Still trail their curse from race to race,
And furtively abroad they spread.
To nonsense, reason's self they turn;
Beneficence becomes a pest;
Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born!
As for the law born with us, unexpressed—
That law, alas! none careth to discern.

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
Whom you instruct is blest in sooth.
To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
But as regards this science, you will find,
So hard it is to shun the erring way,
And so much hidden poison lies therein,
Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
Here, too, it is the best to listen but to one,
And by the master's words to swear alone.
To sum up all: To words hold fast!
Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! But o'er-anxious thought you'll find of no avail,
For there precisely where ideas fail,
A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found;
On words a system we securely ground;
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity;
Yet once more must I trouble you:
On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
A pregnant utterance or two!
Three years! how brief the appointed tide!
The field, Heaven knows, is all too wide!
If but a friendly hint be thrown,
'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone,
And must again the genuine devil play.
(*Aloud.*)
Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
The great and little world you study through,
That things may then their course pursue,
As Heaven may please.
In vain abroad you range through science' ample space,
Each man learns only that which learn he can;
Who knows the moment to embrace,
He is your proper man.
In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient:
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient.
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal!

Their thousand ahs and ohs,
These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humor as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead:
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist;—and how to press,
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gray is, young friend, all theory:
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit:
Here is my album—do not, sir, deny
This token of your favor!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly!

(*He writes, and returns the book.*)

STUDENT (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

(*He reverently closes the book and retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
My cousin follow still, the wily snake,
And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool!
Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will quake!

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
The little world, and then the great we'll view.
With what delight, what profit too,
Thou'lt revel through thy gay career!

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need
The easy manners that insure success:
Th' attempt, I fear, can ne'er succeed;
To mingle in the world I want address;
I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give;
Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,
'Twill serve whereon through air to ride;
No heavy baggage need you take,
When we our bold excursion make;
A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
Lifts us from earth; aloft through air,
Light laden, we shall swiftly steer.
I wish you joy of your new life-career.

THE ERL-KING.

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(TRANSLATED BY EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.)

WHO rides there so late through the night dark and drear?
The father it is with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasp'd in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."

"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh, come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold;
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care;
My daughters by night their glad festival keep;
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"
"My darling, my darling, I see it aright:
'Tis the agèd gray willows deceiving thy sight."

"I love thee, I'm charm'd by thy beauty, dear boy!
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."

" My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."

The father now gallops, with terror half wild ;
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child ;
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread—
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied :
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town-hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking,

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Only the scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
There was no guessing his kith and kin!

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw;
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As *he* the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
  (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out: 'O rats, rejoice!
  The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple!
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perched in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
"No trifling! I can't wait! Beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced, and the children followed.
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me:
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And the dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says that heaven's gate
  Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people, who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

THE LORELEY.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

(TRANSLATED BY F. SILCHER.)

Oh, tell me what it meaneth,
This gloom and tearful eye?
'Tis memory that retaineth
The tale of years gone by.
The fading light grows dimmer,
The Rhine doth calmly flow!
The lofty hill-tops glimmer
Red with the sunset glow.

Above, the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair:
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.

The boatman on the river
Lists to the song, spellbound;
Oh, what shall him deliver
From danger threatening round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

HINDU FOLK-LORE.

THE gods of the early Hindus were many. One of the earlier Vedic poets enumerated thirty-three. A later poet places the number at three thousand three hundred and thirty-nine. Of these only a few of the more noted can be mentioned here.

The historic BUDDHA, Prince Siddârtha, or Gautama, was a great reformer, who lived about five centuries before Christ. His teachings did not take deep root in his own country. His followers were driven to Ceylon, from which place the newer faith was propagated in China, and generally through eastern Asia, where it has degenerated into a debasing superstition.

Nor did the Mohammedan whirlwind succeed in overthrowing the ancient faith of the Brahmans. They to-day retain their old beliefs, little modified in the course of many centuries.

The student of Hindu mythology, as set forth in the sacred writings of India, will be puzzled to find that a large number of the gods are addressed individually, each as supreme, while the absence of any scale of comparison renders it difficult to say which is to be considered the greatest.

It is claimed that BRAHMA, the author of the universe, VISHNU, the preserver, and SIVA, or Seva, the destroyer, were originally considered but different manifestations of the one Supreme Being. Certainly this is the way in which they are now regarded.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,

Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Take heart; the Waster builds again—
A charmèd life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

—*Whittier's "The Reformer."*

BRAHMA, the creator, is represented as a crowned, four-faced, and four-handed human figure.

VISHNU, the preserver, is portrayed as a four-handed personage, wearing a tall crown.

SIVA, similar to the last named, is armed with a trident.

The TRIMURTI is a representation of the Hindu Trinity —a combination of three heads and a single figure.

The AVATARS of Vishnu are the incarnations of the Divine Spirit on the earth. Of these there have been nine, among which Rama, Krishna, and Buddha are reckoned. There is to be yet one more incarnation, when Vishnu will appear, in the form of a winged horse, and the world will come to an end.

NARAYANA, the god of the seas, the mover of the waters, is the recipient of the greatest number of prayers of the old time, as preserved in the sacred books.

INDRA also holds a very high rank among the gods. He wields the thunderbolts, and sends the rains and the winds.

GANESA, the son of Siva, is the god of wisdom. He has an elephant's head, and is attended by an enormous rat.

YAMA, or Yemen, is the death-god, judging the departed souls of men, and consigning the wicked to punishment in the serpent den of Naraka, while the good are sent to bliss in Svarga, the better world.

ENGHA is the boatman who transports the soul to paradise.

AGNI, the god of fire, is invoked for vengeance in war.

KARTTIKEYA, the god of war, is depicted as riding upon a peacock, and flourishing weapons in his numerous hands.

KAMADEVA, bearing his bow, like Cupid, is the god of love.

SHESHANAGA is a terrible black being, the king of serpents. He has a thousand crowned heads, with luminous eyes.

SURYA, the sun, appears in an equipage drawn by green horses driven by Arun, the light of morning.

CHANDRA, the moon, is a male figure, likewise drawn in a chariot, though its steeds are generally antelopes.

KASYAPA is addressed in very ancient hymns as the god of the skies. Numerous divinities of lower rank are mentioned as his offspring.

PAVAN is the god of the winds.

AGNASTRA is the maker of the arrows of the gods.

KUBERA is the god of riches.

DURGA, the consort of Brahma, is a character of heroic virtue, and is represented as overcoming giants and demons of hideous and terrific form. She is more popularly known as Saraswati.

MAHISHASURA is an impersonation of vice, and is represented as vanquished by Durga, the two being employed as symbols expressive of the moral conflict between good and evil.

PARVATI, the consort of Siva, is worshiped with disgusting rites of a depraved character.

LAKSHMI, the consort of Vishnu, is the patroness of agriculture, the emblem of abundance and fertility.

MARITALË is the patroness of the pariahs or outcasts.

DAHANA is the beautiful goddess of the dawn.

ADITI is the consort of Kasyapa.

SITA is the consort of the Avatar Rama.

BAYADERES are dancing girls of India. An old legend of the sixth Avatar relates the redemption of a dissolute girl of this class. It is the subject of a poem by Goethe, and of the opera by Auber, entitled *The God and the Bayadere.*

JAGANNATH, Juggernaut, or Jaga-naut ("Lord of the

World"), is an idol in the most celebrated of the Hindu temples—that of Orissa. His carriage, of pyramid form, is two hundred feet high. This is drawn through the streets on certain occasions by means of ropes grasped by great multitudes of pilgrims. In the press and excitement many have fallen under the fatal wheels and have been crushed to death. The popular opinion that these were voluntary victims, seeking eternal life through self-immolation, is declared to be erroneous.

From ancient times the Brahmans have taught the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Believing that the human soul passes from one bodily form to another, in all the range of the animal creation, the Hindus refrain from the use of flesh as food. They hold that the baser characters reappear in the lower animal forms, as a punishment for their sins, and that the basest are sometimes even imprisoned in vegetable or mineral forms. The final reward of the good is held to be their absorption into the divine soul of the universe, "as the water returns to the ocean." Buddha, it is said, "previously existed in four hundred millions of worlds. During these successive transmigrations he was almost every sort of fish, fly, animal, and man. He had acquired such a sanctity, millions of centuries before, as to permit him to enter Nirvâna, but he preferred to endure the curse of existence in order to benefit the race."

Discarding the old doctrine that the soul is at death absorbed into Brahma, Buddha taught that man passes from life into the dreamless, unbroken rest of Nirvâna—a practical annihilation. Much has been written and said concerning the Buddhistic extinction of desire. To the Christian and the Mohammedan alike it is well-nigh incomprehensible that a mere release from existence should be esteemed the highest good. Nevertheless, *Nirvâna the Blest* is the anticipated goal of a third of the human race. Of these hundreds of millions a faithful thanatopsis is expressed in the stanzas:

Methinks I sink with rapture—
A rapture veiled and intense,
Into an infinite ocean,
Ingulfing both soul and sense,
With a deep, luxurious oblivion
Of why and whither and whence.

Lo, hoary at birth and weary,
And heir to the world's long woe,
I cry through the murky abysses,
Where wandering planets glow,
And my voice, with hollow resounding,
Re-echoes above and below.

O God, O why hast thou kindled
This passing fever of life—
These flaming thoughts that wrestle
And writhe in eternal strife—
This fury of fret and ferment,
And wars of tongue and knife?

Nay, rather in sleep and silence
Enshrined, I fain would rest,
In deep, inexhaustible slumber,
On Nature's ample breast,
And swoon, in the dusk of the evening,
Into Nirvâna the Blest.

—*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's "Nirvana the Blest."*

The Hindus are divided into four castes—the priests, the soldiers, the farmers and traders, and the laborers. The men of no caste at all are the despised pariahs. The priests hold the highest place of influence and authority.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO HINDU FOLK-LORE.

The literature of ancient India was first brought to the general notice of Europeans by the noted Orientalist Sir William Jones, who founded the Asiatic Society more than a century ago.

The most ancient of Sanskrit writings is the *Rig-Veda*,[1] a collection

[1] I do not wish by what I have said to raise any exaggerated expectations as to the worth of these ancient hymns of the Veda, and the character of that religion which they indicate rather than fully describe. The historical impor-

of hymns—some of great beauty—addressed to the gods. These belong to a period antecedent to the doctrine of metempsychosis and the institution of caste.

The *Puránas*, more recent than the Vedic hymns, are supposed to be equally inspired. They contain the ancient mythology of the Hindus.

The *Code of Manu* is a metrical summary of the moral law, said to have been delivered through fourteen successive seers of that name. The two great epics of the Sanskrit are the *Râmâyana* and the *Mahâbhârata*, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of India. The first of these relates the career of Râma. The second describes a conflict about the old city of Delhi. Vâlmiki and Vyâsa are the respective authors.

KING NALA and his bride, DAMAYANTI, are the hero and heroine of one of the most notable episodes of the *Mahâbhârata*, which has been translated into English by Sir Edwin Arnold.

The *Gîtagovinda*, of Jayadeva, is an idyllic poem relating the career of Krishna, who is here called Govinda.

KÂLIDÂSA was the great dramatist of Indian literature, and the *Sakoontalâ* is his most famous drama.

Of the Buddhistic sacred writings, the *Dhammapada* is supposed to contain the discourses of Buddha himself. Among its four hundred and twenty-four verses are the following:

"Reflection is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who reflect do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

"The wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvâna, the highest happiness.

"Knowing that this body is fragile like a jar, and making this thought firm like a fortress, one should attack Marac (the tempter) with the weapon of knowledge; one should watch him when conquered, and should never cease from the fight."

Southey's poem, *The Curse of Kehama*, relates the story of a Hindu rajah who obtains and exercises supernatural powers.[1] It portrays the

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tance of the Veda can hardly be exaggerated; but its intrinsic merit, and particularly the beauty or elevation of its sentiments, have by many been rated far too high. Large numbers of the Vedic hymns are childish in the extreme—tedious, low, commonplace. . . . But hidden in this rubbish there are precious stones.—*Max Müller's* "*Chips from a German Workshop.*"

[1] In the religion of the Hindus, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the

strange and bewildering forms of the Hindu Pantheon, and reproduces much of the exaggerated and fantastic imagery characteristic of the Sanskrit epics.

To English and American readers by far the best known composition relating to Buddha is *The Light of Asia*, by Sir Edwin Arnold, in which the life of Prince Siddârtha is related in verse, from the standpoint of an Indian Buddhist. Oliver Wendell Holmes says of this poem, "Its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament."

Since it is not a translation, but an original poem, the author has exercised the largest liberty in his selection and in his coloring of the scenes in the life of the great Buddha; and critics differ as to the historical and philosophical value of the poem. It is a succession of beautiful pictures of a beautiful life. The resolve of the prince, as he impressed his last kiss upon his sleeping wife and babes, is thus described:

"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come;
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth, but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fatal message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine; I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword;
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its path with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates;
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends, or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

Arnold's "Light of Asia."

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person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the supreme deities themselves, and rendered an *avatar*, or incarnation of Vishnu, the Preserver, necessary.—*Robert Southey.*

NALA AND DAMAYANTI.

(TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD FROM THE MAHÂBHÂRATA.)

A PRINCE there was, named Nala, Virasen's noble breed,
Goodly to see, and virtuous; a tamer of the steed;
As Indra 'midst the gods, so he of kings was kingliest one,
Sovereign of men, and splendid as the golden, glittering sun;
Pure, knowing scripture, gallant; ruling nobly Nishadh's lands;
Dice-loving, but a proud, true chief of her embattled bands;
By lovely ladies lauded; free, trained in self-control;
A shield and bow; a Manu on earth; a royal soul!
And in Vidarbha's city the Raja Bhima dwelled;
Save offspring, from his perfect bliss no blessing was withheld;
For offspring, many a pious rite full patiently he wrought,
Till Damana the Brahman unto his house was brought.
Him Bhima, ever reverent, did courteously entreat,
Within the Queen's pavilion led him, to rest and eat;
Whereby that sage, grown grateful, gave her—for joy of joys—
A girl, the gem of girlhood, and three brave, lusty boys—
Damana, Dama, Dânta, their names;—Damayanti she;
No daughter more delightful, no sons could goodlier be.

Stately and bright and beautiful did Damayanti grow;
No land there was which did not the Slender-waisted know;
A hundred slaves her fair form decked with robe and ornament;
Like Sachi's self to serve her a hundred virgins bent;
And 'midst them Bhima's daughter, in peerless glory dight,
Gleamed as the lightning glitters against the murk of night;
Having the eyes of Lakshmi, long-lidded, black, and bright:
Nay—never gods, nor Yakshas, nor mortal men among

Was one so rare and radiant e'er seen, or sued, or sung
As she, the heart-consuming, in heaven itself desired.

And Nala, too, of princes the Tiger-Prince, admired
Like Kama was; in beauty an embodied lord of love:
And ofttimes Nala praised they all other chiefs above
In Damayanti's hearing; and oftentimes to him
With worship and with wonder her beauty they would limn;
So that, unmet, unknowing, unseen, in each for each
A tender thought of longing grew up from seed of speech;
And love (thou son of Kunti!) those gentle hearts did reach.

THUS Nala—hardly bearing in his heart
Such longing—wandered in his palace-woods,
And marked some water-birds, with painted plumes,
Disporting. One, by stealthy steps, he seized;
But the sky-traveler spake to Nala this:
"Kill me not, Prince, and I will serve thee well.
For I, in Damayanti's ear, will say
Such good of Nishadh's lord, that nevermore
Shall thought of man possess her, save of thee."

Thereat the Prince gladly gave liberty
To his soft prisoner, and all the swans
Flew, clanging, to Vidarbha—a bright flock—
Straight to Vidarbha, where the Princess walked;
And there, beneath her eyes, those wingèd ones
Lighted. She saw them sail to earth, and marked—
Sitting amid her maids—their graceful forms;
While those for wantonness 'gan chase the swans,
Which fluttered this and that way through the grove:
Each girl with tripping feet her bird pursued,
And Damayanti, laughing, followed hers;
Till—at the point to grasp—the flying prey
Deftly eluding touch, spake as men speak,
Addressing Bhima's daughter:—

"Lady dear!
Loveliest Damayanti! Nala dwells
In near Nishadha: oh, a noble Prince,
Not to be matched of men; an Aświn he,
For goodliness. Incomparable maid!
Wert thou but wife to that surpassing chief,
Rich would the fruit grow from such lordly birth,
Such peerless beauty. Slender-waisted one,
Gods, men, and Gandharvas have we beheld,
But never one among them like to him.
As thou art pearl of princesses, so he
Is crown of princes; happy would it fall,
One such perfection should another wed."

And when she heard that bird (O King of men!),
The Princess answered: "Go, dear swan, and tell
This same to Nala"; and the egg-born said,
"I go"; and flew; and told the Prince of all.

But Damayanti, having heard the bird,
Lived fancy-free no more; by Nala's side
Her soul dwelt, while she sat at home distraught,
Mournful and wan, sighing the hours away,
With eyes upcast, and passion-laden looks;
So that, eftsoons, her limbs failed, and her mind—
With love o'erweighted—found no rest in sleep,
No grace in company, no joy at feasts.
Nor night nor day brought peace; always she heaved
Sigh upon sigh, till all her maidens knew—
By glance and mien and manner—how changed she was,
Her own sweet self no more. Then to the King
They told how Damayanti loved the Prince.
Which thing when Bhimi from her maidens heard,
Deep pondering for his child what should be done,
And why the Princess was beside herself,

That lord of lands perceived his daughter grown,
And knew that for her high Swayamvara
The time was come.

So, to the Rajas all
The King sent word: "Ye Lords of Earth, attend
Of Damayanti the Swayamvara."
And when these learned of her Swayamvara,
Obeying Bhima, to his court they thronged—
Elephants, horses, cars—over the land
In full files wending, bearing flags and wreaths
Of countless hues, with gallant companies
Of fighting men. And those high-hearted chiefs
The strong-armed King welcomed with worship fair,
As fitted each, and led them to their seats.

Now at that hour there passed towards Indra's heaven,
Thither from earth ascending, those twain saints—
The wise, the pure, the mighty-minded ones,
The self-restrained—Narad and Parvata.
The mansion of the Sovereign of the Gods
In honor entered they; and he, the Lord
Of Clouds, dread Indra, softly them salutes,
Inquiring of their weal, and of the world
Where through their name was famous, how it fares.

Then Narad said: "Well is it, Lord of Gods,
With us, and with our world; and well with those
Who rule the peoples, O thou King in Heaven!"

But He that slew the Demons spake again:
"The princes of the earth, just-minded, brave,
Those who, in battle fearing not to fall,
See death on the descending blade, and charge
Full front against it, turning not their face—
Theirs is this realm eternal, as to me
The cow of plenty, Kâmadhuk, belongs.

Where be my Kshatriya warriors? Wherefore now
See I none coming of those slaughtered lords,
Chiefs of mankind, our always honored guests?"

And unto Indra Narad gave reply:
"King of the Air! no wars are waged below;
None fall in fight, to enter here. The Lord
Of high Vidarbha hath a daughter, famed
For loveliness beyond all earthly maids,
The Princess Damayanti, far-renowned.
Of her, dread Sakra! the Swayamvara
Shall soon befall, and thither now repair
The kings and princes of all lands, to woo—
Each for himself—this pearl of womanhood.
For oh, thou Slayer of the Demons, all
Desire the maid."

Drew round, while Narad spake,
The Masters, th' Immortals, pressing in
With Agni and the Greatest, near the throne,
To listen to the speech of Narada;
Whom having heard, all cried delightedly,
"We, too, will go." Thereupon those high gods,
With chariots, and with heavenly retinues,
Sped to Vidarbha, where the kings were met.
And Nala, knowing of this kingly tryst,
Went thither joyous, heart-full with the thought
Of Damayanti.

Thus it chanced the gods
Beheld the Prince wending along his road,
Goodly of mien, as is the Lord of Love.
The world's Protectors saw him, like a sun
For splendor; and in very wonder, paused
Some time irresolute, so fair he was;
Then in mid-sky their golden chariots stayed,
And through the clouds descending called to him:

"Bho! Nala of Nishadha! Noblest Prince,
Be herald for us; bear our message now."

"YEA!" Nala made reply, "this will I do";
And then—palm unto palm in reverence pressed—
Asked: "Shining Ones, who are ye? Unto whom,
And what words bearing, will ye that I go?
Deign to instruct me what it is ye bid."
Thus the Prince spake, and Indra answered him:
"Thou seest th' immortal gods. Indra am I,
And this is Agni, and the other here,
Varuna, Lord of Waters; and beyond,
Yama, the King of Death, who parteth souls
From mortal frames. To Damayanti go;
Tell our approach. Say this: 'The world's dread lords,
Wishful to see thee, come; desiring thee—
Indra, Varuna, Agni, Yama, all.
Choose of these powers to which thou wilt be given.'"
But Nala, hearing that, joined palms again,
And cried: "Ah, send me not, with one accord
For this, most mighty Gods! How should a man
Sue for another, being suitor too?
How bear such errand? Have compassion, Gods!"

Then spake they: "Yet thou saidst, 'This shall I do,'
Nishadha's Prince! and wilt thou do it not,
Forswearing faith? Nay, but depart, and soon!"

So bid, but lingering yet again, he said:
"Well guarded are the gates; how shall I find
Speech with her?"
"Thou shalt find," Indra replied.
And, lo! upon that word Nala was brought
To Damayanti's chamber. There he saw
Vidarbha's glory, sitting 'mid her maids,
In majesty and grace surpassing all;

So exquisite, so delicate of form,
Waist so fine turned, such limbs, such lighted eyes,
The moon hath meaner radiance than she.
Love at the sight of that soft smiling face
Sprang to full passion, while he stood and gazed.
Yet, faith and duty urging, he restrained
His beating heart; but when those beauteous maids
Spied Nala, from their cushions they uprose,
Startled to see a man, yet startled more
Because he showed so heavenly bright and fair.
In wondering pleasure each saluted him,
Uttering no sound, but murmuring to themselves:
"Aho! the grace of him; aho! the brilliance;
Aho! what glorious strength lives in his limbs!
What is he? Is he God, Gandharva, Yaksha?"
But this unspoken, for they dared not breathe
One syllable, all standing shyly there
To see him, and to see his youth so sweet.
Yet, softly glancing back to his soft glance,
The Princess, presently, with fluttering breath,
Accosted Nala, saying: "Fairest Prince,
Who by thy faultless form hath filled my heart
With sudden joy, coming as come the gods,
Unstayed, I crave to know thee, who thou art;
How didst thou enter? how wert thou unseen?
Our palace is close-guarded, and the King
Hath issued mandates stern."

Tenderly spake
The Prince, replying to those tender words:
"Most lovely! I am Nala. I am come
A herald of the gods unto thee here.
The gods desire thee, the immortal Four—
Indra, Varuna, Yama, Agni. Choose,
O Brightest! one from these to be thy lord.
By their help is it I have entered in

Unseen; none could behold me at thy gates,
Nor stay me, passing; and to speak their will
They sent me, fairest one and best. Do thou,
Knowing the message, judge as seemeth well."

She bowed her head, hearing the great gods named,
And then, divinely smiling, said to him:
"Pledge thyself faithfully to me, and I
Will seek, O Raja, only how to pay
That debt with all I am, with all I have;
For I and mine are thine—in full trust thine.
Make me that promise, Prince. Thy gentle name—
Sung by the swan—first set my thoughts afire;
And for thy sake—only for thee—sweet Lord,
The kings were summoned hither. If, alas!
Fair Prince, thou dost reject my sudden love,
So proffered, then must poison, flame, or flood,
Or knitted cord, be my sad remedy."

So spake Vidarbha's Pride; and Nala said:
"With gods so waiting—with the world's dread lords
Hastening to woo, canst thou desire a man?
Bethink! I, unto these, that make and mar,
These all-wise ones, almighty, am like dust
Under their feet: lift thy heart to the height
Of what I bring. If mortal man offend
The most high gods, death is what springs of it.
Spare me to live, thou faultless lady! Choose
Which of these excellent great gods thou wilt;
Wear the unstainèd robes! bear on thy brows
The wreaths which never fade, of heavenly blooms!
Be, as thou mayst, a goddess, and enjoy
Godlike delights! Him who infolds the earth,
Creating and consuming, Brightest Power,
Hutâsa, Eater of the Sacrifice,
What woman would not take? Or him whose rod

Herds all the generations forward still
On virtue's path, Red Yama, King of Death,
What woman would affront? Or him, the all-good,
All-wise destroyer of the Demons, first
In heaven, Mahendra—who of womankind
Is there that would not wed? Or, if thy mind
Incline, doubt not to choose Varuna; he
Is of these world-protectors. From a heart
Full friendly cometh what I tell thee now."

Unto Nishadha's Prince the maid replied—
Tears of distress dimming her lustrous eyes:
"Humbly I reverence these mighty gods;
But thee I choose, and thee I take for lord;
And this I vow!"

With folded palms she stood,
And trembling lips, while his faint answer fell:
"Sent on such embassy, how shall I dare
Speak, sweetest Princess, for myself to thee?
Bound by my promise for the gods to sue,
How can I be a suitor for myself?
Silence is here my duty; afterward
If I shall come, in mine own name I'll come,
Mine own cause pleading. Ah, might that so be!"

Checking her tears, Damayanti sadly smiled,
And said full soft: "One way of hope I see,
A blameless way, O Lord of men! wherefrom
No fault shall rise, nor any danger fall.
Thou also, Prince, with Indra and these gods,
Must enter in where my Swayamvara
Is held; then I, in presence of those gods,
Will choose thee, dearest, for my lord; and so
Blame shall not light on thee."

With which sweet words
Soft in his ears, Nishadha straight returned

There where the gods were gathered, waiting him;
Whom the world's masters, on his way, perceived,
And, spying, questioned, asking for his news:
"Saw'st thou her, Prince? Didst see the sweet-lipped one?
What spake she of us? Tell us true; tell all!"

Quoth Nala: "By your worshipful behest
Sent to her house, the great gates entered I,
Though the gray porters watched; but none might spy
My entering, by your power, O radiant Ones,
Saving the Raja's daughter; her I saw
Amid her maidens, and by them was seen.
On me with much amazement they did gaze
Whilst I your high Divinities extolled.
But she that hath the lovely face, with mind
Set upon me, hath chosen me, ye Gods,
For thus she spake, my Princess: 'Let them come,
And come thou, like a lordly tiger, too,
Unto the place of my Swayamvara;
There will I choose thee in their presence, Prince,
To be my lord; and so there will not fall
Blame, thou strong-armed! to thee.' This she did say
Even as I tell it; and what shall be next,
To will is yours, O ye immortal Ones!"

Soon, when the moon was good, and day and hour
Were found propitious, Bhima, King of men,
Summoned the chiefs to the Swayamvara;
Upon which message all those eager lords
For love of Damayanti hastened there.
Glorious with gilded pillars was the court,
Whereto a gate-house opened, and thereby
Into the square, like lions from the hills,
Paced the proud guests; and there their seats they took,
Each in his rank, the masters of the lands,

With crowns of fragrant blossoms garlanded,
And polished jewels swinging in their ears.
Of some the thews, knitted and rough, stood forth
Like iron maces; some had slender limbs,
Sleek and fine-turned like the five-headed snake;
Lords with long-flowing hair; glittering lords;
High-nosed, and eagle-eyed, and heavy-browed;
The faces of those kings shone in a ring
As shine at night the stars; and that great square
As thronged with Rajas was as Naga-land
Is full of serpents; thick with warlike chiefs
As mountain-caves with panthers. Unto these
Entered, in matchless majesty of form,
The Princess Damayanti. As she came,
The glory of her ravished eyes and hearts,
So that the gaze of all those haughty kings,
Fastening upon her loveliness, grew fixed—
Not moving save with her—step after step
Onward and always following the maid.

But while the styles and dignities of all
Were cried aloud (O son of Bhârat!), lo!
The Princess marked five of that throng alike
In form and garb and visage. There they stood,
Each from the next undifferenced, but each
Nala's own self;—yet which might Nala be
In no wise could that doubting maid descry.
Who took her eye seemed Nala while she gazed,
Until she looked upon his like; and so
Pondered the lovely lady, sore perplexed,
Thinking, "How shall I tell which be the gods,
And which is noble Nala?" Deep distressed
And meditative waxed she, musing hard
What those signs were, delivered us of old,
Whereby gods may be known: "Of all those signs
Taught by our elders, lo! I see not one

Where stand yon five." So murmured she, and turned
Over and over every mark she knew.
At last, resolved to make the gods themselves
Her help at need, with reverent air and voice
Humbly saluted she those heavenly ones,
And with joined palms and trembling accents spake:
" As, when I heard the swans, I chose my Prince,
By that sincerity I call ye, Gods,
To show my Love to me and make me know!
As in my heart and soul and speech I stand
True to my choice, by that sincerity
I call the all-knowing gods to make me know!
As the high gods created Nishadh's chief
To be my lord, by their sincerity
I bid them show themselves, and make me know!
As my vow, sealed to him, must be maintained
For his name, and for mine, I call the gods
By such sincerity to make me know!
Let them appear, the masters of the world—
The high gods—each one in his proper shape,
That I may see Nishadha's chief, my choice,
Whom minstrels praise, and Damayanti loves."

Hearing that earnest speech—so passion-fraught,
So full of truth, of strong resolve, of love,
Of singleness of soul and constancy—
Even as she spake, the gods disclosed themselves.
By well-seen signs the effulgent Ones she knew.
Shadowless stood they, with *unwinking* eyes,
And skins *which never moist with sweat;* their feet
Light-gliding o'er the ground, *not touching it;*
The *unfading* blossoms on their brows *not soiled*
By earthly dust, but *ever fair and fresh.*
Whilst, by their side, garbed so and visaged so,
But doubled by his *shadow*, stained with *dust*,
The flower-cups *wiltering* in his wreath, his skin

Pearly with sweat, his *feet upon the earth*,
And eyes *a-wink*, stood Nala. One by one
Glanced she on those divinities, then bent
Her gaze upon the Prince, and joyous said:
"I know thee, and I name my rightful lord,
Taking Nishadha's chief." Therewith she drew
Modestly nigh, and held him by the cloth,
With large eyes beaming love, and round his neck
Hung the bright chaplet, love's delicious crown;
So choosing him—him only—whom she named
Before the face of all to be her lord.

Oh, then brake forth from all those suitors proud,
"Ha!" and "Aho!" But from the gods and saints,
"Sadhu! well done! well done!" And all admired
The happy Prince, praising the grace of him;
While Virasena's son, delightedly,
Spake to the Slender-waisted these fond words:
"Fair Princess! since, before all gods and men,
Thou makest me thy choice, right glad am I
Of this thy mind, and true lord will I be.
For so long, loveliest, as my breath endures,
Thine am I! Thus I plight my troth to thee."
So, with joined palms, unto that beauteous maid
His gentle faith he pledged, rejoicing her;
And, hand in hand, radiant with mutual love,
Before great Agni and the gods they passed,
The world's protectors worshiping.

Then those,
The lords of life, the powerful Ones, bestowed—
Being well-pleased—on Nala, chosen so,
Eight noble boons. The boon which Indra gave
Was grace, at times of sacrifice, to see
The visible god approach, with step divine;
And Agni's boon was this, that he would come

Whenever Nala called—for everywhere
Hutâsa shineth, and all worlds are his;
Yama gave skill in cookery, steadfastness
In virtue; and Varuna, King of Floods,
Bade all the waters ripple at his call.
These boons the high gods doubled by the gift
Of bright wreaths wove with magic blooms of heaven;
And those bestowed, ascended to their seats.
Also with wonder and with joy returned
The Rajas and the Maharajas all,
Full of the marriage-feast; for Bhima made,
In pride and pleasure, stately nuptials;
So Damayanti and the Prince were wed.

Then, having tarried as is wont, that lord—
Nishadha's chief—took the King's leave, and went
Unto his city, bringing home with him
His jewel of all womanhood, with whom
Blissful he lived, as lives by Śachi's side
The slayer of the Demons. Like a sun
Shone Nala on his throne, ruling his folk
In strength and virtue, guardian of his state.
Also the Aśwamedha Rite he made
Greatest of rites, the Offering of the Horse,
As did Yayâti; and all other acts
Of worship; and to sages gave rich gifts.

Many dear days of much delicious love,
In pleasant gardens and in shadowy groves,
Passed they together, sojourning like gods.
And Damayanti bore unto her lord
A boy named Indrasen, and next, a girl
Named Indrasena. So in happiness
The good Prince governed, seeing all his lands
Wealthy and well, in piety and peace.

Now at the choosing of Nishadha's chief
By Bhima's daughter, when those lords of life—
The effulgent gods—departed, Dwapara
They saw with Kali, coming. Indra said—
The Demon-slayer—spying these approach:
"Whither, with Dwapara, goest thou to-day,
O Kali?" And the somber Shade replied:
"To Damayanti's high Swayamvara
I go, to make her mine, since she hath passed
Into my heart." But Indra, laughing, said:
"Ended is that Swayamvara; for she
Hath taken Raja Nala for her lord,
Before us all." But Kali, hearing this,
Brake into wrath—while he stood worshiping
That band divine—and furiously cried:
"If she hath set a man above the gods,
To wed with him, for such sin let there fall
Doom, rightful, swift, and terrible, on her!"
"Nay," answered unto him those heavenly ones,
"But Damayanti chose with our good will;
And what maid but would choose so fair a prince,
Seeing he hath all qualities, and knows
Virtue, and rightly practices the vows,
And reads the four great Vedas, and, what's next,
The Holy Stories, whilst, perpetually,
The gods are honored in his house with gifts?
No hurt he does, kind to all living things;
True of word is he, faithful, liberal, just;
Steadfast and patient, temperate and pure;
A king of men is Nala, like the gods.
He that would curse a prince of such a mold,
Thou foolish Kali, lays upon himself
A sin to crush himself; the curse comes back
And sinks him in the bottomless vast gulf
Of Narak."

Thus the gods to Kali spake,
And mounted heavenward; whereupon that Shade,
Frowning, to Dwapara burst forth: "My rage
Beareth no curb. Henceforth in Nala I
Will dwell; his kingdom I will make to fall;
His bliss with Damayanti I will mar;
And thou within the dice shalt enter straight,
And help me, Dwapara! to drag him down."

Into which compact entering, those repaired—
Kali and Dwapara—to Nala's house,
And haunted in Nishadha, where he ruled,
Seeking occasion 'gainst the blameless Prince.
Long watched they; twelve years rolled ere Kali saw
The fateful fault arrive; Nishadha's Lord,
Easing himself, and sprinkling hands and lips
With purifying water, passed to prayer,
His feet unwashed, offending. Kali straight
Possessed the heedless Raja, entering him.

That hour there sat with Nala, Pushkara
His brother; and the evil spirit hissed
Into the ear of Pushkara: "Ehi!
Arise, and challenge Nala at the dice.
Throw with the Prince! it may be thou shalt win
(Luck helping thee, and I) Nishadha's throne,
Town, treasures, palace—thou mayst gain them all."
And Pushkara, hearing Kali's evil voice,
Made near to Nala, with the dice in hand
(A great piece for the "Bull," and little ones
For "Cows," and Kali hiding in the Bull).
So Pushkara came to Nala's side and said:
"Play with me, brother, at the 'Cows and Bull'";
And, being put off, cried mockingly, "Nay, play!"
Shaming the Prince, whose spirit chafed to leave

A gage unfaced; but when Vidarbha's gem,
The Princess, heard that challenge, Nala rose:
"Yea, Pushkara, I will play!" fiercely he said;
And to the game addressed.

His gems he lost,
Armlets and belt and necklet; next the gold
Of the palace and its vessels; then the cars
Yoked with swift steeds; and last, the royal robes:
For, cast by cast, the dice against him fell,
Bewitched by Kali; and, cast after cast,
The passion of the dice gat hold on him,
Until not one of all his faithfulest
Could stay the madman's hand and gamester's heart
Of who was named "Subduer of his Foes."

The townsmen gathered with the ministers:
Into that palace gate they thronged (my King!)
To see their lord, if so they might abate
This sickness of his soul. The charioteer,
Forth standing from their midst, low worshiping,
Spake thus to Damayanti: "Great Princess,
Before thy door all the grieved city sits.
Say to our lord for us, 'Thy folk are here;
They mourn that evil fortunes hold their liege,
Who was so high and just.'" Then she, deject,
Passed in, and to Nishadha's ruler said,
Her soft voice broken, and her bright eyes dimmed:
"Raja, the people of thy town are here;
Before our gates they gather, citizens
And counselors, desiring speech with thee;
In lealty they come. Wilt thou be pleased
We open to them? Wilt thou?" So she asked
Again and yet again; but not one word
To that sad lady with the lovely brows
Did Nala answer, wholly swallowed up

Of Kali and the gaming; so that those—
The citizens and counselors—cried out,
"Our lord is changed! He is not Nala now!"
And home returned, ashamed and sorrowful;
Whilst ceaselessly endured that foolish play
Moon after moon—the Prince the loser still.

Then Damayanti, seeing so estranged
Her lord, the praised in song, the chief of men,
Watching, all self-possessed, his fantasy,
And how the gaming held him; sad, and 'feared,
The heavy fortunes pondering of her Prince;
Hating the fault, but to the offender kind;
And fearing Nala should be stripped of all,
This thing devised. Vrihatsenâ she called—
Her foster-nurse and faithful ministrant—
True, skilful at all service, soft of speech,
Kind-hearted; and she said, "Vrihatsenâ,
Go call the ministers to council now,
As though 'twere Nala bade; and make them count
What store is gone of treasure, what abides."
So went Vrihatsenâ, and summoned those;
And when they knew all things, as from the Prince,
"Truly we, too, shall perish!" cried they then;
And all to Nala went, and all the town,
A second time assembling, thronged his gates:
Which Bhima's daughter told; but not one word
Answered the Prince. And when she saw her lord
Put by her plea, utterly slighting it,
Back to her chamber, full of shame, she goes,
And there still hears the dice are falling ill;
Still hears of Nala daily losing more;
So that again unto her nurse she spake:
"Send to Varshneya, good Vrihatsenâ;
Say to the charioteer—in Nala's name—

'A great thing is to do. Come thou!'" And this—
So soon as Damayanti uttered it—
Vrihatsenâ, by faithful servants, told
Unto the son of Vrishni, who, being come
In fitting time and place, heard the sweet Queen
In mournful music speak these wistful words:
"Thou knowest how thy Raja trusted thee;
Now he hath fall'n on evil; succor him!
The more that Pushkara conquers in the play,
The wilder rage of gaming takes thy lord:
The more for Pushkara the dice light well,
More contrary they happen to the Prince:
Nor heeds he, as were meet, kindred or friends;
Nay, of myself he putteth by the prayer
Unanswered, being bewitched; for well I deem
This is not noble-minded Nala's sin,
But some ill spell possesseth him to shut
His ears to me. Thou, therefore, charioteer!
Our refuge be; do what I shall command;
My heart is dark with fear. Yea, it may fall
Our lord will perish. Wherefore, harnessing
His chosen steeds, which fly as swift as thought,
Take these our children in the chariot
And drive to Kundina, delivering there
Unto my kin the little ones, and car,
And horses. Afterwards abide thou there,
Or otherwhere depart."

Varshneya heard
The words of Damayanti, and forthwith
In Nala's council-hall recounted them,
The chief men being present; who, thus met,
And long debating, gave him leave to go.
So with that royal pair to Bhima's town
Drove he, and at Vidarbha rendered up,
Together with the swift steeds and the car,

That sweet maid Indrasena, and the Prince
Indrasen, and made reverence to the King,
Saddened for sake of Nala. Afterward
Taking his leave, unto Ayodhyâ
Varshneya went, exceeding sorrowful,
And with King Rituparna (O my Prince!)
Took service as a charioteer.

THESE gone—
The praised-of-poets, Nala, still played on,
Till Pushkara his kingdom's wealth had won,
And whatso was to lose beside. Thereat
With scornful laugh mocked he that beggared Prince,
Saying: "One other throw! once more!—Yet sooth,
What canst thou stake? Nothing is left for thee
Save Damayanti; all the rest is mine.
Play we for Damayanti, if thou wilt."
But hearing this from Pushkara, the Prince
So in his heart by grief and shame was torn,
No word he uttered—only glared in wrath
Upon his mocker, upon Pushkara.
Then, his rich robes and jewels stripping off,
Uncovered, with one cloth, 'mid waiting friends
Sorrowful passed he forth, his great state gone;
The Princess, with one garment, following him,
Piteous to see. And there without the gates
Three nights they lay—Nishadha's King and Queen.
Upon the fourth day Pushkara proclaimed,
Throughout the city: "Whoso yieldeth help
To Nala, dieth! Let my will be known!"

So, for this bitter word of Pushkara's power
(O Yudhisthir!) the townsmen rendered not
Service nor love, but left them outcast there,

Unhelped, whom all the city should have helped.
Yet three nights longer tarried he, his drink
The common pool, his meat such fruits and roots
As miserable hunger plucks from earth :
Then fled they from those walls, the Prince going first,
The Princess following.

After grievous days,
Pinched ever with sharp famine, Nala saw
A flock of gold-winged birds lighting anigh,
And to himself the famished Raja said :
" Lo ! here is food ; this day we shall have store " ;
Then lightly cast his cloth and covered them.
But these, fluttering aloft, bore with them there
Nala's one cloth ; and, hovering overhead,
Uttered sharp-stinging words, reviling him
Even as he stood, naked to all the airs,
Downcast and desperate : " Thou brain-sick Prince !
We are the dice ; we come to ravish hence
Thy last poor cloth ; we were not well content
Thou shouldst depart owning a garment still."
And when he saw the dice take wings and fly,
Leaving him bare, to Damayanti spake
This melancholy Prince : " O Blameless One,
They by whose malice I am driven forth,
Finding no sustenance, sad, famine-gaunt—
They whose decree forbade Nishadha's folk
Should succor me, their Raja—these have come—
Demon and dice—and like to wingèd birds
Have borne away my cloth. To such shame fall'n,
Such utmost woe, wretched, demented—I
Thy lord am still, and counsel thee for good.
Attend ! Hence be there many roads which go
Southward : some pass Avanti's walls, and some
Skirt Rikshavan, the forest of the bears ;
This wends to Vindhya's lofty peaks, and this

To the green banks where quick Payoshni runs
Seaward, between her hermitages, rich
In fruits and roots; and yon path leadeth thee
Unto Vidarbha; that to Kosala,
And therefrom southward—southward—far away."

So spake he to the Princess wistfully,
Between his words pointing along the paths,
Which she should take (O King!). But Bhima's child
Made answer, bowed with grief, her soft voice choked
With sobs, these piteous accents uttering:

"My heart beats quick; my body's force is gone,
Thinking, dear Prince, on this which thou hast said,
Pointing along the paths. What! robbed of realm,
Stripped of thy wealth, bare, famished, parched with thirst,
Thus shall I leave thee in the untrodden wood?
Ah, no! While thou dost muse on dear days fled,
Hungry and weeping, I in this wild waste
Will charm thy griefs away, solacing thee.
The wisest doctors say, 'In every woe
No better physic is than wifely love.'
And, Nala, I will make it true to thee."

"Thou mak'st it true," he said; "thou sayest well,
Sweet Damayanti; neither is there friend
To sad men given better than a wife.
I had no thought to leave thee, foolish Love!
Why didst thou fear? Alas, 'tis from myself
That I would fly—not thee, thou Faultless One!"

"Yet, if," the Princess answered, "Maharaj!
Thou hadst no thought to leave me, why by thee
Was the way pointed to Vidarbha's walls?
I know thou wouldst not quit me, noblest Lord,
Being thyself, but only if thy mind
Were sore distraught; and see, thou gazest still

Along the southward road, my dread thereby
Increasing, thou that wert as are the gods!
If it be thy fixed thought, ''Twere best she went
Unto her people'—be it so; I go;
But hand in hand with thee. Thus let us fare
Unto Vidarbha, where the King, my sire,
Will greet thee well, and honor thee; and we
Happy and safe within his gates shall dwell."

"As is thy father's kingdom," Nala said,
"So, once, was mine. Be sure, whate'er betide,
Never will I go thither! How, in sooth,
Should I, who came there glorious, gladdening thee,
Creep back, thy shame and scorn, disconsolate?"

So to sweet Damayanti spake the Prince,
Beguiling her, whom now one cloth scarce clad—
For but one garb they shared; and thus they strayed
Hither and thither, faint for meat and drink,
Until a little hut they spied; and there,
Nishadha's monarch, entering, sat him down
On the bare ground, the Princess by his side—
Vidarbha's glory, wearing that scant cloth,
Without a mat, soiled by the dust and mire.
At Damayanti's side he sank asleep,
Outworn; and beauteous Damayanti slept,
Spent with strange trials—she so gently reared,
So soft and holy. But while slumbering thus,
No peaceful rest knew Nala. Trouble-tossed
He woke, forever thinking of his realm
Lost, lieges estranged, and all the griefs
Of that wild wood. These on his heart came back,
And, "What if I shall do it? What, again,
If I shall do it not?" So murmured he.
"Would death be better, or to leave my Love?

For my sake she endures this woe, my fate
Too fondly sharing; freed from me, her steps
Would turn unto her people. At my side,
Sure suffering is her portion; but apart,
It might be she would somewhere comfort find."

Thus with himself debating o'er and o'er,
The Prince resolves abandonment were best.
"For how," saith he, "should any in the wood
Harm her, so radiant in her grace, so good,
So noble, virtuous, faithful, famous, pure?"
Thus mused his miserable mind, seduced
By Kali's cursèd mischiefs to betray
His sleeping wife. Then, seeing his loin-cloth gone,
And Damayanti clad, he drew anigh,
Thinking to take of hers, and muttering,
"May I not rend one fold, and she not know?"
So meditating, round the cabin crept
Prince Nala, feeling up and down its walls;
And, presently, within the purlieus found
A naked knife, keen-tempered; therewithal
Shred he away a piece, and bound it on;
Then made with desperate steps to seek the waste,
Leaving the Princess sleeping; but, anon,
Turns back again in changeful mood and glides
Into the hut, and, gazing wistfully
On slumbering Damayanti, moans with tears:
"Ah, Sweetheart! whom nor wind nor sun before
Hath ever rudely touched; thou to be couched
In this poor hut, its floor thy bed, and I,
Thy lord, deserting thee, stealing from thee
Thy last robe! O my love with the bright smile,
My slender-waisted Queen! Will she not wake
To madness? Yea, and when she wanders lone
In the dark wood, haunted with beasts and snakes,
How will it fare with Bhima's tender child,

The bright and peerless? O my life, my wife!
May the great sun, may the Eight Powers of air,
The Rudras, Maruts, and the Aświns twain,
Guard thee, thou true and dear one, on thy way!"

So to his sleeping Queen—on all the earth
Unmatched for beauty—spake he piteously;
Then brake away once more, by Kali driven.
But yet another and another time
Stole back into the hut, for one last gaze—
That way by Kali dragged, this way by love.
Two hearts he had—the trouble-stricken Prince—
One beating "Go," one throbbing "Stay"; and thus
Backwards and forwards swung his mind between,
Till, mastered by the sorrow and the spell,
Frantic flies Nala, leaving there alone
That tender sleeper, sighing as she slept.
He flies—the soulless prey of Kali flies;
Still, while he hurries through the forest drear,
Thinking upon that sweet face he hath left.

Far distant (King!) was Nala, when, refreshed,
The Slender-waisted wakened, shuddering
At the wood's silence; but when, seeking him,
She found no Nala, sudden anguish seized
Her frightened heart, and, lifting high her voice,
Loud cried she: "Maharaja! Nishadh's Prince!
Ha, Lord! ha, Maharaj! ha, Master, why
Hast thou abandoned me? Now am I lost,
Am doomed, undone, left in this lonesome gloom.
Wert thou not named, O Nala, true and just?
Yet art thou such, to quit me while I slept?
And hast thou so forsaken me, thy wife—
Thine own fond wife—who never wrought thee wrong
When by all others wrong was wrought on thee?

Mak'st thou it good to me, now, Lord of men,
That love which long ago before the gods
Thou didst proclaim? Alas! Death will not come,
Except at his appointed time to men,
And therefore for a little I shall live,
Whom thou hast lived to leave. Nay, 'tis a jest!
Ah, Truant, Runaway, enough thou play'st!
Come forth, my Lord!—I am afraid! Come forth!
Linger not, for I see—I spy thee there;
Thou art within yon thicket! Why not speak
One word, Nishadha? Nala, cruel Prince!
Thou know'st me lone, and comest not to calm
My terrors, and be with me in my need.
Art gone indeed? Then I'll not mourn myself,
For whatso may befall me; I must think
How desolate thou art, and weep for thee.
What wilt thou do, thirsty and hungry, spent
With wandering, when, at nightfall, 'mid the trees
Thou hast me not, sweet Prince, to comfort thee?"

Thereat, distracted by her bitter fears,
Like one whose heart is fire, forward and back
She runs, hither and thither, weeping, wild.
One while she sinks to earth, one while she springs
Quick to her feet; now utterly o'ercome
By fear and fasting, now by grief driven mad,
Wailing and sobbing; till anon, with moans
And broken sighs and tears, Bhima's fair child,
The ever-faithful wife, speaks thus again:
"By whomsoever's spell this harm hath fall'n
On Nishadh's Lord, I pray that evil one
May bear a bitterer plague than Nala doth!
To him, whoever set my guileless Prince
On these ill deeds, I pray some direr might
May bring far darker days, and life to live
More miserable still!"

Thus, woe-begone,
Mourned that great-hearted wife her vanished lord,
Seeking him ever in the gloomy shades,
By wild beasts haunted. Roaming everywhere,
Like one possessed, frantic, disconsolate,
Went Bhima's daughter. "Ha, ha! Maharaj!"
So crying runs she, so in every place
Is heard her ceaseless wail, as when is heard
The fish-hawk's cry, which screams, and circling screams,
And will not stint complaining.

Suddenly
Straying too near his den, a serpent's coils
Seized Bhima's daughter. A prodigious snake,
Glittering and strong, and furious for food,
Knitted about the Princess. She, o'erwhelmed
With horror, and the cold enfolding death,
Spends her last breaths in pitiful laments
For Nala, not herself. "Ah, Prince!" she cried,
"That would have saved me, who must perish now,
Seized in the lone wood by this hideous snake,
Why art thou not beside me? What will be
Thy thoughts, Nishadha! me remembering
In days to come, when, from the curse set free,
Thou hast thy noble mind again, thyself,
Thy wealth—all save thy wife? Then thou'lt be sad,
Be weary, wilt need food and drink; but I
Shall minister no longer. Who will tend
My Love, my Lord, my Lion among kings,
My blameless Nala—Damayanti dead?" [1]

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[1] Damayanti was not destroyed by the serpent. After many vicissitudes and strange adventures, the king and queen were reunited and regained their kingdom, to live in happiness.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Book III.

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes, when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry: "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye can not know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth;
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.

Then spake he, sighing: "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale:
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are their hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succor if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west,
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips can not kiss away: oh, girl!
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of thy tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth;
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied: "The city first, fair Prince!
The temples, and the gardens and the groves,
And then the fields; and afterward fresh fields,
With nullahs,[1] maidâns,[2] jungle, koss on koss;[3]

[1] Ravines. [2] Plains. [3] A measure of length about equal to two miles.

And next King Bimbasâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores on crores[1] of folk."
"Good," said Siddârtha; "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King: "Our Lord, thy son
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "'tis time he see;
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down
The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly: "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
'Till nightfall. Thus Suddhôdana commands."

[1] A crore is equal to ten millions.

So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps, and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!
Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths; some stroked
Their silken flanks; some brought them rice and cakes,
All crying, "*Jai! jai!*[1] for our noble Prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the King's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shriveled skin, sun-tanned,

[1] "Hail."

Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"
But that Siddârtha cried: "Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'To-morrow or next day I die'?
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"
Then answer made the charioteer: "Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man;
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age.
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince:
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"

"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlîni, little Hasta, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
Wistful Siddârtha, sad of mien and mood:
Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully
Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
"Ah, sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.
And all that night
The King Suddhôdana dreamed troublous dreams.

The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Siddârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jeweled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An agèd man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
"Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep"; who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent, and said: "O Maharâj!
I hail this favored House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendor than the sun's!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag—
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra's badge—cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new;
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass—at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light.
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify

The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice;
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, "We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple, but within was none
Save a gray owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King
Marveled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Siddârtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house;
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A double guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate?

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing

In Time's dry sands. "I pray you, let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhôdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord, to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the King said, among his Ministers:
"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back,
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,

The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armorer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,[1]
The humble toiling Sudra;[2] here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewelry
Of asp and nâg,[3] or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths

[1] Soldier. [2] Laborer. [3] Snake.

Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas;[1] thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.

These had they passed,
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice:
"Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!
Or I shall die before I reach my house!"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked:
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!
Good people, help!" whereon Siddârtha ran,
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked: "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm
Hath fallen? wherefore canst thou not arise?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?"
Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this man
Is smitten with some pest; his elements
Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled;

[1] Vessels for carrying water.

This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke!
Lo! now he would be dead; but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony,
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man:
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes
In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.
And Channa said: "Like the sly snake they come,
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"

"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."
"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then—what end?"
"They die, Prince."
"Die?"
"Yea, at the last comes Death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing towards the river-brink a band
Of wailing people: foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals; behind
The kinsmen, shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "O Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers"; next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay—stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying, "Rama, Rama!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream:
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank

Scarlet and gray, with here and there a bone
White midst the gray—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"
"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is naught,
The fire-scorch naught; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh;
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:
Such is man's round."
But lo! Siddârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,

Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world;
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
Forever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They can not save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if, all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God?—Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard ; and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.
(TRANSLATED BY EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.)

MAHADEVA, Lord of earth,
For the sixth time comes below,
As a man of mortal birth—
Like him, feeling joy and woe.
Hither loves he to repair,
And his power behind to leave;
If to punish or to spare,
Men as man he'd fain perceive.
And when he the town as a trav'ler hath seen,
Observing the mighty, regarding the mean,
He quits it, to go on his journey, at eve.

He was leaving now the place,
When an outcast met his eyes—
Fair in form, with painted face—
Where some straggling dwellings rise.
"Maiden, hail!"—"Thanks! welcome here!
Stay!—I'll join thee in the road."
"Who art thou?"—"A Bayadere,
And this house is love's abode."
The cymbal she hastens to play for the dance,
Well skill'd in its mazes the sight to entrance,
Then by her with grace is the nosegay bestow'd.

Then she draws him, as in play,
O'er the threshold eagerly:

" Beauteous stranger, light as day
Thou shalt soon this cottage see.
I'll refresh thee, if thou'rt tired,
And will bathe thy weary feet;
Take whate'er by thee's desired,
Toying, rest, or rapture sweet."—
She busily seeks his feign'd suff'rings to ease;
Then smiles the Immortal; with pleasure he sees
That with kindness a heart so corrupted can beat.

And he makes her act the part
Of a slave; he's straight obey'd.
What at first had been but art,
Soon is nature in the maid.
By degrees the fruit we find,
Where the buds at first obtain;
When obedience fills the mind,
Love will never far remain.
But sharper and sharper the maiden to prove,
The Discerner of all things below and above,
Feigns pleasure, and horror, and maddening pain.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,
And his vows her heart enthrall;
Feeling love's sharp pangs and blisses,
Soon her tears begin to fall.
At his feet she now must sink,
Not with thoughts of lust or gain —
And her slender members shrink,
And devoid of power remain.
And so the bright hours with gladness prepare
Their dark, pleasing veil of a texture so fair,
And over the couch softly, tranquilly reign.

Late she falls asleep, thus bless'd—
Early wakes, her slumbers fled,
And she finds the much-loved guest
On her bosom lying dead.

Screaming falls she on him there,
But, alas, too late to save!
And his rigid limbs they bear
Straightway to their fiery grave.
Then hears she the priests and the funeral song,
Then madly she runs and she severs the throng:
"Why press tow'rd the pile thus? Why scream thus, and rave?"

Then she sinks beside his bier,
And her screams through air resound:
"I must seek my spouse so dear,
E'en if in the grave he's bound.
Shall those limbs of grace divine
Fall to ashes in my sight?
Mine he was! Yes, only mine!
Ah, one single blissful night!"
The priests chaunt in chorus: "We bear out the old,
When long they've been weary, and late they've grown cold;
We bear out the young, too, so thoughtless and light.

"To thy priests' commands give ear!
This one was thy husband ne'er;
Live still as a Bayadere,
And no duty thou need'st share.
To death's silent realms from life,
None but shades attend man's frame;
With the husband, none but wife—
That is duty, that is fame.
Ye trumpets, your sacred lament haste to raise!
Oh, welcome, ye gods, the bright luster of days!
Oh, welcome to heaven the youth from the flame!"

Thus increased her torments are
By the cruel, heartless quire;
And with arms outstretching far
Leaps she on the glowing pyre.

But the youth divine outsprings
From the flame with heav'nly grace,
And on high his flight he wings,
While his arms his love embrace.
In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy;
Immortals delight thus their might to employ,
Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.

JAGA-NAUT.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
A Virgin-bride his ministers have brought,
A mortal Maid, in form and face divine,
Peerless among all daughters of mankind;
Searched they the world again from East to West,
In endless quest,
Seeking the fairest and the best,
No maid so lovely might they hope to find;
For she hath breathed celestial air,
And heavenly food hath been her fare,
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give her face
That heavenly grace.
Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought;
A fairer than the fairest have they brought—
A Maid of charms surpassing human thought,
A Maid divine.

II.

Now bring ye forth the chariot of the God!
Bring him abroad,

That through the swarming City he may ride;
And by his side
Place ye the Maid of more than mortal grace,
That Maid of perfect form and heavenly face;
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride
Upon the Bridal Car,
And spread the joyful tidings wide and far—
Spread it with trump and voice,
That all may hear, and all who hear rejoice—
Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate! the God
Will ride abroad!
To-night will he go forth from his abode!
Ye myriads who adore him,
Prepare the way before him!

III.

Upreared on twenty wheels elate,
Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appeared:
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate
A thousand Bramins drag the enormous load.
There throned aloft in state
The Image of the seven-headed God
Came forth from his abode; and at his side
Sat Kailyal like a bride.
A bridal statue rather might she seem,
For she regarded all things like a dream,
Having no thought nor fear nor will, nor aught
Save hope and faith that lived within her still.

IV.

O silent Night! how have they startled thee
With the brazen trumpet's blare!
And thou, O Moon! whose quiet light serene
Filleth wide heaven, and, bathing hill and wood,
Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a flood.

How have they dimmed thee with the torches' glare,
Which round yon moving pageant flame and flare,
As the wild rout, with deafening song and shout,
Fling their long flashes out,
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.

v.

A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast, and thigh, with might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
And, calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.
On Jaga-Naut they call:
The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes all.
Through flesh and bones it plows its dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard; the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close and thrust the deadly wheels along.

vi.

Pale grows the Maid at this accursèd sight;
The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath given to her dilated eyes
A wilder light.
Where shall those eyes be turned? She knows not where!
Downward they dare not look, for there
Is death and horror and despair;
Nor can her patient looks to Heaven repair,
For the huge Idol over her in air,
Spreads his seven hideous heads, and wide
Extends their snaky necks on every side;

And all around, behind, before
The Bridal Car, is the raging rout,
With frantic shout and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.
And the double double peals of the drum are there,
And the startling burst of the trumpet's blare;
And the gong, that seems, with its thunders dread,
To astound the living and waken the dead.
The ear-strings throb as if they were rent,
And the eyelids drop as stunned and spent.
Fain would the Maid have kept them fast;
But open they start at the crack of the blast.

VII.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia! where,
In this dread hour of horror and despair?
Thinking on him, she strove her fear to quell:
If he be near me, then will all be well;
And if he reck not for my misery,
Let come the worst; it matters not to me.
Repel that wrongful thought,
O Maid! thou feelest, but believ'st it not;
It is thine own imperfect nature's fault
That lets one doubt of him arise within;
And this the Virgin knew, and like a sin
Repelled the thought, and still believed him true,
And summoned up her spirit to endure
All forms of fear, in that firm trust secure.

BRAHMA.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahman sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

SYRIAN AND ASSYRIAN FOLK-LORE.

NUMEROUS references are made in the Bible to the gods of the Canaanites, Philistines, and Phœnicians, with which peoples the Israelites of Old Testament history waged frequent war.

MOLOCH was the most notable of the Syrian gods. Upon his altars were offered countless victims, children being deemed the most acceptable sacrifices.

> First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.
> —*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

BAAL was the name under which the same divinity was worshiped by the Phœnicians and others.

> And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
> And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal.
> —*Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib."*

ASTARTE, Astoreth, Ashtaroth, or Ishtar was the famous goddess of the Phœnician coast. Representing the moon, she was depicted as crowned with a crescent.

> With these in troop
> Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
> Astarte, queen of heav'n, with crescent horns;
> To whose bright image nightly by the moon,
> Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs.
> —*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

DAGON was the principal deity of the Philistines. He was represented as half man, half fish.

Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image; head and hands lopt off.
. . . . . .
Dagon his name; sea monster; upward man,
And downward fish.
—*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold.—*Bible, I Samuel v, 4.*

THAMMUZ was a Syrian god, who became incorporated into the mythology of the Greeks and Romans under the name of Adonis. His death by a ferocious boar, which he was hunting, was observed with ceremonies of a solemn character by the young.

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day.
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.
—*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

May you learn the first use of a lock on your door,
And ne'er, like Adonis, be killed by a bore.
—*Saxe's "Post-Prandial Verses."*

CHEMOSH was the national god of the Moabites, also of the Ammonites, though Moloch, it appears, was also their god. Perhaps they were different names for the same divinity.

Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon.—*Bible, I Kings xi, 7.*

RIMMON was a Syrian idol.

When my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.—*Bible, II Kings v, 18.*

The Assyrians (including the Babylonians) were gross idolators, worshiping various symbols of the heavenly bodies, and enormous images of such monstrosities as winged, human-headed bulls and lions, etc.

IL, or Asshur, seems to have represented their highest ideal of divinity, but was too far removed from the people to be very generally worshiped.

SHAMAS, or San, represented the sun, and SIN the moon.

NIN (the man-bull) and NERGAL (the man-lion), BEL, and NEBO were the most popular deities, though there were many others which shared with them the divine honors.

> And the men of Cuth made Nergal.
> —*Bible, II Kings xvii, 30.*

> Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth.
> —*Bible, Isaiah xlvi, 1.*

ISHTAR and BELTIS were the principal goddesses.

TAMZI was the hero of the deluge,[1] in the Assyrian accounts of that event.

IZDUBAR is the person addressed by Tamzi, in his narrative of the flood, and is himself a mythical hero. The two are often confounded.

> "I have wandered lone and far
> As the ship of Izdubar,
> When the gathered waters rose
> High on Nizir's mountain snows,
> Drifting where the torrent sped,
> Over life and glory dead.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Hear me now! I stretch my hands
> From the moon-sea of the sands
> Unto thee, or any star
> That was guide to Izdubar!"
> —*Bayard Taylor's "Assyrian Night-Song."*

[1] Legends of a great deluge are found in the folk-lore of almost all nations and tribes of men, and offer a strong proof of the unity of the race.

The folk-lore of the East abounds in wild and incredible tales of ancient Assyrian monarchs. Some of the latter have been identified with historical characters. Thus the NINUS of story is supposed to have been Tiglathinin, and the mythical SEMIRAMIS is thought to have been a Babylonian princess, the wife of Vullush III.

SENNACHERIB has a place in Bible history, through the mysterious destruction in a single night of the vast army which he sent against the King of Judah.

> And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh.—*Bible, II Kings xix, 35, 36.*

Under the name SARDANAPALUS, the Greek writers seem to have confounded three Assyrian monarchs, including the last of the royal line (who was overthrown by the Babylonians, 625 B. C.). According to an ancient prophecy, it is related that the city of Nineveh was to endure until the Tigris should prove its foe; and the rising of the river is said to have led to its destruction.

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO ASSYRIAN FOLK-LORE.

The great library of Assurbanipal V (sometimes designated as Sardanapalus II) contained as many as ten thousand tablets of brick and stone, covered with finely carved letters. Many of the compositions were copied from older records taken from Babylon. Perhaps no one of the many remarkable achievements of philologists in recent years has been hailed with greater interest than the translation (by George Smith, 1871) of the tablets containing the story of Tamzi (the son of Ubaratutu), copied (660 B. C.) from records originally gathered and committed to writing very much earlier—perhaps 1000 B. C., possibly even 2000 B. C. From this translation is taken the following extract:

"Six days and nights passed; the wind, deluge, and storm, overwhelmed. On the seventh day, in its course, was calmed the storm; and all the deluge, which had destroyed like an earthquake, quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and deluge ended.

"I perceived the sea making a tossing; and the whole of mankind turned to corruption; like reeds the corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light broke over my face; it passed. I sat down and wept; over my face flowed my tears. I perceived the shore at the boundary of the sea; for twelve measures the land rose.

"To the country of Nizir went the ship. The mountain of Nizir stopped the ship; and to pass over it it was not able. The first day, and the second day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The third day, and the fourth day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The fifth and sixth, the mountain of Nizir the same. On the seventh day, in the course of it, I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned.

"I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went and turned and a resting place it did not find, and it returned.

"I sent forth a raven, and it left. The raven went, and the decrease of the water it saw, and it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return.

"I sent the animals forth to the four winds."

In the library of Assurbanipal V were books of history, law, science, grammar, and poetry. The works of science reveal a surprising knowledge of the principles of botany, zoölogy, and astronomy. Many of the tablets were copied from older Babylonian records. This vast collection of literary treasures fell into ruin with the great city of which it was the pride.

The recovery of important Assyrian records is an event of the present century, due chiefly to the untiring energy of Austen Henry Layard, the English archæologist; and the deciphering of the tablets thus secured has engaged the efforts of various distinguished scholars.

Until the recovery of the ancient records by Layard, our knowledge of Assyrian history and legend was acquired through the Bible and the works of ancient Greek and Roman authors.

Diodorus Siculus, a Roman writer of the first century B. C., wrote a romantic legendary account of Sardanapalus, which forms the basis of a tragedy by Lord Byron (1821). The loss of the army of Sennacherib is the subject of an admired short poem by Byron.

Bayard Taylor's poem, *Tyre*, recalls the prophecy of Scripture relating to that city, which belonged for a time to the Assyrian Empire.

George Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies* and *Religions of the Ancient World*, Layard's *Nineveh and its Remains*, and George Smith's *Chaldean Account of Genesis* are valuable modern works relating to Assyrian history and mythology.

SARDANAPALUS.

(*A Tragedy.*)

BY LORD BYRON.

ACT V.

Dramatis Personæ.—Sardanapalus, King of Assyria; Arbaces, the Mede who aspired to the throne; Beleses, a Chaldean and soothsayer; Salemenes, the King's brother-in-law; Altada, an Assyrian officer of the palace; Zarina, the Queen; Myrrha, an Ionian (Greek) female slave, the favorite of Sardanapalus; Pania, Zames, Sfero, Balea, attendants; herald, guards, officers, soldiers.

SCENE I.—*Hall in the Palace.*

MYRRHA *and* BALEA.

Myr. (*at a window*). The day at last has broken. What a night
Hath ushered it! How beautiful in heaven!
Though varied with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety!
How hideous upon earth! where peace and hope,
And love and revel, in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements—
'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapors more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like we almost deem it permanent;
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently
Scattered along the eternal vault: and yet

It dwells upon the soul and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which they who mark not,
Know not the realms where those twin genii
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the boisterous joys that ever shook
The air with clamor) build the palaces
Where their fond votaries repose and breathe
Briefly; but in that brief cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours
And dream them through in placid sufferance;
Though seemingly employed like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, *two* names for *one* feeling,
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

Bal. You muse right calmly: and can you so watch
The sunrise which may be our last?

Myr. It is
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach
Those eyes, which never may behold it more,
For having looked upon it oft, too oft,
Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,
The Chaldee's god, which, when I gaze upon,
I grow almost a convert to your Baal.

Bal. As now he reigns in heaven, so once on earth
He swayed.

Myr. He sways it now far more, then; never
Had earthly monarch half the power and glory
Which centers in a single ray of his.

Bal. Surely he is a god!
Myr. So we Greeks deem too;
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous orb
Must rather be the abode of gods than one
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he breaks
Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes with light
That shuts the world out. I can look no more.
Bal. Hark! heard you not a sound?
Myr. No, 'twas mere fancy;
They battle it beyond the wall, and not
As in late midnight conflict in the very
Chambers: the palace has become a fortress
Since that insidious hour; and here, within
The very center, girded by vast courts
And regal halls of pyramid proportions,
Which must be carried one by one before
They penetrate to where they then arrived,
We are as much shut in even from the sound
Of peril as from glory.
Bal. But they reached
Thus far before.
Myr. Yes, by surprise, and were
Beat back by valor: now at once we have
Courage and vigilance to guard us.
Bal. May they
Prosper!
Myr. That is the prayer of many, and
The dread of more: it is an anxious hour;
I strive to keep it from my thoughts. Alas!
How vainly!
Bal. It is said the king's demeanor
In the late action scarcely more appalled
The rebels than astonished his true subjects.
Myr. 'Tis easy to astonish or appall
The vulgar mass which molds a horde of slaves;
But he did bravely.

Bal. Slew he not Beleses?
I heard the soldiers say he struck him down.
Myr. The wretch was overthrown, but rescued to
Triumph, perhaps, o'er one who vanquished him
In fight, as he had spared him in his peril;
And by that heedless pity risked a crown.
Bal. Hark!
Myr. You are right; some steps approach, but slowly.

Enter Soldiers, bearing in SALEMENES *wounded, with a broken javelin in his side; they seat him upon one of the couches which furnish the apartment.*

Myr. O Jove!
Bal. Then all is over.
Sal. That is false.
Hew down the slave who says so, if a soldier.
Myr. Spare him—he's none: a mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.
Sal. Let him live on, then.
Myr. So wilt thou, I trust.
Sal. I fain would live this hour out, and the event,
But doubt it. Wherefore did ye bear me here?
Sol. By the king's order. When the javelin struck you,
You fell and fainted: 'twas his strict command
To bear you to this hall.
Sal. 'Twas not ill done;
For seeming slain in that cold dizzy trance,
The sight might shake our soldiers—but—'tis vain,
I feel it ebbing!
Myr. Let me see the wound;
I am not quite skill-less: in my native land
'Tis part of our instruction. War being constant,
We are nerved to look on such things.
Sol. Best extract
The javelin.

Myr. Hold! no, no, it can not be.
Sal. I am sped, then!
Myr. With the blood that fast must follow
The extracted weapon, I do fear thy life.
Sal. And I *not* death. Where was the king when you
Conveyed me from the spot where I was stricken?
Sol. Upon the same ground, and encouraging
With voice and gesture the dispirited troops
Who had seen you fall, and faltered back.
Sal. Whom heard ye
Named next to the command?
Sol. I did not hear.
Sal. Fly, then, and tell him, 'twas my last request
That Zames take my post until the junction,
So hoped for, yet delayed, of Ofratanes,
Satrap of Susa. Leave me here: our troops
Are not so numerous as to spare your absence.
Sol. But, prince—
Sal. Hence, I say! Here's a courtier and
A woman, the best chamber company.
As you would not permit me to expire
Upon the field, I'll have no idle soldiers
About my sick couch. Hence! and do my bidding.
[*Exeunt the Soldiers.*
Myr. Gallant and glorious spirit! must the earth
So soon resign thee?
Sal. Gentle Myrrha, 'tis
The end I would have chosen, had I saved
The monarch or the monarchy by this;
As 'tis, I have not outlived them.
Myr. You wax paler.
Sal. Your hand; this broken weapon but prolongs
My pangs, without sustaining life enough
To make me useful: I would draw it forth
And my life with it, could I but hear how
The fight goes.

Enter SARDANAPALUS *and Soldiers.*

Sar. My best brother!
Sal. And the battle
Is lost?
Sar. (*despondingly*). You see *me here.*
Sal. I'd rather see you *thus!*
[*He draws out the weapon from the wound, and dies.*
Sar. And *thus* I will be seen; unless the succor,
The last frail reed of our beleaguered hopes,
Arrive with Ofratanes.
Myr. Did you not
Receive a token from your dying brother,
Appointing Zames chief?
Sar. I did.
Myr. Where's Zames?
Sar. Dead.
Myr. And Altada?
Sar. Dying.
Myr. Pania? Sfero?
Sar. Pania yet lives: but Sfero's fled or captive.
I am alone.
Myr. And is all lost?
Sar. Our walls,
Though thinly manned, may still hold out against
Their present force, or aught save treachery:
But i' the field—
Myr. I thought 'twas the intent
Of Salemenes not to risk a sally
Till ye were strengthened by the expected succors.
Sar. *I* overruled him.
Myr. Well, the fault's a brave one.
Sar. But fatal. Oh, my brother! I would give
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,
The sword and shield, the sole redeeming honor,
To call back— But I will not weep for thee;

Thou shalt be mourned for as thou wouldst be mourned.
It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life
Believing that I could survive what thou
Hast died for—our long royalty of race.
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement
(The tears of all the good are thine already).
If not, we meet again soon—if the spirit
Within us lives beyond: thou readest mine,
And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp
That yet warm hand, and fold that throbless heart
[*Embraces the body.*
To this which beats so bitterly. Now bear
The body hence.

Sol. Where?

Sar. To my proper chamber.
Place it beneath my canopy, as though
The king lay there: when this is done, we will
Speak further of the rites due to such ashes.

[*Exeunt soldiers with the body of* SALEMENES.

Enter PANIA.

Sar. Well, Pania! have you placed the guards and issued
The orders fixed on?

Pan. Sire, I have obeyed.

Sar. And do the soldiers keep their hearts up?

Pan. Sire?

Sar. I'm answered! When a king asks twice and has
A question as an answer to *his* question,
It is a portent. What! they are disheartened?

Pan. The death of Salemenes, and the shouts
Of the exulting rebels on his fall,
Have made them—

Sar. *Rage*—not droop—it should have been.
We'll find the means to rouse them.

Pan. Such a loss
Might sadden even a victory.

Sar. Alas!
Who can so feel it as I feel? but yet,
Though cooped within these walls, they are strong, and we
Have those without will break their way through hosts,
To make their sovereign's dwelling what it was—
A palace; not a prison, nor a fortress.

Enter an Officer, hastily.

Sar. Thy face seems ominous. Speak!
Offi. I dare not.
Sar. Dare not?
While millions dare revolt with sword in hand!
That's strange. I pray thee break that loyal silence
Which loathes to shock its sovereign; we can hear
Worse than thou hast to tell.
Pan. Proceed, thou hearest.
Offi. The wall which skirted near the river's brink
Is thrown down by the sudden inundation
Of the Euphrates, which now rolling, swollen
From the enormous mountains where it rises,
By the late rains of that tempestuous region,
O'erfloods its banks, and hath destroyed the bulwark.
Pan. That's a black augury! it has been said
For ages "that the city ne'er should yield
To man, until the river grew its foe."
Sar. I can forgive the omen, not the ravage.
How much is swept down of the wall?
Offi. About
Some twenty stadii.
Sar. And all this is left
Pervious to the assailants?
Offi. For the present
The river's fury must impede the assault;
But when he shrinks into his wonted channel,
And may be crossed by the accustomed barks,
The palace is their own.

Sar. That shall be never.
Though men, and gods, and elements, and omens,
Have risen up 'gainst one who ne'er provoked them,
My father's house shall never be a cave
For wolves to horde and howl in.
Pan. With your sanction,
I will proceed to the spot, and take such measures
For the assurance of the vacant space
As time and means permit.
Sar. About it straight,
And bring me back, as speedily as full
And fair investigation may permit,
Report of the true state of this irruption
Of waters. [*Exeunt* PANIA *and the Officer.*
Myr. Thus the very waves rise up
Against you.
Sar. They are not my subjects, girl,
And may be pardoned, since they can't be punished.
Myr. I joy to see this portent shakes you not.
Sar. I am past the fear of portents: they can tell me
Nothing I have not told myself since midnight;
Despair anticipates such things.
Myr. Despair!
Sar. No; not despair precisely. When we know
All that can come, and how to meet it, our
Resolves, if firm, may merit a more noble
Word than this to give it utterance.
But what are words to us? we have well-nigh done
With them and all things.
Myr. Save *one deed*—the last
And greatest to all mortals; crowning act
Of all that was—or is—or is to be—
The only thing common to all mankind,
So different in their births, tongues, sexes, natures,
Hues, features, climes, times, feelings, intellects,
Without one point of union save in this,

To which we tend, for which we're born, and thread
The labyrinth of mystery, called life.

Sar. Our clew being well-nigh wound out, let's be cheerful.
They who have nothing more to fear may well
Indulge a smile at that which once appalled;
As children at discovered bugbears.

Re-enter PANIA.

Pan. 'Tis
As was reported; I have ordered there
A double guard, withdrawing from the wall
Where it was strongest the required addition
To watch the breach occasioned by the waters.

Sar. You have done your duty faithfully, and as
My worthy Pania! further ties between us
Draw near a close, I pray you take this key: [*Gives a key.*
It opens to a secret chamber, placed
Behind the couch in my own chamber. (Now
Pressed by a nobler weight than e'er it bore—
Though a long line of sovereigns have lain down
Along its golden frame—as bearing for
A time what late was Salemenes.) Search
The secret covert to which this will lead you;
'Tis full of treasure; take it for yourself
And your companions: there's enough to load ye
Though ye be many. Let the slaves be freed, too;
And all the inmates of the palace, of
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour.
Thence launch the regal barks, once formed for pleasure,
And now to serve for safety, and embark.
The river's broad and swollen, and uncommanded
(More potent than a king) by these besiegers.
Fly! and be happy!

Pan. Under your protection!
So you accompany your faithful guard.

Sar. No, Pania! that must not be; get thee hence,
And leave me to my fate.
Pan. 'Tis the first time
I ever disobeyed; but now—
Sar. So all men
Dare beard me now, and Insolence within
Apes Treason from without. Question no further;
'Tis my command, my last command. Wilt *thou*
Oppose it? *thou!*
Pan. But yet—not yet.
Sar. Well, then,
Swear that you will obey when I shall give
The signal.
Pan. With a heavy but true heart,
I promise.
Sar. 'Tis enough. Now order here
Fagots, pine nuts, and withered leaves, and such
Things as catch fire and blaze with one sole spark;
Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs, and spices,
And mighty planks, to nourish a tall pile;
Bring frankincense and myrrh, too, for it is
For a great sacrifice I build the pyre;
And heap them round yon throne.
Pan. My lord!
Sar. I have said it,
And *you* have *sworn.*
Pan. And could keep my faith
Without a vow. [*Exit* PANIA.
Myr. What mean you?
Sar. You shall know
Anon—what the whole earth shall ne'er forget.

PANIA, *returning with a Herald.*

Pan. My king, in going forth upon my duty,
This herald has been brought before me, craving
An audience.

Sar. Let him speak.
Her. The *King* Arbaces—
Sar. What, crowned already? But proceed.
Her. Beleses,
The anointed high priest—
Sar. Of what god or demon?
With new kings rise new altars. But proceed;
You are sent to prate your master's will, and not
Reply to mine.
Her. And Satrap Ofratanes—
Sar. Why, *he* is *ours*.
Her. (*showing a ring*). Be sure that he is now
In the camp of the conquerors; behold
His signet ring.
Sar. 'Tis his. A worthy triad!
Poor Salemenes! thou hast died in time
To see one treachery the less; this man
Was thy true friend and my most trusted subject.
Proceed.
Her. They offer thee thy life, and freedom
Of choice to single out a residence
In any of the further provinces,
Guarded and watched, but not confined in person,
Where thou shalt pass thy days in peace; but on
Condition that the three young princes are
Given up as hostages.
Sar. (*ironically*). The generous victors!
Her. I wait the answer.
Sar. Answer, slave! How long
Have slaves decided on the doom of kings?
Her. Since they were free.
Sar. Mouthpiece of mutiny!
Thou at the least shalt learn the penalty
Of treason, though its proxy only. Pania!
Let his head be thrown from our walls within
The rebels' lines, his carcass down the river.

Away with him! [PANIA *and the Guards seizing him.*
Pan. I never yet obeyed
Your orders with more pleasure than the present.
Hence with him, soldiers! do not soil this hall
Of royalty with treasonable gore;
Put him to rest without.
Her. A single word;
My office, king, is sacred.
Sar. And what's *mine?*
That thou shouldst come and dare to ask of me
To lay it down?
Her. I but obeyed my orders,
At the same peril if refused, as now
Incurred by my obedience.
Sar. So there are
New monarchs of an hour's growth as despotic
As sovereigns swathed in purple, and enthroned
From birth to manhood!
Her. My life waits your breath.
Yours (I speak humbly)—but it may be—yours
May also be in danger scarce less imminent:
Would it then suit the last hours of a line
Such as is that of Nimrod, to destroy
A peaceful herald, unarmed, in his office;
And violate not only all that man
Holds sacred between man and man—but that
More holy tie which links us with the gods?
Sar. He's right. Let him go free. My life's last act
Shall not be one of wrath. Here, fellow, take
[*Gives him a golden cup from a table near.*
This golden goblet, let it hold your wine,
And think of *me;* or melt it into ingots,
And think of nothing but their weight and value.
Her. I thank you doubly for my life, and this
Most gorgeous gift, which renders it more precious.
But must I bear no answer?

Sar. Yes—I ask
An hour's truce to consider.
Her. But an hour's?
Sar. An hour's: if at the expiration of
That time your masters hear no further from me,
They are to deem that I reject their terms,
And act befittingly.
Her. I shall not fail
To be a faithful legate of your pleasure.
Sar. And hark! a word more.
Her. I shall not forget it,
Whate'er it be.
Sar. Commend me to Beleses;
And tell him, ere a year expire, I summon
Him hence to meet me.
Her. Where?
Sar. At Babylon.
At least from thence he will depart to meet me.
Her. I shall obey you to the letter. [*Exit Herald.*
Sar. Pania!—
Now, my good Pania!—quick—with what I ordered.
Pan. My lord—the soldiers are already charged.
And see! they enter.
[*Soldiers enter, and form a pile about the throne, etc.*
Sar. Higher, my good soldiers,
And thicker yet; and see that the foundation
Be such as will not speedily exhaust
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be quenched
With aught officious aid would bring to quell it.
Let the throne form the *core* of it; I would not
Leave that, save fraught with fire unquenchable,
To the newcomers. Frame the whole as if
'Twere to enkindle the strong tower of our
Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an aspect!
How say you, Pania, will this pile suffice
For a king's obsequies?

Pan. Ay, for a kingdom's.
I understand you now.
Sar. And blame me?
Pan. No—
Let me but fire the pile and share it with you.
Myr. That duty's mine.
Pan. A woman's!
Myr. 'Tis the soldier's
Part to die *for* his sovereign, and why not
The woman's with her lover?
Pan. 'Tis most strange!
Myr. But not so rare, my Pania, as thou think'st it.
In the meantime, live thou. Farewell! the pile
Is ready.
Pan. I should shame to leave my sovereign
With but a single female to partake
His death.
Sar. Too many far have heralded
Me to the dust already. Get thee hence;
Enrich thee.
Pan. And live wretched!
Sar. Think upon
Thy vow:—'tis sacred and irrevocable.
Pan. Since it is so, farewell.
Sar. Search well my chamber.
Feel no remorse at bearing off the gold;
Remember what you leave you leave the slaves
Who slew me: and when you have borne away
All safe off to your boats, blow one long blast
Upon the trumpet as you quit the palace.
The river's brink is too remote, its stream
Too loud at present to permit the echo
To reach distinctly from its banks. Then fly,
And as you sail, turn back; but still keep on
Your way along the Euphrates: if you reach
The land of Paphlagonia, where the queen

Is safe with my three sons in Cotta's court,
Say what you *saw* at parting, and request
That she remember what I *said* at one
Parting more mournful still.
Pan. That royal hand!
Let me then once more press it to my lips;
And these poor soldiers who throng round you, and
Would fain die with you!

[*The soldiers and* PANIA *throng round him, kissing his hand and the hem of his robe.*

Sar. My best! my last friends!
Let's not unman each other—part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Hence, and be happy; trust me, I am not
Now to be pitied; or far more for what
Is past than present;—for the future, 'tis
In the hands of the deities, if such
There be: I shall know soon. Farewell—farewell.
[*Exeunt* PANIA *and Soldiers.*
Myr. These men were honest; it is comfort still
That our last looks should be on loving faces.
Sar. And *lovely* ones, my beautiful!—but hear me!
If at this moment—for we now are on
The brink—thou feel'st an inward shrinking from
This leap through flame into the future, say it:
I shall not love thee less; nay, perhaps more,
For yielding to thy nature: and there's time
Yet for thee to escape hence.
Myr. Shall I light
One of the torches which lie heaped beneath
The ever-burning lamp that burns without,
Before Baal's shrine, in the adjoining hall?

Sar. Do so. Is that thy answer?
Myr. Thou shalt see.
[*Exit* MYRRHA.

Sar. (*solus*). She's firm. My fathers! whom I will rejoin,
It may be, purified by death from some
Of the gross stains of too material being,
I would not leave your ancient first abode
To the defilement of usurping bondmen;
If I have not kept your inheritance
As ye bequeathed it, this bright part of it,
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
Of arms, and records, monuments, and spoils,
In which *they* would have reveled, I bear with me
To you in that absorbing element,
Which most personifies the soul as leaving
The least of matter unconsumed before
Its fiery workings:—and the light of this
Most royal of funereal pyres shall be
Not a mere pillar formed of cloud and flame,
A beacon in the horizon for a day,
And then a mount of ashes, but a light
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
A people's records, and a hero's acts;
Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

MYRRHA *returns bearing a lighted torch and a cup.*

Myr. Lo!
I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.
Sar. And the cup?

Myr. 'Tis my country's custom to
Make a libation to the gods.
Sar. And mine
To make libations amongst men. I've not
Forgot the custom; and although alone,
Will drain one draught in memory of many
A joyous banquet past.

[SARDANAPALUS *takes the cup, and after drinking and tinkling the reversed cup, as a drop falls, exclaims—*

And this libation
Is for the excellent Beleses.
Myr. Why
Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's name
Than on his mate's in villainy?
Sar. The one
Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand; the other
Is master-mover of his warlike puppet:
But I dismiss them from my mind. Yet pause,
My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,
Freely and fearlessly?
Myr. And dost thou think
A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which
An Indian widow braves for custom?
Sar. But Then
We but await the signal
Myr. It is long
In sounding.
Sar. Now, farewell; one last embrace.
Myr. Embrace, but *not* the last; there is one more.
Sar. True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.
Myr. And pure as is my love to thee, shall they,
Purged from the dross of earth and earthly passion,
Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks me.
Sar. Say it.

Myr. It is that no kind hand will gather
The dust of both into one urn.
Sar. The better:
Rather let them be borne abroad upon
The winds of heaven, and scattered into air,
Than be polluted more by human hands
Of slaves and traitors. In this blazing palace,
And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt
Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings,
Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles
Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis:
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record!
Myr. Then farewell, thou earth!
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell, Ionia!
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*, were of thee!
Sar. And that?
Myr. Is yours.
[*The trumpet of* PANIA *sounds without.*
Sar. Hark!
Myr. *Now!*
Sar. Adieu, Assyria!
I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,
And better as my country than my kingdom.
I sated thee with peace and joys; and this
Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,
Not even a grave. [*He mounts the pile.*
Now, Myrrha!
Myr. Art thou ready?
Sar. As the torch in thy grasp. [MYRRHA *fires the pile.*
Myr. 'Tis fired! I come.
[*As* MYRRHA *springs forward to throw herself into the flames, the curtain falls.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THERE is naught, on either hand,
But the moon upon the sand.
Pale and glimmering, far and dim,
To the Desert's utmost rim,
Flows the inundating light
Over all the lands of Night.
Bel, the burning lord, has fled:
In her blue, uncurtained bed,
Ishtar, bending from above,
Seeks her Babylonian love.
Silver-browed, forever fair,
Goddess of the dusky hair
And the jewel-sprinkled breast,
Give me love, or give me rest!

I have wandered lone and far
As the ship of Izdubar,
When the gathered waters rose
High on Nizir's mountain snows,
Drifting where the torrent sped
Over life and glory dead.
Hear me now! I stretch my hands
From the moon-sea of the sands
Unto thee, or any star
That was guide to Izdubar!
Where the bulls with kingly heads
Guard the way to palace-beds,
Once I saw a woman go,
Swift as air and soft as snow,
Making swan and cypress one,
Steel and honey, night and sun—
Once of death I knew the sting:
Beauty queen—and I not king!

Where the Hanging Gardens soar
Over the Euphrates' shore,
And from palm and clinging vine
Lift aloft the Median pine,
Torches flame and wine is poured,
And the child of Bel is lord!
I am here alone with thee,
Ishtar, daughter of the Sea,
Who of woven dew and air
Spreadst an ocean, phantom-fair,
With a slow pulse beating through
Wave of air and foam of dew.
As I stand, I seem to drift
With its noiseless fall and lift,
While a veil of lightest lawn,
Or a floating form withdrawn,
Or a glimpse of beckoning hands
Gleams and fades above the sands.

Day, that mixed my soul with men,
Has it died forever, then?
Is there any world but this?
If the god deny his bliss,
And the goddess can not give,
What are gods, that men should live?
Lo! the sand beneath my feet
Hoards the bounty of its heat,
And thy silver cheeks I see
Bright with him who burns for thee.
Give the airy semblance form,
Bid the dream be near and warm;
Or, if dreams but flash and die
As a mock to heart and eye,
Then descend thyself, and be,
Ishtar, sacred bride to me!

EGYPTIAN FOLK-LORE.

A MOST striking illustration of the contradictions of human character is to be found in the religious worship of the ancient Egyptians. Their state of civilization was highly advanced. Their temples were among the wonders of the world. Their priests were also scholars and scientists. In whose honor were those magnificent sacred edifices constructed? What were the objects of devotion in whose service the lives of learned and notable men were passed? Not the vast creatures of a distorted imagination, nor yet the fearful and colossal images to which other heathen nations bowed. Living animals—beasts of burden, birds, cats, and hideous reptiles—were the deities of the Nile. A reason for this strange worship of their gods in forms so debasing is found in Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, v, 319). It is said that giants invaded the heavens, and that the gods fled in fear to Egypt, where they disguised themselves in animal shapes.

> After these appeared
> A crew, who, under names of old renown,
> Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
> With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
> Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
> Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
> Rather than human.
>
> —*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

Perhaps a better explanation of this singular prostitution of worship is that the animals were used as hieroglyphic symbols in the sacred writings, and from this the symbolism was carried to the living brute. Sometimes the gods were

represented as human figures, but with the heads of the respective animals.

Apart from their degrading worship, the religion of the Egyptians was not low in its conceptions or aspirations. The earlier generations seem to have believed in one omnipotent and all-wise Creator; and throughout their history the Egyptians manifested an abiding faith in the immortality of the soul, the punishment of the wicked after death, and the future reward of the righteous. The names applied to their gods are endless, yet the principal divinities themselves were by no means so numerous, since each seems to have had many appellations.

OSIRIS, the principal deity, was generally worshiped under the form of the bull Apis. A living bull in the great temple at Memphis received the highest honors in life and in death. Osiris was also the sun god and the god of the Nile.

ISIS was the consort of Osiris, and is mentioned also as his mother, sister, and daughter. She was represented as a cow, or as a human female figure with horns. She was the moon goddess, and was the patroness of the Nile.

HORUS, or Orus, the son of Osiris and Isis, was a type of the sun, the god of time. Sometimes he is represented as Osiris himself. Osiris, Isis, and Orus are the three best known of all the gods of Egypt, and in their primal or derivative forms constitute most of the mythology.

> Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
> When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
> Marched armies through thy land with thundering tread,
> O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
> And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
> When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?
>
> —*Horace Smith's "Address to a Mummy."*

In Egyptian Thebes the chief deity was known as AMUN-RA. He had a ram's head. PASHT, his sister, had the head of a cat. Like Ra, she represented the sun.

The father of Ra and Pasht was, in Memphis, PHTAH, who was known as the first cause, the father of the beginnings.

THOTH was the god of wisdom. His form was that of the ibis. He was the son of AMUN, or NEPHYX.

TYPHON was the Egyptian Satan—the author of evil, the adversary of gods and men. He assumed variously the forms of a pig, a hippopotamus, and an ass.

SERAPIS was originally a personification of the Nile. In later times he was worshiped with great magnificence, as the patron divinity of the country. His splendid temple, the Serapeon, at Alexandria, which had for its sole rival the Capitol at Rome, was destroyed by the Romans under Theodosius.

MEMNON was an African hero of the Trojan war. He seems to have been also a sun god, and he was perhaps a personification of memory as well. His immense statue at Thebes, in Egypt, in some unaccountable way emitted sounds when the rays of the rising sun fell upon it, and was said to sing. The tones were a mournful strain of music, as of the breaking of a harp-string.

> Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
> By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
> Then say, what secret melody was hidden
> In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
> Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
> Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.
>
> —*Horace Smith's "Address to a Mummy."*

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO EGYPTIAN FOLK-LORE.

For many centuries the vast literature of ancient Egypt, existing in countless inscriptions upon rocks and in myriads of papyrus rolls, was locked from the human race, for there was no person in the world who could read a word of it.

A key to this forgotten lore was supplied in 1799, when the spade of a French soldier, engaged in the construction of a rampart in the Delta of the Nile, struck a rock upon which was inscribed a duplicate

proclamation in Egyptian and Greek. The Greek version of the decree supplied the equivalents of some of the Egyptian words, and a starting point was given for the deciphering of the entire inscription. Various Egyptologists have won distinction in the century now closing, by their industry and skill in extending the knowledge of Egyptian letters; and there are now translations into modern tongues of a very great number of Egyptian writings, which possess a high degree of interest for the student of history, literature, and folk-lore.

More than four thousand years ago the Egyptians wrote in hieroglyphics, or rude pictures. After many centuries the original characters were exchanged for a system largely phonetic but very imperfect. The golden age of Egyptian letters was the era of Moses and of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of Scripture. A great library of papyrus rolls was established at Thebes, the capital of the nation.

The Book of the Dead is one of the most famous works of ancient literature. It begins with a dialogue between the soul and its god, Osiris, immediately after death. It prescribes the funereal honors to be paid to the body of the deceased, which include the embalming of the flesh and its preservation for the future habitation of the departed soul. It follows the disembodied spirit through its supposed long journeys and vicissitudes in the lower world to the judgment-seat of Osiris, where the heart was weighed and the soul was approved or condemned.

The Book of Phtah-hotep is believed to be the most ancient in existence. A copy of the work is to be found in the museum at Paris. It is a book of moral precepts for the government of human life.

There are many hymns to the gods of Egypt, and to illustrious mortals. An epic poem by Pentaour recites the triumphs of Rameses. There are books on medicine, and a very ancient work on geometry. There are romances and fairy tales.

Among the noted men whose labors have restored the long-hidden literature of the Egyptians, the most famous is the French *savant*, Jean François Champollion, whose interpretation of the Rosetta stone, described above, gave the first impetus to the modern study of Egyptian writings.

The great library at Alexandria,[1] the destruction of which has been the regret of scholars for ages, was established by the Greek dynasty of

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[1] This was twice destroyed. When Julius Cæsar set fire to the city in his Alexandrian war, in the year 47 B. C., the library was consumed. Reëstablished under Cleopatra, it again attained importance, and was preserved until the city was taken by the Mohammedans, in the year 640 A. D., when it was sacrificed to the bigotry of the victorious Caliph.

the Ptolemies, in the later centuries of Egyptian history, when Greek was the language predominant in letters. This library is said to have contained as many as seven hundred thousand books. Doubtless it included among its treasures the folk-lore as well as the history of many nations.

Herodotus, "the Father of History," who wrote (in Greek) about 450 B. C., visited Egypt and gathered from the priests the accounts which he gives of ancient Egyptian history and tradition. Rawlinson's translation of Herodotus, with notes, is of interest to students.

An alleged history of Egypt, by Manetho, an Egyptian priest of the third century B. C., is of no value as a historical record, being "a worthless list of gods, heroes, and kings."

The romantic career of the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra has been the theme of innumerable histories, romances, poems, and dramas. Among the latter are Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, and Dryden's *All for Love*, in which may be found allusions to Egyptian divinities.

The splendid opera of *Aïda* was written about a quarter of a century ago, by Giuseppe Verdi, the Italian composer, at the request of the patriotic and ambitious Khedive, who strove in every way to cultivate among his subjects a national spirit. The scene of the opera is laid at Memphis and Thebes, in the time of the Pharaohs. Among the characters is Ramphis, a high priest of the Temple of Isis. The opera was first performed at Cairo, in 1870.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows;

But prithee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HYMN TO THE NILE.

(From the Egyptian of Enna.)

TRANSLATED BY F. C. COOK.

HAIL to thee, O Nile!
Thou shewest thyself in this land,
Coming in peace, giving life to Egypt:
O Ammon, thou leadest night unto day,
A leading that rejoices the heart!
Overflowing the gardens created by Ra;
Giving life to all animals;
Watering the land without ceasing;
The way of heaven descending:
Lover of food, bestower of corn,
Giving light to every home, O Ptah!

. . . . . .

Bringer of food! Great lord of provisions!
Creator of all good things!
Lord of terrors and of choicest joys!
All are combined in him.
He produceth grass for the oxen;
Providing victims for every god.
The choice incense is that which he supplies.
Lord in both regions,
He filleth the granaries, enricheth the storehouses,
He careth for the state of the poor.

He causeth growth to fulfill all desires,
He never wearies of it.
He maketh his might a buckler.
He is not graven in marble,
As an image bearing the double crown.
He is not beheld:
He hath neither ministrants nor offerings:

He is not adored in sanctuaries:
His abode is not known:
No shrine is found with painted figures.
. . . . . .
The inundation comes, then cometh rejoicing;
Every heart exulteth:
The tooth of the crocodiles, the children of Neith,
Even the circle of the gods who are counted with thee,
Doth not its outburst water the fields,
Overcoming mortals with joy!
Watering one to produce another.
There is none who worketh with him;
He produceth food without the aid of Neith.
Mortals he causes to rejoice.

He giveth light on his coming from darkness;
In the pastures of his cattle
His might produceth all:
What was not, his moisture bringeth to life.
Men are clothed to fill his gardens:
He careth for his laborers.
He maketh even and noontide,
He is the infinite Ptah and Kabes.
He createth all works therein,
All writings, all sacred words,
All his implements in the North.
. . . . . .
O inundation of Nile, offerings are made to thee;
Oxen are slain to thee;
Great festivals are kept for thee;
Fowls are sacrificed to thee;
Beasts of the field are caught for thee;
Pure flames are offered to thee;
Offerings are made to every god,
As they are made unto Nile.
Incense ascends unto heaven,

Oxen, bulls, fowls are burnt!
Nile makes for himself chasms in the Thebaid;
Unknown is his name in heaven,
He doth not manifest his forms!
Vain are all representations!

Mortals extol him, and the cycle of gods!
Awe is felt by the terrible ones;
His son is made lord of all,
To enlighten all Egypt.
Shine forth, shine forth, O Nile! shine forth!
Giving life to men by his oxen:
Giving life to his oxen by the pastures!
Shine forth in glory, O Nile!

ISIS AND OSIRIS.

BY EDMUND SPENSER.

Well, therefore, did the antique world invent
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were;
With faynèd colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilest he livèd here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose Temple whenas Britomart

Arrived, she with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receivèd was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich mitres shapèd like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the sunne:
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould
Borne upon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and archèd over head,
She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor read;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thenceforth unto the Idoll they her brought;
The which was framèd all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothèd all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Upon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine;
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathèd taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set upon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forgèd guile
And open force: and in her other hand

She stretchèd forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe upon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

TO THE NILE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

MYSTERIOUS Flood—that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
Which were not, but for thee—

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began,
When dawned upon thy fresh, untrampled shore
The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
Where the gray Past records its ancient speech;
But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and fears
Run blended, o'er the plains of History:
Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand years
Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals?
Or Memnon's music on the Theban plain?
The carnage, when Cambyses made thy halls
Ruddy with royal slain?

Even then thou wast a god, and shrines were built
For worship of thine own majestic flood;
For thee the incense burned—for thee was spilt
The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose
Above thy palms, the pageantry and state,
Thy current flowed, calmly as now it flows,
Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a god might give,
Whose being is his bounty: from the slime
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the balm
Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I bring
No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme;
But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
To float upon thy stream!

PERSIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE ancient religion of Iran, or Persia, seems to have been far removed from the degrading forms of superstition so common among old nations. It recognized a Supreme Being, the creater and governor of the universe, and it inculcated a spirit of love for God and man.

The sun was esteemed and worshiped as the emblem and image of Deity; and a sacred fire, kindled originally in some way by sunbeams, was kept and replenished with great care and never suffered to become extinguished. It is, in fact, still burning, after the lapse of unnumbered centuries.

The originally pure worship of the Almighty became corrupted in the course of time. The objects of adoration were multiplied, and numerous temples were erected in honor of the moon and stars. Images were set up, and extensive ceremonials were invented.

Then arose Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, the philosopher and reformer. He is supposed to have lived more than fifteen centuries before Christ, though it must be admitted that his time is left to conjecture.

The *Avesta*, the sacred book of the Fire-worshipers, is supposed to be, in part at least, the work of this "Bactrian seer," though with many alterations and additions, the inevitable results of centuries of oral transmission, as we can hardly suppose the book to have been compiled and written in its present form much earlier than five centuries before Christ, and many assign a date centuries later. It is written in the Zend, a tongue which presents peculiar difficulties to

the modern scholar. The teachings of the book are in a large measure true and ennobling.

The original MAGI of Media were worshipers of Ahriman, as well as of Ormazd. Devil-worship was strictly forbidden by Zoroaster, and the Magi became the priests of the reformed faith in Persia. These ancient priests were also instructors and philosophers, and, from their wisdom, were believed to possess supernatural powers. From their name is derived our word magic. It is supposed that the "wise men from the East," who came to greet the new-born Saviour, were Magi.

Persia was conquered by the invading hosts of the Caliph Omar (A. D. 641), and the Mohammedan religion was enforced with the sword. Scarcely any toleration was shown the ancient faith, and its devotees were driven to the deserts and to foreign lands.

The PARSEES (or Guebres, as they are called in contempt by the Mohammedans) still preserve the old religion in its purity. They number, probably, no more than a hundred and fifty thousand Hindus and Persians. As a class they are highly respectable.

ORMAZD, or Oromazes (Ahura-mazda—all-bountiful or all-wise), is the name under which the Supreme Being was worshiped in ancient Persia. Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, perfect in goodness, he possessed attributes accorded to the God of Christian nations. He was supposed to have revealed himself to Zoroaster, by whom he was represented as dwelling in the light which pervades the universe.

> Oromazes, radiant source of good,
> Original, immortal, framed the globe
> In fruitfulness and beauty.
> —*Richard Glover's "Leonidas."*

AHRIMAN, or Arimanius (Angrô-mainyus—dark mind), was the Persian Satan—a personification of evil and darkness, the tempter and corrupter of men.

—Arimanius blacken'd all the soul
With falsehood and injustice, with desires
Insatiable, with violence and rage,
Malignity and folly.

—*Richard Glover's "Leonidas."*

MITHRAS, inferior to Ormazd, but partaking of the divine nature, is sometimes represented as seated nearest the throne of the Eternal. He is generally supposed to have been merely a personification of the sun.

The sun,
Refulgent Mithras, purest spring of light
And genial warmth, whence teeming Nature smiles,
Burst from the east at his creating voice.

—*Richard Glover's "Leonidas."*

SRAOSHA, or Serosh, was the leader of the AHURAS, or good angels. Of the latter there were six notable AMESHA-SPENTAS, or Holy Immortals; VOHU-MANÔ, presiding over the good mind; ASHA-VAHISTA, over truth; SHAHRAVAR, over wealth; SPENTA-ARMAITI, over the earth; HAURVATÂT, over health; and AMERETÂT, over immortality.

Opposed to these were AKO-MANÔ, the bad mind; INDRA, the storm-sender, etc. No images of Ormazd or of the Amesha-spentas were made by the earlier Fire-worshipers. Later, a robed and crowned figure, encircled by a winged ring, was used as an emblem of the Deity. This was borrowed from the Syrians.

GENII were spirits of good and evil, intermediate in rank between angels and men, created of fire, and generally invisible to mortal eyes. They were represented as carrying on the ceaseless conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman. As every individual was supposed to be always attended by a good and an evil genius, these personified the duality of motive influencing men to righteousness and to sin.

PERIS were female spirits, descendants of fallen angels, and excluded from Paradise during a long period of penance. In their nature they resemble the Genii.

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiv'n
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven.
—*Moore's "Paradise and the Peri"* ("*Lalla Rookh*").

DEVAS, or Divas, were demons of the air. They were strange compounds of Satanic majesty and Puckish frivolity, and turn from deeds of colossal iniquity to such pranks as capturing Peris and confining them in iron cages suspended from tall trees. They were not always altogether bad. In *The Light of Asia* (see Hindu Mythology) they communicate to the palace-imprisoned Siddârtha by awaking his Æolian harp to such strains as these:

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye can not know,
Nor where life springs, nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane;
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this:
But life's way is the wind's way; all these things
Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth,
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth;
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

SILTIM was the name given to a demon in human shape, supposed to haunt groves and solitary places.

To the gold gems of Afric bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
—*Moore's "The Light of the Haram"* ("*Lalla Rookh*").

AZRAEL is the Mohammedan angel of death. Until the time of Mohammed, he personally appeared to every individual at the time when the predestined hour of dissolution had come, and inflicted the death dart (ferrásh). Later, on the intercession of the Prophet, Azrael was not permitted to afflict the human heart with the terror of his appearance, and his manner of releasing the soul was changed. Sometimes he presents a bowl, from which the expiring one must drink.

> So when the Angel of the darker Drink
> At last shall find you by the river-brink,
> And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
> Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.
> —*Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát."*

Sometimes the Death Angel presents to the nostrils an apple of the Tree of Life.

> My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
> Whose scent is the breath of Eternity.
> —*Moore's "Paradise and the Peri"* (*"Lalla Rookh"*).

ISRAFIL is the Mohammedan angel of music, the most melodious of all God's creatures. He is appointed to sound the trumpet at the resurrection.

EBLIS is the Mohammedan Lucifer, the only angel who refused to worship Adam.

> Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,
> To which all Heaven except the Proud One knelt.
> —*Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan"* (*"Lalla Rookh"*).

MONKIR and NAKIR are two terrible angels, who are known as the Searchers of the Grave.

URIEL is the Mohammedan angel of fire. He is mentioned in the *Apocrypha* (II Esdras iv, 1). Milton called him the "Regent of the Sun," and the "sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven."

> Line in nature is not found;
> Unit and universe are round;

In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn.
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky.

—*Emerson's "Uriel."*

AL BORAK was the celestial steed on which Mohammed rode in a night from Mecca to Jerusalem and to the seventh heaven, guided by the angel Gabriel. Its face was human, its wings were an eagle's, its color was milk-white.

The HYAZUM was the horse on which the angel Gabriel rode to the assistance of Mohammed at Bedar, leading three thousand angels.

AL SIRÂT is the bridge extending from this world to the Mohammedan heaven. Its breadth is less than a spider thread, and it leads over hell.

AL RAKIM is a dog in the Mohammedan paradise, having charge of correspondence and messages.

SHADDÁD was a mythical hero who prepared the sumptuous gardens of Iran, in imitation of paradise, but on entering them was killed by lightning.

ZULEIKA is the name given in the Orient to the wife of Potiphar of Scripture, who figures prominently in Eastern romance.

JÁN IBN JÁN was a mythical pre-Adamite ruler, who built Baalbec and Chilminar (the palace at Persepolis), through the agency of Genii.

JAMSHYD was the mythical King Splendid of Persepolis, of whose palace it is said that the Genii who erected it concealed in the subterranean vaults a vast treasure. Jamshyd's seven-ringed divining cup was typical of the seven heavens, seven planets, and seven seas, etc. It is said to have been found in the ruins.

Wisely said the Kaisar Jamschid,
"The world's not worth a barley corn."
—*Emerson's translation from the Persian of Hafiz.*

MOKANNA (veiled) was a hideous impostor, whose real name was Hakim ben Allah, and who arose in Khorassan in the eighth century, as related in Persian history. He veiled his face, pretending thus to conceal a divine radiance of glory.

> O'er his features hung
> The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
> In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
> His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
> —*Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" ("Lalla Rookh").*

KAIKOBÁD, the Cabades of history, was a contemporary of Justinian. He is celebrated in Persian story as a type of the magnificence of ancient Oriental monarchs.

BAHRÁM GÚR was a ruler of the Sassanian line, who is said to have possessed seven castles, each tenanted by a princess of surpassing loveliness.

RUSTUM, the son of the fair-haired Zál, was a giant of Persian legend, famed for his victory over the SEPID DIVA, or White Demon, still commemorated by a monument near the city of Shiraz.

Rustum wedded the fair princess TAHMINEH, of Samengan, from whom he was soon parted by the fortunes of war. He directed that if a girl should be born to him his amulet should be worn in her hair; if a son, it should be attached to his arm. A son, SOHRAB, was born, but was falsely reported to the father to be a girl. When grown to man's estate the son set forth to seek his father, whom he unwittingly encountered in battle, and by whom he was slain.

HÁTIM TAI was an opulent and benevolent character famous in Eastern story for his generous deeds.

> Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
> Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.
> —*Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát."*

SÁKI (cup-bearer), the "Cypress-slender Minister of Wine," addressed in the *Rubáiyát*, may have been a mere type of female loveliness, or the name may have been applied

to one of the maids of Naishápúr, especially dear to the heart of the astronomer-poet.

And when, like her, O Sákí, you shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass.
—*Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát."*

NOTES OF LITERATURE RELATING TO PERSIAN FOLK-LORE.

The *Avesta* is a work of great interest to Oriental scholars. An account is given of the creation of the world; of the primal innocence of man in Paradise, and his fall through the subtle temptation of Ahriman; of a deluge which swept from the earth a generation of the wicked. All this reminds us of the Scripture narrative. The analogy is carried still further by the Avestan doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and of the final restoration of the world. The book contains *Gathas* (hymns), prayers, and precepts, and supposed discourses and conversations.

It is insisted that the *Avesta* teaches a pure monotheism, and that its expressions which seem to refer to various divinities are but strong characterizations of angelic beings strictly subordinate to the Infinite One, or impersonations of virtues. Of all systems of natural religion that of the *Avesta* is believed to be nearest the truth, though it is not wholly free from superstition and overwrought ritualism. From Rawlinson's translation of one of the Gathas assigned to Zoroaster, the following stanzas are taken:

They could not rightly discern who erred and worshiped the Devas;
They the Bad Spirit chose, and, having held counsel together,
Turned to Rapine, that so they might make man's life an affliction.
Mazda, the time will come when the crimes of the bad shall be punished.

Then shall thy power be displayed in fitly rewarding the righteous—
Them that have bound and delivered up falsehood to Asha, the Truth-God.

Let us then be of those who advance this world and improve it,
O Ahura-mazda, O Truth-God, bliss conferring!
Let our minds be ever there where wisdom abideth!
. . . . . .

O men, if you but cling to the precepts Mazda has given,
Precepts, which to the bad are a torment, but joy to the righteous,
Then shall you one day find yourselves victorious through them.
—*George Rawlinson's "Religions of the Ancient World."*

BÁHRAM GÚR is the subject of a famous Persian poem by Amír Khusraw. Each of the royal ladies of the Seven Castles relates to the sovereign a tale, all of which narratives, taken together, form a delightful volume of mythical lore.

Nine centuries ago the Persian poet Abû'l Kâsim Mansûr won the favor of his monarch by composing the *Song of Rustum*, and was honored with the designation Firdausi (the one from Paradise), which he has ever since borne in letters. His greatest work was the *Sháh-náma*, or *Book of the Kings*, for which he was to receive half as many gold pieces as there were lines. His poem, when completed, consisted of sixty thousand couplets. The promise of the Shah was not kept as to the payment for the work; and the aged poet, having in scorn paid his reward for a bath and a single cup of ale, fled from home and soon died. Among the most noted characters of the *Sháh-náma* are Zál, his mistress (Rodahver), and Rustum. The poem contains points of resemblance to the *Nibelungenlied*.

Omar Khayyám, the astronomer poet of Persia, who flourished about eight centuries ago, seems to have regarded with amused indifference the religious convictions of his fellow men. Acute philosophical insight and deep thought on the problems of human life and destiny are revealed in his graver quatrains, though these are strangely interspersed with bacchanalian stanzas. Of religious feeling he possessed scarcely a trace. However faithfully he may have expressed the Oriental's sensuous love for flowers and fruits and female beauty, the irreligious tendencies of his writings rendered them obnoxious to the pious instincts of his countrymen, and his influence was therefore inconsiderable.

The *Rubáiyát* of Omar is, with us, the best known composition of Persian literature. With it is indissolubly linked the fame of our own artist Vedder, whose interpretation and embellishment in art have added immeasurably to its meaning and value. The oldest English manuscript of the poem was prepared at Shiraz, in 1460, but it is only of late that the work has become generally known.

"Omar," it has been said, "more desperate (than others) or more careless of any so complicated system as resulted in nothing but hopeless necessity, flung his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into that general ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of life, only diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, destiny, matter and spirit, good and evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which became a weary sport at least." It should be stated, however, that there are those who regard the *Rubáiyát* as a mystical poem, veiling the Deity under emblematic forms of wine, etc.

A few of the *Rubáiyát* (the word means tetrastichs, or stanzas of four lines) will serve to indicate the character of the whole.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

With solemn voice the poem speaks of the ephemeral nature of the human form, and of the record made in life for good or ill.

'Tis but a Tent, where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

(In the selections from this famous poem the quaint capitalization of the accepted version is followed.)

Mention should be made of the *Swirl*, a conception of Vedder, now a symbol of the poem—a geometric expression of the infinite past, the culmination of life in the finite present, and the reversal of the current into the infinite future.

The poet Hafiz, of the fourteenth century, is called "the Anacreon of Persia," from the celebration of love and wine in his graceful lyrics. Perhaps no less sensuous than Khayyám, and certainly no friend of the Sufis (members of a religious order), he yet managed not to offend the religious instincts of his countrymen. A symbolism, even, is claimed for his love and wine, and a deep religious meaning has been assigned to the most rose-colored expressions, as in the case of *Solomon's Song* among Christians. Strange to say, both the literal and symbolical meanings are accepted, and the same composition serves at one time for a bacchanalian song and at another for a religious exercise.

Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, which in our century introduced into English literature the rose tint and fragrance of Oriental poetry and romance, and brought delight to myriads of readers, relates chiefly to Persian history and mythology. It is rather a collection of poems, loosely strung together, than a single composition.

Of these poems *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan* is a pathetic narrative of thrilling interest, connected with the baleful career and the overthrow of the false prophet Mokanna. *Paradise and the Peri*, a short poem recounting the penance of a Peri and her admission to Paradise,

is notable for its expressions of rapture of the soul on entering heaven. *The Fire-worshipers* is a tale of love and tragedy based on the conquest of Persia by the Mohammedans.

Matthew Arnold has rendered into English an episode of the *Sháhnáma*, which forms an admired poem, entitled *Sohrab and Rustum.*

John G. Saxe is the author of a number of short poems based on legends of Persia and Arabia. These have generally a true Oriental sententiousness, and are happily expressed.

The German poet Goethe wrote, in the early years of this century (in 1814–1819), the *West-Eastern Divan*, a volume of twelve small books, or *Namas*, of short poems in the Persian style, which Oriental scholars greatly admire for its fidelity to the spirit of Eastern poetry. Heinrich Heine says of this singular poetic cycle: "Sometimes the reader may imagine himself indolently stretched upon a carpet of Persian softness, luxuriously smoking the yellow tobacco of Turkistan, through a long tube of jessamine and amber, while a black slave fans him with a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little boy presents to him a cup of genuine Mocha."

Leigh Hunt, English essayist and poet of the first half of the present century, was the author of a number of short poems of the Orient which have been much admired.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

(*From "Lalla Rookh."*)

BY THOMAS MOORE.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy!" exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
  'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;

Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine:
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the Sun:

Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are;"
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewel'd cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from their spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades;
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—

Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;
But see, alas! the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the newborn Giant's smile!

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!
Who could have thought that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!

So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants where the simoom hath passed
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely midnight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone:

One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard;
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she whom he for years had known
And loved, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see!—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothèd bride,
She, who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside!—

Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheeks to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessèd air, that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There—drink my tears, while yet they fall;
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no.
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!

Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle, and his pain is past;
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on; in visions of odor rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;—
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.

High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain;
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory;
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not. Holier far
Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,

How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards glitt'ring on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard Time
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd

With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;
When, o'er the vale of Balbec, winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom, and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall

From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
  Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
  Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
  As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
  From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene which might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,

Nor found one sunny resting place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessèd child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,

Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am.—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!
Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief:
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

(*From Firdausi's "Sháh-náma."*)

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

. . . . . .

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath

Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said:

"O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?

Be govern'd ! Quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die !
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly. Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first gray hairs ;—hope fill'd his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said :
"Oh, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? speak ! art thou not he ?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spake to his own soul :
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean !
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say, 'Rustum is here !'
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts—
A belt or sword, perhaps—and go his way ;
And on a feast tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry :
'I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight ; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared ; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud ;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."
And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud :
"Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus

Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answer'd, on his feet:
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,

Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers.
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou sayst, thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?

O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight—let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou'rt wont to dance;
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword; at once they rush'd
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,

One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,
And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry;
No horse's cry was that—most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,

And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted, "Rustum!"—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed: back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewilder'd, and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reel'd, and, staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go;
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man;
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,

They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son and knew him not.

But, with a cold incredulous voice, he said:
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied:
"Ah, yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,

Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more.
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he: yet he listen'd, plunged in thought
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore

At the full moon; tears gather'd in his eyes;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;

And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corselet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately prick'd the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand, and said:
"How sayst thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood

Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry:
"O boy—thy father!" and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: 'My son!'
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in heaven that this should be."

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or ere they brought thy master to this field!"
But Sohrab look'd upon the horse, and said:
"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zál himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said: 'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well,'—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,

And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd:
"Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:
"Desire not that, my father! Thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them; what have they done?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zál, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied:
"Fear not! As thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,

And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zál, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say: 'O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,

From laying thy dear master in his grave."
And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep, heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires

Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

. . . . . .

RUBÁIYÁT.

BY OMAR KHAYYÁM.

(TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.)

I.

WAKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted: "Open then the door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

. . . . . .

V.

Iram[1] indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;

[1] An ancient palace of King Shaddád, now buried in the sands.

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.
. . . . . .

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú[1]?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to supper—heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
. . . . . .

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,

[1] Kaikhosrú, a son of Kaikobád.

Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

XVII.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai[1]
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but can not break his Sleep.

. . . . . .

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

---

[1] According to an old popular legend of the Orient, this was the appeal dressed to the Shah by a dervish who had daringly lain down to rest in hall of the Palace, and who in self-defense maintained that the building v after all, only a caravansary for transient guests.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

. . . . . .

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

. . . . . .

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd: "While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd, "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"[1]

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a cloud of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

. . . . . .

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;

[1] The folk-lore of various lands has to do with speaking pots. In our ow language we have the adage, "The pot must not call the kettle black."

Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

XLIII.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

. . . . . .

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:[1]

. . . . . .

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

LXVII.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

. . . . . .

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

. . . . . .

[1] The transmutation of metals, whether by magic or by alchemy, occurs i the old legends of many countries.

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán[1] away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them: "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second: "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy:
  And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand, then, of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
  "All this of Pot and Potter! Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

---

[1] The Mohammedan Lent.

LXXXVIII.

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making.—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

LXXXIX.

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

. . . . . .

XCIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

. . . . . .

XCVIII.

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

. . . . . .

C.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI.

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

AN ODE FROM HAFIZ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY HERMAN BICKNELL.

Sáki, if dear to thee the wine-cup's flow,
Set but the cup of wine before us, ho!

Part in the tavern with that cowl of thine,
And e'en thy prayer-mat, for a draught of wine.

If lives thy heart, when sounds the rev'lers' cry,
Hear in the garden of thy soul, "Ya Hai!"

Come to the remedy, O ye who mourn!
Learn both the worlds, compared with love, to scorn.

The secrets which in hearts of lovers dwell,
The rebeck and the plaintive flute may tell.

One lover, poor yet pure, can well outvie
A thousand Hátims of the tribe of Tai.

That idol, peri-faced, a sultan's peer,
Comes; and the townsfolk hasten in his rear.

While all cast glances at his handsome face,
Upon his modest cheeks some drops we trace.

How long shall Hafiz
Pine in yearning pain?
How long thus broken
Shall my heart remain?

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(TRANSLATED BY EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING.)

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land;
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

VI.

HIKMET-NAMA.[1]

(*Book of Proverbs.*)

CALL on the present day and night for naught
Save what by yesterday was brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,
The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear;
The night, when none can work, fast draweth near.

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,
Deeming help and hope gone by,
Oft with healing power is heard,
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

How vast is mine inheritance, how glorious and sublime!
For time mine own possession is—the land I till is time!

ENWERI[2] saith—ne'er lived a man more true;
The deepest heart, the highest head he knew—

---

[1] The Persians, like the Spaniards, are famous for their sententious proverbs.
[2] Anwari, or Enweri, a Persian lyric poet of the twelfth century.

"In every place and time thou'lt find availing
Uprightness, judgment, kindliness unfailing."

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath bless'd
Are greater than we who dwell in the West,
Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we find,
In *this* we're not in the least behind.

WOULD we let our envy burst,
Feed its hunger fully first!

To keep our proper place,
We'll show our bristles more;
With hawks men all things chase,
Except the savage boar.

BY those who themselves more bravely have fought
A hero's praise will be joyfully told.[1]
The worth of man can only be taught
By those who have suffer'd both heat and cold.

"WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,
Buried as though in a distant land?"
None at the proper moment are wise!
Could they properly understand,
Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,
Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,
Where charity may flow?
Cast in the flood thy cake—
Its eater, who will know?

---

1 "*Laudari laudatis*" is a Latin adage—to be praised by those who are themselves praised.

ONCE when I a spider had kill'd,
Then methought, was't right or wrong?
That we both to these times should belong
This had God in His goodness will'd.

MOTLEY this congregation is, for, lo!
At the communion kneel both friend and foe.

IF the country I'm to show,
Thou must on the housetop go.

A MAN with households twain
Ne'er finds attention meet;
A house wherein two women reign
Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,
Bless this humble fane;
Man may build them *greater*—
More they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,
Handed to far ages down,
And the son his honour prize,
As the father his renown.

O'ER the Mediterranean sea
Proudly hath the Orient sprung;
Who loves Hafis and knows him, he
Knows what Calderon[1] hath sung.

IF the ass[2] that bore the Saviour
Were to Mecca driven, he

---

[1] Calderon, one of the greatest of Spanish poets.

[2] The ass that bore the Saviour on the Day of Palms is believed by the Per-

Would not alter, but would be
Still an ass in his behavior.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife
'Gainst the unvanquish'd solid land.
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,
And thus is gain'd the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,
How it pains me, alas, to know it!
Who from the earth drives poetry far!—
Who, but the poet?

VIII.

SULEIKA-NAMA.

(*Book of Suleika, or Zuleika.*)

ONCE, methought, in the night hours cold,
That I saw the moon in my sleep;
But as soon as I waken'd, behold,
Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

THAT Suleika's [1] love was so strong
For Jussuf, [2] need cause no surprise;
He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes—
He was fair, they say, beyond measure;
Fair was she, and so great was their pleasure.
But that thou, who awaitedst me long,

---

sians to be in Paradise with Balaam's ass, the ram which Abraham sacrificed in place of his son, the mare which carried Mohammed to Heaven, and the dog of the Seven Sleepers. The companions of the ass in Paradise are sometimes stated otherwise, as in Book XII of the *Divan*.

[1] Suleika, the wife of Potiphar, in the story of Joseph. See the Bible, Genesis xxxix.

[2] Jussuf, the Joseph (son of Jacob) of Scripture narrative.

Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,
Soon wilt bless me, thy love now dost show me,
This shall my joyous numbers proclaim,
Thee I forever Suleika shall name.

HATEM.[1]

Not occasion *makes* the thief;
She's the greatest of the whole;
For Love's relics, to my grief,
From my aching heart she stole.

She hath given it to thee—
All the joy my life had known,
So that, in my poverty,
Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight
In the luster of thine eye,
And I bless my newborn fate,
As within thine arms I lie.

SULEIKA.

The sun appears! A glorious sight!
The crescent-moon clings round him now.
What could this wondrous pair unite?
How to explain this riddle? How?

HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove!
In it I view myself and thee;
Thou callest me thy sun, my love—
Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round me!

---

[1] Hatem, a lover of Suleika.

Love for love, and moments sweet,
Lips returning kiss for kiss,
Word for word, and eyes that meet;
Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.
Thus at eve, and thus the morrow!
Yet thou feelest, at my lay,
Ever some half-hidden sorrow;
Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,
All thy beauty I'd repay!

HATEM.

Oh, say, 'neath what celestial sign
The day doth lie,
When ne'er again this heart of mine
Away will fly?
And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)
Would near me lie?—
On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine
My heart near hers will lie!

HATEM.

Hold me, locks, securely caught
In the circle of her face!
Dear brown serpents, I have naught
To repay this act of grace,

Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,
Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;
For a raging Etna lies
'Neath its veil of mist and snow.

Yonder mountain's stately brow
Thou, like morning beams, dost shame;
Once again feels Hatem now
Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.

One more bumper! Fill the glass—
This last cup I pledge to thee:
By mine ashes if she pass,
"He consumed," she'll say, "for me."

THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not
The horseman-captain
His heralds hither
Each day, unfailing?
Yet hath he horses,
He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,
And Neski knows he
To write with beauty
On silken tablets.
I'd deem him present,
Had I his words.

The sick One *will* not,
Will not recover
From her sweet sorrow;
She, when she heareth
That her true lover
Grows well, falls sick.

THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,
Faithfully speaks he;
Writes he in Talik,
Joy to give, seeks he:
Writes he in either,
Good!—for he loves!

THESE tufted branches fair
Observe, my loved one, well!
And see the fruits they bear
In green and prickly shell!

They've hung roll'd up, till now,
Unconsciously and still;
A loosely waving bough
Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,
The kernel brown swells fast;
It seeks the air to win,
It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,
The shell must needs give way;
'Tis thus my numbers fall
Before thy feet, each day.

SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir reveal'd?
Doth the East glad tidings bring?
For my heart's deep wounds are heal'd
By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,
And in gentle cloudlets chase;
To the vineleaf's safe retreat
Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,
Checks the sun's fierce glow amain,
Kisses, as he flies, the vine,
Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey
Thousand greetings from my friend;

Ere these hills own night's dark sway,
Kisses greet me, without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,
Serving friend and mourner too!
There, where lofty ramparts glow,
Soon the loved one shall I view.

Ah! what makes the heart's truth known—
Love's sweet breath—a newborn life—
Learn I from *his* mouth alone,
In *his* breath alone is rife!

THE SUBLIME TYPE.

The sun, whom Grecians Helios call,
His heavenly path with pride doth tread,
And, to subdue the world's wide all,
Looks round, beneath him, high o'erhead.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,
Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds—
For her alone he seems to shine;
In trembling grief his form he shrouds,

Careless for all the realms of bliss—
Her streaming tears more swiftly flow:
For every pearl he gives a kiss,
And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,
And deeply feels his glance of might,
While, stamp'd with his own effigy,
Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreath'd with bows, with hues thus grac'd,
With gladness beams her face so fair,
While he, to meet her, maketh haste,
And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,
Thou movest from me, dearest one;
And were I Helios e'en, the Great,
What would avail his chariot-throne?

SULEIKA.

Zephyr, for thy humid wing,
Oh, how much I envy thee!
Thou to *him* canst tidings bring
How our parting saddens me!

In my breast, a yearning still
As thy pinions wave, appears;
Flow'rs and eyes, and wood, and hill
At thy breath are steep'd in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,
Soothes the aching eyelid's pain;
Ah! I else had died for grief,
Him ne'er hoped to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Yet, to give him pain, beware,
Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,
That his love must be my life;
Both, with feelings fraught with joy,
In his presence will be rife.

THE REUNION.

Can it be! of stars the star,
Do I press thee to my heart?
In the night of distance far,
What deep gulf, what bitter smart!

Yes, 'tis thou, indeed, at last,
Of my joys the partner dear!
Mindful, though, of sorrows past,
I the present needs must fear.

When the still-unfashion'd earth
Lay on God's eternal breast,
He ordain'd its hour of birth,
With creative joy possess'd.
Then a heavy sigh arose,
When He spake the sentence—"Be!"
And the All, with mighty throes,
Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,
Darkness near it fear'd to stay,
And the elements with might
Fled on every side away;
Each on some far-distant trace,
Each with visions wild employ'd,
Numb, in boundless realm of space,
Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,
For the first time, God alone!
Then He form'd the morning-red,
Which soon made its kindness known:
It unravel'd from the waste,
Bright and glowing harmony,
And once more with love was grac'd
What contended formerly.

And with earnest, noble strife,
Each its own Peculiar sought;
Back to full, unbounded life
Sight and feeling soon were brought.
Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore
How? why give the manner, name?

Allah need create no more,
We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions bright,
To thy mouth was I impell'd;
Stamp'd with thousand seals by night,
Star-clear is the bond fast held.
Paragons on earth are we
Both of grief and joy sublime,
And a second sentence—"Be!"
Parts us not a second time.

SULEIKA.

With what inward joy, sweet lay,
I thy meaning have descried!
Lovingly thou seem'st to say
That I'm ever by his side;

That he ever thinks of me,
That he to the absent gives
All his love's sweet ecstasy,
While for him alone she lives.

Yes, the mirror which reveals
Thee, my loved one, is my breast;
This the bosom, where thy seals
Endless kisses have impress'd.

Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,
Chain me down in sympathy!
Love's embodied radiant youth,
In the garb of poesy!

In thousand forms mayst thou attempt surprise,
Yet, all-belovèd-one, straight know I thee;
Thou mayst with magic veils thy face disguise,
And yet, all-present-one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,
All-beauteous-growing-one, straight know I thee;
In the canal's unsullied, living flood,
All-captivating-one, well know I thee.

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,
All-sportive-one, how gladly know I thee;
When, e'en in forming, is transform'd the cloud,
All-figure-changing-one, there know I thee.

Veil'd in the meadow-carpet's flowery charms,
All-checker'd-starry-fair-one, know I thee;
And if a plant extend its thousand arms,
O all-embracing-one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,
Straightway, all-gladd'ning-one, salute I thee,
The arch of heaven o'erhead grows pure and bright—
All-heart-expanding-one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,
Thou all-instructing-one, I know through thee;
And if I utter Allah's hundred names,
A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.

IX.

SAKI-NAMA.

(*The Convivial Book.*)

Can the Korán from Eternity be?
'Tis worth not a thought!
Can the Korán a creation, then, be?
Of that I know naught!
Yet that the book of all books it must be,
I believe, as a Mussulman ought,
That from Eternity wine,[1] though, must be,
I ever have thought;

[1] The "wine" and "drunkenness" in this poem would be interpreted spiritually by pious Persians, whose religion forbids the use of intoxicating drinks.

That 'twas ordain'd, ere the Angels, to be,
As a truth may be taught.
Drinkers, however these matters may be,
Gaze on God's face, fearing naught.

Ye've often, for our drunkenness,
Blamed us in ev'ry way,
And, in abuse of drunkenness,
Enough can never say.
Men, overcome by drunkenness,
Are wont to lie till day;
And yet I find *my* drunkenness
All night-time make me stray;
For, oh! 'tis Love's sweet drunkenness
That maketh me its prey,
Which night and day, and day and night,
My heart must needs obey—
A heart that, in its drunkenness,
Pours forth full many a lay,
So that no trifling drunkenness
Can dare assert its sway.
Love, song, and wine's sweet drunkenness,
By night-time and by day—
How godlike is the drunkenness
That maketh me its prey!

X.

MÂTHAL-NAMA.

(Book of Parables.)

From heaven there fell upon the foaming wave
A timid drop; the flood with anger roar'd—
But God, its modest boldness to reward,
Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.
Its form the mussel captive took,

And to its lasting glory and renown,
The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,
With gentle gleam and loving look.

Bulbul's[1] song, through night hours cold,
Rose to Allah's throne on high;
To reward her melody,
Giveth he a cage of gold.
Such a cage are limbs of men—
Though at first she feels confin'd,
Yet when all she brings to mind,
Straight the spirit sings again.

In the Korán with strange delight
A peacock's feather met my sight:
Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,
The highest prize on earth's wide face!
As in the stars of heaven, in thee,
God's greatness in the small we see;

For he whose gaze whole worlds hath bless'd
His eye hath even here impress'd,
And the light down in beauty dress'd,
So that e'en monarchs can not hope
In splendor with the bird to cope.
Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,
And so deserve that holy spot!

All kinds of men, both small and great,
A fine-spun web delight to create,
And in the middle they take their place,
And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.
But if a besom should sweep that way:
"What a most shameful thing!" they say—
"They've crush'd a mighty palace to-day!"

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[1] Bulbul, the Persian nightingale.

IT IS GOOD.

In Paradise while moonbeams play'd,
Jehovah found, in slumber deep,
Adam fast sunk. He gently laid
Eve near him—she, too, fell asleep.
There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,
God's two most beauteous thoughts divine.
When this He saw, He cried, 'Tis good!!!
And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder, that our joy's complete
While eye and eye responsive meet,
When this blest thought of rapture moves us—
That we're with Him who truly loves us;
And if He cries, Good, let it be!
'Tis so for both, it seems to me.
Thou'rt clasp'd within these arms of mine,
Dearest of all God's thoughts divine!

XII.

CHULD-NAMA.

(Book of Paradise.)

THE PRIVILEGED MEN.

MAHOMET (MOHAMMED) SPEAKS.[1]

Let the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,
Ne'er will they return again to light;
O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,
For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

[1] The Prophet speaks these verses after the battle of Bedr, in the year 623 (the second year of the Hegira). With three hundred and thirteen men, two horses, and three camels, he had defeated nine hundred Meccans, two hundred of whom were mounted on fleet horses. It was a turning point in Mohammed's career, and he claimed to have been aided by angels from heaven. He promised to his followers a heaven of sensuous indulgence—a paradise of fruits and flowers and perfumed zephyrs, with houris of surpassing beauty for the companions of the faithful.

All the seven planets open throw
All their metal doors with mighty shock,
And the forms of those we loved below
At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss ne'er dream'd before,
Glories that my flight first show'd to eye,
When the wondrous steed my person bore
In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cypress-order growing,
High uphold the golden apples sweet;
Trees of life, their spreading shadows throwing,
Shade each blossoming plant, each flow'ry seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the East
Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view;
With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,
Soon the sight pervades thee through and through.

There they stand, to ask thee thy career:
Mighty plans? or dangerous bloody rout?
Thou'rt a hero, know they—for thou'rt here,
What a hero?—This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,
Wounds that write thy fame's undying story;
Wounds the true believer mark alone,
When have perish'd joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks [1] and arbors thou art brought,
Fill'd with checker'd marble columns bright;
To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,
They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth! Thou'rt welcome more than e'er was youth;
All alike are radiant and serene;
When thou tak'st one to thine heart with truth,
Of thy band she'll be the friend and queen.

[1] Chiosks, or kiosks, open summer-houses, or pavilions.

So prepare thee for this place of rest;
Never can it now be changed again;
Maids like these will ever make thee blest,
Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

THE FAVORED BEASTS.

Of beasts there have been chosen four
To come to Paradise,
And there with saints for evermore
They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first;
He comes with joyous stride,
For to the Prophet-City erst
Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,
To whom Mahomet spake:
"Spoil not the poor man of his sheep;
The rich man's thou mayst take."

And then the brave and faithful Hound,[1]
Who by his master kept,
And slept with him the slumbers sound
The Seven Sleepers slept.

Abuherrira's[2] Cat, too, here
Purrs round his master blest,
For holy must the beast appear
The Prophet hath caress'd.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.[3]

Six among the courtiers favor'd
Fly before the Cæsar's fury,

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[1] Al Rakim.

[2] Abuherrira, Noble Father, a designation of Mohammed.

[3] The Seven Sleepers were seven young men of Ephesus, who fled to a cave for refuge from the Decian persecution of the third century of the Christian era, and their hiding place being discovered were cruelly walled in. About

Who would as a god be worship'd,
Though in truth no god appearing,
For a fly prevents him ever
From enjoying food at table.
Though with fans his servants scare it,
They the fly can never banish.
It torments him, stings, and troubles,
And the festal board perplexes,
Then returning like the herald
Of the olden crafty Fly-God.
"What!"—the striplings say together—
"Shall a fly a god embarrass?

"Shall a god drink, eat at table,
Like us mortals? No, the Only,
Who the sun and moon created,
And the glowing stars arch'd o'er us,
He is God—we'll fly!" The gentle,
Lightly shod, and dainty striplings
Did a shepherd meet, and hide them,
With himself, within a cavern.

And the sheep-dog will not leave them—
Scared away, his foot all-mangled,
To his master still he presses,
And he joins the hidden party,
Joins the favorites of slumber.

And the prince, whom they had fled from,
Fondly-furious, thinks of vengeance,
And, discarding sword and fire,

---

the year 479 their bodies were discovered; and the legend told of them, in the usual phrase of early Christians, that they had "fallen asleep in Jesus." This was subsequently interpreted literally, and the story grew of a miraculous sleep of centuries, from which the martyrs awakened when their tomb was opened. The story is told in the Koran, with some additions. The Koran relates that a dog slept and awakened with the Seven Sleepers, and that the sun altered its course to illuminate the cavern.

Has them wall'd up in the cavern,
Wall'd up fast with bricks and mortar.

But the others slumber ever,
And the Angel, their protector,
Gives before God's throne this notice:
"To the right and left alternate
Have I ever cared to turn them,
That their fair and youthful members
Be not by the mold-damp injured;
Clefts within the rocks I open'd,
That the sun may, rising, setting,
Keep their cheeks in youthful freshness."
So they lie there, bless'd by Heaven,
And, with forepaws sound and scathless,
Sleeps the dog in gentle slumber.

Years come round, and years fly onward,
And the youths at length awaken,
And the wall, which now had molder'd,
From its very age has fallen.
And Jamblika[1] says—whose beauty
Far exceedeth all the others—
When the fearful shepherd lingers:
"I will run, and food procure you,
Life and piece of gold I'll wager!"—
Ephesus had many a year now
Own'd the teaching of the Prophet[2]
Jesus (peace be with the Good One!),

And he ran, and at the gateway
Were the warders and the others.
Yet he to the nearest baker's,
Seeking bread, went swiftly onwards.

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[1] The names of the Seven Sleepers are given variously by Mohammedans and Christians.

[2] Jesus is recognized as a prophet by the Mohammedans.

"Rogue!" thus cried the baker, "hast thou,
Youth, a treasure, then, discover'd?[1]
Give me—for the gold betrays thee—
Give me half, to keep thy secret!"

And they quarrel.—To the monarch
Comes the matter; and the monarch
Fain would halve it, like the baker.

Now the miracle is proven
Slowly by a hundred tokens.
He can e'en his right establish
To the palace he erected,
For a pillar, when pierced open,
Leads to wealth he said 'twould lead to.
Soon are gather'd there whole races,
Their relationship to show him.
And as great-grandfather, nobly
Stands Jamblika's youthful figure.

As of ancestors, he hears them,
Speaking of his son and grandsons.
His great-grandsons stand around him,
Like a race of valiant mortals,
Him to honor—him, the youngest.
And one token on another
Rises up, the proof completing;
The identity is proven
Of himself, and of his comrades.

Now returns he to the cavern;
With him go both king and people—
Neither to the king nor people
E'er returns that chosen mortal;

[1] Jamblika and his companions supposed that they had slept but one night, instead of two centuries and more. Jamblika's coin was recognized by the baker as a rare and valuable antique—a fact which led to the revelation of the miracle.

For the Seven, who for ages—
Eight was, with the dog, their number—
Had from all the world been sunder'd,
Gabriel's mysterious power,
To the will of God obedient,
Hath to Paradise conducted—
And the cave was closed forever.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men!"

The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

OUTLINES FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS' READING CIRCLES.

READINGS IN FOLK-LORE.

FIRST MONTH.

FOLK-LORE is a novel and charming study, especially valuable to the teacher because of its relation to literature and history, art and song. At the outset, the teacher is asked to note the various theories as to the origin of mythology, so that he can apply them for himself; and his attention is directed to the deeper meaning of many of our common words which originated in familiar stories.

The fondness with which Americans cherish the folk-lore of the aborigines is shown in their careful preservation of Indian names in the geography of the country, and in the popularity of Longfellow's immortal *Hiawatha*, into which our greatest poet has garnered the most beautiful of the Indian legends. The statue of Hiawatha and Minnehaha by Jacob Fjelde, of Minneapolis (contributed by the school children of Minnesota), received marked attention at the Columbian Exposition. Through a strange chance which brought to Schiller's attention the marvelous annals of Carver, the explorer, the name of the great German bard is linked with the city of St. Paul.

An interesting story is told of Drake's poem, *The Culprit Fay*. One summer eve in 1819 he was walking with some companions on the moonlit shore of the Hudson, when one of the party declared that a fairy poem without a real human character could not possess interest. Two or three nights later the friends of the poet were called together to listen to

his fairy poem, which not only charmed them with its delicate beauty, but *did* possess an absorbing interest in its narrative.

The old legend told in *The Voyage of Maeldune* illustrates the popular fears with which Columbus had to contend; for it was not so much the storms and the ordinary ocean perils which appalled the sailors, as a dread of the magical and unreal, in which Maeldune's story abounds—of places where the known laws of Nature would not hold. And where the old legend was known, it was deemed a truthful narrative, though, as we are now aware, it was really of no value to science because of its accumulation of exaggerations and superstitions.

The story of *Mad'oc*, the brave young Welshman who came to the New World in 1170, will be read with pleasure by all.

First Week, pp. 7–14.—1. Four theories as to the origin of mythology: the historical theory; the biblical theory; Max Müller's theory; R. B. Anderson's theory. 2. The value of a knowledge of old myths. 3. The folk-lore of Northern nations, compared with that of other lands. 4. The folk-lore of the nursery: Mother Goose, Cinderella, Bluebeard, etc. Refer to the Dictionary of Fiction, contained in *Webster's Unabridged* or *International Dictionary*, for the origin of these, and to the body of the Dictionary for the explanation of such terms as *hec'toring*, *hercu'lean*, *procrus'tean*, *pro'tean*, *shib'boleth*, etc. 5. Our political folk-lore: the origin of *pipe-laying*, *log-rolling*, *gerrymander*, etc.—see Dictionary. 6. The inaccuracy of the folk-lore relating to great men. 7. The universality of folk-lore.

Second Week, pp. 15–26.—1. The value of American folk-lore. 2. Gitche Manito and Mitche Manito. 3. Hiawatha and his mission. 4. Hiawatha's friends. 5. Minneha'ha and Weno'nah. The story of Oweenee' and Osse'o. 6. Ma'quon. 7. St. Tam'many. 8. Mexican and Peruvian mythology. 9. Literature relating to American folk-lore. 10.

Bryant's *Maquon.* 11. Schiller's *Nadowes'sie Chieftain.* 12. The *Comanche Boy.*

THIRD WEEK, pp. 26–38.—1. The greatest fairy poem of the century; how it was regarded in former years. 2. Its chief merits. 3. The circumstances under which it was written—see p. 440. 4. The meter (iambic tetrameter).[1] 5. Description of the Hudson at Cronest (a famous headland), i and ii. 6. The assemblage of the Fairy Court, iii–vi. 7. The Culprit's offense, and his sentence, vii–ix. 8. The Ouphe's ride on the fire-fly, xxv–xxix. 9. The Queen of the Sylphs, xxx–xxxii. 10. The Ouphe's temptation, xxxiii. 11. The Ouphe's triumph, xxxiv–xxxvi. 12. A Fairy Dance. 13. With what other poems of Drake are you acquainted?

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 125–142.—1. The story of Mael'dune, a legend of the ninth century—see p. 46, St. Brandan and Maeldune. 2. The meter of the poem, *The Voyage of Maeldune* (anapestic hexameter).[2] 3. The cause of Maeldune's voyage. 4. The Silent Isle. 5. The Isle of Shouting. 6. The Isle of Flowers. 7. The Isle of Fruits. 8. The Isle of Fire. 9. The Bounteous Isle. 10. The Isle of Witches. 11. The Isle of the Double Towers. 12. The companion of St. Brandan; his age; his advice. 13. The influence of this story on the people in the time of Columbus. Give your idea of the location of some of the lands described in the legend? 14. The story of Prince Madoc—see p. 52; King Davydd. 15. Madoc's successful voyage (A. D. 1170); his second voyage. Southey accepts the theory that Madoc came a second time to America, and that certain Indian tribes are descended from his company—a theory based upon numerous points of resemblance

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[1] The verse is a *tetrameter*, because it consists of four poetic feet. It is *iambic*, because the prevailing foot is an *iambus*, consisting of two syllables, with the accent on the last.

[2] The verse is a *hexameter*, since it consists of six poetic feet. The prevailing foot is an anapest, consisting of three syllables, two short and one long, with the accent on the last.

between the Welsh language and certain Indian dialects. 16. Southey's poem, *Madoc;* when written; its meter (iambic pentameter).[1] 17. Goer'vyl (Madoc's sister) and her plea for "Mer'vyn" (Sene'na in disguise). 18. Senena joins her lover, Car'adoc, on Madoc's ship. 19. The last banquet; Madoc's appeal to Davydd. 20. Madoc and Goervyl. 21. The parting of Madoc and his brother Ro'dri.

SECOND MONTH.

Histories of England generally begin with the landing of Julius Cæsar, in the year 55 B. C. It is unknown to many that the legendary history of Britain goes back more than a thousand years farther, almost to the time of the Trojan War, described in the *Iliad* and the *Æneid.* Much of this long narrative is of no less interest than the recorded and authentic history of the country.

The poetry of Spenser is not easy reading for young teachers, yet it will well repay a careful study. The selections from Spenser should be read aloud in their entirety.

Many of the words used by Spenser have changed their meaning since his time. Where a word is used in an unusual or doubtful sense, the reader should look into the Dictionary for its earlier meaning, which in Webster's larger Dictionaries is given first in order.

First Week, pp. 39–53.—1. The Druids; traces of their influence in English festivals; an opera in which Druids are represented. 2. Albion; the origin of the name—see p. 54. Note that the story of the giant Albion was invented to account for the origin of the ancient name of Britain, by people unacquainted with the true origin. 3. Bru'tus; Corin'ëus and Jack the Giant-killer. 4. Six legendary kings; Queen Boadice'a. 5. King Arthur and his knights. 6. The Holy Grail and the Round Table. 7. Sir Laun'fal and his vision. 8. Sir Gal'ahad and Sir Gaw'ain. 9. Sir Tris'tram

[1] The verse is a *pentameter*, consisting of five poetic feet. It is iambic.

and the two Isoudes'. 10. Sir Lan'celot and Guin'evere; Viv'ien, Ela'ine, and E'nid. 11. Os'sian, and the Ossianic forgeries. 12. Ancient Irish myths. 13. The story of Be'owulf; where it originated; peculiarity of the poem. 14. Spenser's myths; his great poem. 15. The Red Cross Knight (representing St. George), and his fight with the Dragon. 16. Glorian'a (representing Queen Elizabeth). 17. Ob'eron, Queen Mab, and Puck.

SECOND WEEK, pp. 54–73.—1. The rank of Edmund Spenser among English poets—see p. 50. 2. The Spenserian stanza; the arrangements of its rhymes (two of one kind, three of another, and four of a third). 3. The meter (iambic pentameter, with a long line (Alexandrine) of six feet, at the close). 4. Earliest Britain. 5. Albion and the giants, vi–viii. 6. Brutus and Corineus, ix–xii. 7. The origin of *Corn'wall*, *Dev'onshire*, and *Kent* (names of counties in England); of *Alba'nia* and *Cam'bria* (ancient divisions); of *Hum'ber* and *Sabri'na*, or *Sev'ern* (names of rivers), xii–xix. 8. The story of King Lear, xxvii–xxxii; how it was modified by Shakspeare. 9. Porrex and Ferrex, xxxiv–xxxv. These form the subject of the earliest English tragedy—1562—by Sackville and Norton. 10. Cassib'alane, or Cassivellau'nus, and his contest with Julius Cæsar, xlvii–xlix. (See Cæsar's Commentaries, Fifth Book.) 11. Cymbeline and his time, l. What Scottish clan is supposed to have derived its name from him? 12. Boadicea and her struggle with the Roman Pauli'nus, liv–lvii. Have you read what English history says of her? Read Cowper's poem, p. 90. 13. Old King Cole and Hel'ena. (This famous Empress of Rome visited Palestine and brought back to Europe, as relics, the supposed "True Cross" of Christ, and the skulls of the three Wise Men of the East.) Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. 14. Vor'tigern; his appeal to the Saxons for aid; Hengist and Horsa, and the Saxon invasion A. D. 449 (see English history). Where is Hengist buried?

THIRD WEEK, pp. 73–90.—1. The old legend of St. George and the Dragon; how it was utilized by Spenser; its familiarity to all. 2. The character of Una—see p. 49. 3. Una's appeal to the knight, i–iii. 4. The Dragon, iv, viii–xv. 5. The first encounter, xvi. 6. The Dragon's attempt to carry off the Knight and his horse, xvii–xix. 7. The Knight succeeds in wounding the Dragon, xx–xxii. 8. The Knight is thrown from his horse, xxiii. 9. The Dragon vomits fire, xxvi. 10. The Knight falls into the Well of Life, xxviii–xxxi. 11. Una's night of prayer, xxxii. 12. The battle renewed, xxxiii–xxxvii. 13. The Dragon's dart, xxxviii. 14. The Knight severs the Dragon's tail, xxxix–xli, and also his paw, xlii–xliii. 15. The Tree of Life, xlvi–xlix. 16. The second night, l. 17. The final battle, li–lv.

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 92–101.—1. The story of Tristram and Iseult—see p. 43; its relation to music and art. 2. *Tristram of Lyonesse*, poem by Swinburne (a noted English poet of to-day). 3. The meter (iambic pentameter). 4. *The Swallow*, and its passengers, p. 92. 5. Description of Iseult, pp. 92–94. 6. Description of Tristram—see p. 43. 7. His chance visit to Ireland, pp. 95–96. 8. His acquaintance, as a harper, with Iseult, p. 96; his mission to Cornwall, p. 97; his errand to Ireland, p. 97. 9. Brangwain's commission; her faithfulness, pp. 97–98. 10. The storm at sea, pp. 98–99; Tristram's service. 11. The fatal drink, pp. 100–101.

THIRD MONTH.

Two poems of great moral power and one of genial mirth conclude the readings in British folk-lore.

The Norse discoveries in the New World in the eleventh century are a subject of absorbing interest. There has been much controversy concerning the supposedly Norse remains in New England. It has been claimed that Thorwald chiseled on the rock at Cape Aldeston, near Plymouth, Mass., some mysterious *runes* or symbols, and that he was buried

at that place. When Sinding, the Danish historian, visited the Cape, some years since, he sat down and hastily wrote the poem found on page 165.[1]

The translation of Tegnér's (teng-neer') *Axel*, p. 170, is the work of Dr. L. A. Sherman, of the University of Nebraska, who has produced probably the best English rendering of *Fridthjof's Saga*, p. 167. Note that the name is often spelled Frithiof; it is pronounced frit'-yof. *The Saga of King Olaf*, by Longfellow—see p. 157—should be read in its entirety by every member of the Reading Circle.

First Week, pp. 101–118.—1. Review of the story of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere—see pp. 40–44. 2. The meter of Tennyson's *Guinevere* (iambic pentameter). 3. The Queen's flight to Almesbury. 4. The novice and her song. 5. The Queen's remorse. 6. Arthur's last visit. 7. The Queen's repentance and death. 8. The moral power of the poem.

Second Week, pp. 118–125; 142–149.—1. McCulloch's analysis of Browning's *Childe Roland*—see p. 51. Read this carefully, for it is the *key* to the entire poem. 2. The meter of the poem (iambic pentameter); the arrangement of its rhymes. 3. A hideous cripple, who points the way to the doubting Knight, i–iii. 4. Childe Ro'land's faint-heartedness at the outset, iv–viii. 5. He loses his way, ix; the desert landscape, x–xiii. 6. A wretched beast, xiv. 7. Memories of old friends, fallen into disgrace—Cuthbert, xvi; Giles, xvii–xviii. 8. Childe Roland fords the river, xix–xxiii. 9. He finds a relic of persecution, xxiv. 10. The journey beyond the river, xxv–xxix. 11. Childe Roland discovers the tower at last; his emotions. 12. The moral power of the poem; its lessons to the teacher. 13. The story of Tam o'

[1] Later investigation shows that Sinding was in error as to a Norse inscription on the Cape; but many still maintain the Norse character of the markings on the celebrated rock at Dighton, Mass., and the Norse origin of certain dams, ditches, and walls near Cambridge, which antedate the landing of the Pilgrims. The stone tower at Newport is still claimed by some to be a work of the Norsemen.

Shanter—see p. 52. 14. The meter of the poem *Tam O' Shanter* (iambic tetrameter). 15. Tam's habits. 16. An evening at the tavern. 17. Tam's ride. 18. The scene at the Kirk. 19. The chase by the ghosts. 20. Tam's escape and Maggie's loss.

THIRD WEEK, pp. 150–165.—1. The old Norsemen. 2. Gorm the Old, the master-spirit of paganism; Harold Bluetooth. These *Danish* kings influenced all the Scandinavian lands. 3. Olaf Trygg'veson (erroneously confounded by many with St. Olaf, a later King of Norway). 4. The Norse religion a complete system; Rag'narok. 5. Y'mer, and the creation of the world. 6. Odin: how he is represented. 7. Thor. 8. Lo'ke, and the other divinities. 9. As'gard and Van'aheim. 10. The Norse goddesses; the Norns; the Valkyr'ies. 11. Surt, the Midgard serpent, and the wolf Fenris. 12. The Eddas. 13. Noted Norse writers. 14. *The Saga of King Olaf*, and *Fridthjof's Saga;* sagas of special interest relating to American history. 15. The millennial celebration of Iceland. 16. Herbert's *Song of Vala;* the meter of the poem (trochaic[1] tetrameter); how the poem reminds us of the Christian faith. 17. Lowell's *Thorwald's Lay;* the meter of the poem (iambic pentameter); where was Vinland?[2] (See American history.)

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[1] It is *trochaic*, the poetic foot being a *trochee*—consisting of two syllables, with the accent on the first.

[2] THE VOYAGE OF THE *VIKING*.

The old Norsemen were excellent shipbuilders, as is well established in the old sagas (which give detailed descriptions of many famous ships), and by two magnificent viking ships which have been recently exhumed from burial mounds in Norway. Both of these (and particularly the Gokstad ship) are beautiful in form, and have clearly been excellent sea-going vessels. The thousand-years-old Gokstad ship served as the model of the picturesque *Viking* (ship) which in 1893 was sailed across the Atlantic Ocean by twelve plucky Norwegian sailors, with Captain Magnus Andersen in command, as a compliment from the people of Norway to the Columbian Exposition.

The keel of the *Viking* is 66 feet long, and from outside to outside, between fore and aft, the ship is 78 feet long. Amidships it is 16½ feet broad, and at the same point 4 feet in depth, from top of bulwark to keel. The ship made the

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 165–192.—1. Sinding's poem, *The Norsemen;* the meter (iambic tetrameter). 2. Who were the Vikings? Note that the word *viking* does not mean a *king*, but is derived from *vik*, meaning a creek, or inlet—see Dictionary. 3. *Fridthjof's Saga;* the meter of the poem (anapestic[1] tetrameter). 4. *The Saga of Axel* (ox'el); the meter of the poem (iambic tetrameter). 5. Where is Bender?[2] With whom was Charles at war?—see p. 159. 6. Axel's ride. 7. The attack. 8. Maria and Axel. 9. Axel's ride to Sweden. 10. Maria's resolve; her enlistment. 11. Maria's death. 12. The death of Axel.

FOURTH MONTH.

While as teachers we may be supposed to know something of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* of classic lands, is it not worth while to acquaint ourselves with *our own Iliad* and *Æneid* as well? Grand in its conception, its antiquity, and above all in its moral, is the epic of the German race, the *Nibelungenlied* (ne'b'-lo͝ong-en-leed'), our heritage from heroic ancestors. Let us read with care and reflect upon the ancient story which modern artists love to depict, which Wagner has voiced in a tumultuous ocean of song, and which Morris has told in the strong Saxon phrase of our forefathers. And let us also appropriate to ourselves the sublime drama of *Faust*, which addresses its powerful moral to every nation and to every individual.

FIRST WEEK, pp. 193–201.—1. The story of Siegfried; how he combines in one person Achilles and Ulysses. 2.

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passage from Bergen, Norway, to Cape Race, Newfoundland, in 44 days, leaving the former place April 30, and arriving at the latter June 11. Captain Magnus Andersen and his companions succeeded in demonstrating that a voyage to Vinland, the Good in such a ship was entirely feasible.—RASMUS B. ANDERSON.

[1] An anapest is a foot consisting of two short syllables and one long one, and is accented on the last syllable.

[2] Bender, a fortified town in southern Russia.

Kriem'hild; how she became transformed by her wrongs into a demon; the moral of her life. 3. Brun'hild. 4. Ha'gen. 5. Rü'diger, and his unfortunate position. 6. The Northern version of the story; Sig'urd the Volsung, and his ride through the fire; Bryn'hild and Gudrun' (goo-droon'), and the tragedy of each. 7. How the story is interpreted. 8. The Erl-King. 9. The Pied Piper. 10. The Lo'reley. 11. The loss of the *Nibelungenlied*, and how the poem was recovered. 12. Its antiquity; when it was probably written in permanent form. 13. The story of Dr. Faus'tus. 14. Marlowe's drama on the subject; how it differed from Goethe's *Faust* (foust). 15. Mephistoph'eles, as conceived by the two dramatists. 16. Margaret. 17. The opera by Gounod (goo-no'). The opera by Berlioz (bair-le-oze').

SECOND WEEK, pp. 202–229.—1. The meter of Morris's *Sigurd the Volsung* (hexameter). 2. Sigurd in the Niblung home, pp. 202–203. Note the old forms of speech—*fares*, and *wendeth*, for *goes; weed*, for *dearth; glaives*, for *swords; waxen*, for *become*, etc. 3. Giuki dies, and Gunnar is King, p. 204. 4. The appeal of Grimhild (the King's mother), p. 205. Gunnar's promise, pp. 206–207. 5. Gunnar and his companions set forth, pp. 208–209. Note the ancient usage *do on*, for *don;* also the calling of weapons by name, as *The Wrath*, Sigurd's sword. 6. The mare's son (Gunnar's horse) shrinks back, p. 210. 7. Sigurd offers his own horse (Greyfell), p. 211. 8. Gunnar fails to pass the fire; his vexation, p. 212. 9. Hogni as a peacemaker, pp. 213–216. 10. Sigurd rides through the fire, p. 217. Brynhild awakens, p. 218. 11. Sigurd's deception, p. 219. 12. Sigurd wooes Brynhild for King Gunnar, pp. 220–223; she gives him the fatal ring of Andvari—see p. 155—p. 224. Note the description of Sigurd's sword—"the edges forged of Regin," etc. The Branstock was the homestead tree. 13. Sigurd's return, pp. 225–227. 14. He gives the fatal ring to his wife, p. 288. 15. The moral of the poem—see p. 199.

THIRD WEEK, pp. 229–255.—1. Mephistopheles, the

"Denier," the "Devil of Knowledge," introduces himself to Faust, p. 229. 2. He is made a prisoner by accident,[1] pp. 231–232. 3. How he improves the time of his imprisonment, pp. 233–235. 4. How he escapes, p. 235; his second visit to Faust, p. 236. 5. His offer to Faust, pp. 240–241. 6. Faust agrees, pp. 242–243. 7. The learned Doctor's craving, pp. 244–246. 8. The student's visit to the Doctor; Mephistopheles impersonates Faust, pp. 247–254. 9. Faust's new life career, p. 255. 10. The moral of the drama.

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 256–266.—1. The meter of Goethe's *Erl-King*—Browning's translation (anapestic tetrameter). 2. The poem. 3. The moral—the fate of the child who listened to the Tempter's voice. 4. Browning's *Pied Piper*. 5. The moral of the story. 6. The probable origin of the legend—see p. 198. 7. A proverbial expression probably derived from the story.

FIFTH MONTH.

Within the present century the vast storehouse of Sanskrit literature has been ransacked by English and American scholars, and its treasures have been brought to light. Sanskrit is now taught in many universities and colleges in Europe and in the United States. Its epics are of almost incredible length. One of these is six times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey combined. It contains a beautiful episode—a tale that comes down from hoary antiquity, from the very cradle of the race. Sir Edwin Arnold, the marvelous word painter and learned Orientalist, has placed before us, in a poem of exquisite beauty, the story of *Nala and Damayanti*, the delight of all students of Sanskrit. In his *Light of Asia* the same great English poet has illustrated

[1] Faust's pentagram (or wizard's foot) was a six-pointed star-shaped ornamental passage through the wall. The figure was formed by two equilateral triangles intersecting. The form of the passage was in some way disarranged by the leap of the dog; and until it was again perfected the fiend could not escape.

most happily the meaning of *folk-lore;* for the work is not a translation, nor yet a creation of fancy, but a fabric made up of the drifting fragments of old legend relating to the great Buddha (bo͝od'da). Arnold preserves the passionate tone of the original. His narrative is frequently interrupted with true Hindu outbursts of feeling in parenthetical expressions.

First Week, pp. 267–273.—1. The multitude of Hindu gods. 2. Prince Siddâr'tha and his mission. 3. The unity of the gods; Brah'ma, Vish'nu, and Siva (se'va). 4. The Avatars. 5. In'dra, Yama (yah'ma), and Sheshana'ga. 6. Nar'aka and Svar'ga. 7. Dur'ga, or Saraswa'ti, and her conflict with Mahishasu'ra. 8. Other gods. 9. Bay'aderes. 10. Jug'gernaut and his car. 11. The doctrine of metempsychosis. 12. The Buddhistic extinction of desire. 13. Caste in India. 14. The work of Sir William Jones; the great Sanskrit epics. 15. The Vedas, and their antiquity.

Second Week, pp. 274–289.—1. King Nala (nulla), pp. 274–275. 2. Damayan'ti, p. 276. 3. The swayam'vara (wooing), p. 277. 4. Nala's journey; his commission from the gods, pp. 278–279. 5. Damayanti's choice, p. 282. 6. The stratagem of the rejected gods, and its failure, pp. 284–286. 7. The happy life of love and innocence, pp. 287–288. 8. Kali's scheme of vengeance, p. 289.

Third Week, pp. 289–300.—1. Nala's temptation and fall, pp. 290–293. 2. Damayanti's faithfulness, pp. 295–296. 3. The wanderers, p. 296. 4. Nala's farewell, p. 297. 5. The abandoned queen, p. 299. 6. Her peril, p. 300.

Fourth Week, pp. 301–318.—1. Prince Siddâr'tha at home. 2. The message of the Devas—see p. 369. 3. Chit'ra, the maid. 4. The Prince's first view of the outer world; its lessons. 5. King Suddhô'dana's dreams; how they were interpreted. 6. Schemes to amuse the Prince. 7. The Prince's second view of the outer world. 8. His departure—see p. 273.

SIXTH MONTH.

From the year 625 B. C. to our own time is a vast stretch of time. In that year the great library of Nineveh fell in the ruin of war. Had it been made up of parchments or of papyrus rolls it must have crumbled to dust. Stranger than fiction is the fact that its lettered tablets of clay, though broken and thrown down, have lasted in the ruins to our own day, and have been gathered and pieced together. More wonderful still to relate, they have been actually deciphered, though the language in which they were written has been dead for many, many centuries. The accounts of noted Assyrians which were derived from the Greek authors, and which were studied as history even a few years ago, are now shown to be picturesque *folk-lore*—traditions jumbled together by writers of another race. We can compare them with the original official records of ancient Nineveh, and note how the folk-lore differs from the true history. The ancient folk-lore of the Deluge, woven into a poem of prehistoric days, may be compared with the inspired account contained in Scripture. But before entering upon the study of Assyrian folk-lore, there remain three remarkable poems relating to India.

FIRST WEEK, pp. 318–325.—1. *The God and the Bay'adere*—see p. 269. 2. The sinful Bayadere and her guest. 3. Her desire to share his grave. Note that the wives of Hindus have been, by custom, burned upon the funeral pyres of their husbands. (See *suttee* in the Dictionary.) 4. The lesson of the legend. 5. Juggernaut—see p. 269. 6. Southey's *Jaga-naut*, from his *Curse of Kehama*—see p. 272; the varied and peculiar metrical structure of the poem. 7. The choice of the Yog'uees (priests) of the god. 8. Description of the Juggernaut car. 9. The maid (Kail'yal) and her lover (Eree'nia). 10. Emerson's mysterious poem of *Brahma*.

SECOND WEEK, pp. 326–330.—1. The relation of Syrian and Assyrian folk-lore to Old Testament history. 2. Mo'loch

and Ba'al. 3. Asta'rte. 4. Tham'muz, Che'mosh, and Rim'mon. 5. Il, Sham'as, Ner'gal, Nin, and Bel; how they were represented by the Assyrians. 6. The ancient legend of the Deluge; Tam'zi and Iz'dubar. 7. When was the Babylonian poem on the Deluge placed in the library at Nineveh? How long did it remain there before the overthrow? 8. Sennach'erib, and the mysterious destruction of his army. 9. Ni'nus and Semir'amis (characters in the "histories" written by the Greeks); their relation to real historical characters. 10. Sardanapa'lus, and his overthrow. 11. The Assyrian (Babylonian) account of the Deluge. 12. Literary works relating to Assyrian folk-lore.

THIRD WEEK, pp. 331–340.—1. The source of Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*—see p. 330. 2. The meter of the poem. 3. An Assyrian night. 4. The influence of the sun-god on the Greek Myr'rha. 5. The palace besieged. 6. The bravery of Salame'nes; his death. 7. The river wall is thrown down—see p. 329.

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 340–352.—1. The last acts of Sardanapalus. 2. The brave Herald. 3. The last scene at the palace; heroic death of Sardanapalus and Myrrha. 4. *The Destruction of Sennacherib*—see p. 329. 5. The meter of Bayard Taylor's *Assyrian Night Song* (trochaic tetrameter). 6. The splendor of night in Assyria. 7. The love of Bel (the sun) and Ish'tar (the moon). 8. The Hanging Gardens (artificially elevated gardens, the pride of ancient Babylon).

SEVENTH MONTH.

The folk-lore of the ancient Egyptians and of the Persians completes the volume. It has suggested much that is beautiful in literature and art, and it is a vast store of legendary treasure to be drawn upon by the writers of the future. The Mardi-gras celebration of 1894 in New Orleans was a pageant of wonderful pictures taken from the *Sháh-náma* (Shah-nah'ma)—see p. 374. Several of these illus-

trated the similarity between the great Persian epic and the *Nibelungenlied.*

Much of the poetry of Persia has both a lighter and a deeper meaning. Gay and trifling songs of love and wine, when studied in their emblematic character, may appear to us as majestic hymns on the love of the Deity and communion with Him. In the opinion of many it is this deeper meaning that gives the chief value to the poems of Hafiz and Omar Khayyám, and to the *Divan* of Goethe.

First Week, pp. 353–365.—1. The strangely debased religion of the Egyptians; an explanation of this. 2. Osi'ris and I'sis. 3. Ho'rus, Ra, Pasht, and Phtah. 4. Thoth, Ty'phon, Sera'pis, and Mem'non. 5. The Rosetta stone, and the wonderful results of its study. 6. Books of the ancient Egyptians; *The Book of the Dead.* 7. The Alexandrian library, and its fate. 8. Herodotus and Manetho. 9. The romantic history of Cleopatra. 10. A splendid opera of Egypt. 11. Horace Smith's *Address to the Mummy.* Look up all the historical and mythical characters mentioned in this poem. 12. An ancient *Hymn to the Nile.* 13. Spenser's *Isis and Osiris.* (The Spenserian stanza, recurring here, should now be familiar to the reader.) 14. Bayard Taylor's poem *To the Nile.*

Second Week, pp. 366–376.—1. The ancient religion of Persia. 2. Zoroas'ter and the *Avesta.* 3. The Magi. 4. The Mohammedan conquest of Persia; the Parsees of to-day. 5. Or'mazd and Ah'riman. 6. Mith'ras. 7. The Ahu'ras and the Ame'sha-spen'tas. 8. Ge'nis, Pe'ris, and Devas. 9. Sil'tim. 10. Az'rael, and Is'rafil. 11. Eb'lis, Mon'kir, Na'kir, and U'riel. 12. Al Borak' and Hy'azum. 13. Al Sirat' (asserat'). 14. Al Rakim' (arrakeem'). 15. Shaddad'; Zulei'ka; the builder of Chilminar'. 16. Jam'shyd, Mokan'na, and Kaikobad'. Read about Caba'des in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?* 17. Rus'tum, and his heroic feat; Tah'mineh; Zal. 18. Ha'tim Tai; Sáki (sah'kee). This word is sometimes used to de-

note the Deity. 19. The *Avesta* and its teachings. 20. Bahram′ Gur; the divine Firdau′si (feerdow′see), and his wonderful poem; Khayyám (Khi-yahm′), the marvelous scientist and trifler. 21. English poems relating to Persian folklore; Goethe's *Divan*.

THIRD WEEK, pp. 376–391.—1. The meter of *Paradise and the Peri;* the repentant Peri's vision of Heaven. 2. Hope for the Peri; her task. 3. The Peri's first gift; the result. 4. Her second gift; the result. 5. Her third gift; the result. 6. For what is the poem remarkable—see p. 376?

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 391–400.—1. The story of Rus′tum, Sohrab (so′rahb), Tahmineh, Zal, and Rodah′ver—see pp. 372, 374. 2. Matthew Arnold's poem, *Sohrab and Rustum;* from what is it taken? What is its meter? 3. The first meeting of father and son. 4. Sohrab's question. 5. Rustum's dissembling, and his reason for it. 6. The combat; Sohrab's success. 7. He spares Rustum. 8. The second combat; Sohrab's fall.

EIGHTH MONTH.

FIRST WEEK, pp. 400–408.—1. Rustum's agony. 2. Sohrab reveals himself. 3. Ruksh, the noble steed. 4. The last conversation of father and son.

SECOND WEEK, pp. 408–417.—1. The double meaning of the poems of Khayyám and Hafiz—see pp. 374, 375; the symbolism of love, wine, etc. 2. The meter of the *Rubáiyát* (ru-bi-yaht′); the peculiar arrangement of its rhymed and blank verses. 3. Within and without, i–iii. 4. Omar's insensibility to the waste of time, v–xii. 5. The transient nature of life, xvi–xxiii. 6. Omar as a student, xxvii–xxxiv. 7. Omar's talking pots, xxxv–xxxviii. 8. Death and eternity, xlii–xlviii. 9. Omar's levity (or is the wine-bearing Angel a symbol of spiritual life?), lviii–lix. 10. Heaven and Hell conditions of the soul, lxvi–lxviii. 11. The Recording Angel, lxxi. 12. Omar's speaking pots, again, lxxxii–xc. 13. Omar's

Penitence, xcviii. 14. Omar predicts his own death, c–ci. 15. An *Ode from Hafiz.*

THIRD WEEK, pp. 418–430.—1. Goethe's *Divan*—see p. 376. 2. *Hik'met-na'ma;* twenty proverbs of the East. 3. *Sulei'ka-nama;* the Scripture narrative of Joseph. 4. Ha'tem. 5. The poetic love of the sun and the moon—see p. 351. 6. A hint of Astrology. 7. Love a consuming passion. 8. The elaborate written messages of the Orient. 9. The poet's song a gift of Nature. 10. The beneficent east wind. 11. Poetic love of the sun. 12. A message sent by the evening breeze. 13. A beautiful song of creation. 14. The power of a poetic message. 15. Love baffles all disguise. 16. The higher (religious) meaning of love poems of this class; God's love manifested in Nature and in Revelation.

FOURTH WEEK, pp. 430–439.—1. *Saki-nama;* wine a symbol of spirituality; the spirit more than the letter. 2. *Mathal-nama;* six beautiful parables. 3. *Chuld-nama;* Mahomet's powerful appeal at Bed'r. 4. The beasts believed by Mohammedans to be in Paradise. 5. The marvelous story of the Seven Sleepers. 6. Hunt's *Abou' Ben Adh'em;* the moral of this oft-quoted poem.

INDEX.

Aberffraw, 53.
Abessa, 49.
Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel, 439.
Abraham, 421.
Abuherrira, same as Mohammed, 435.
Abû'l Kâsim Mansûr, 374.
Abû'l Kâsim Mansûr's Song of Rustum, 374.
Achilles, 194, 197.
Acrasia, 49.
Adam, 370.
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition, 357–359.
Aditi, 269.
Adonis, 327.
Æneas, 39.
Æneid, Vergil's, 39.
Æschere, 47.
Æsop, 14.
Age of Chivalry, The, 51, 52.
Agnastra, 269.
Agni, 268.
Agravain, 42.
Ahriman, same as Arimanius, Angrô-mainyus, 367.
Ahura-mazda, same as Ormazd, Oromazes, 367, 368.
Ahuras, 368.
Aïda, opera of, 357.
Ako-mâno, 368.
Alberich, 194.
Albion, 39.
Al Borak, 371.
All for Love, 357.
Alloway's auld haunted kirk, 52.
Alpin, 45.
Al Rakim, 371, 435.
Al Sirât, 371.
Altada, 331.
Ameretât, 368.
American Folk-lore, 15–38.
Amesha-spentas, 368.
Amîr Khusraw, 374.
Ammonites, The, 327.
Amoret, 49.
Amun, same as Nephyx, 355.
Amun-ra, 354.
Anacreon of Persia, 375.
Ancient Monarchies, 330.
Andersen, Hans Christian, 157.
Anderson, Prof. R. B., 8, 157, 197, 199.
Andvare, 155.
Angerboda, 154.
Angle-land, same as England, 46.
Angles, The, 46.
Angrô-mainyus, same as Ahriman, Arimanius, 367.
Antony and Cleopatra, 357.
Anwari, same as Enweri, 418.
Apis, 354.
Apocrypha, 370.
Arabian Nights, The, 156.
Arbaces, 331.
Archimago, 49.
Arimanius, same as Ahriman, Angrô-mainyus, 367.
Arimathea, Joseph of, 41.
Arnold, Matthew, 10, 376, 391.
Arnold's (Matthew) Sohrab and Rustum, 376, 391–408.
Arnold, Sir Edwin, 10.
Arnold, Sir Edwin, Extracts from, 273, 274–300, 301–318, 369.
Arnold's (Sir Edwin) Light of Asia, 273, 301–318.
Arnold's (Sir Edwin) Nala and Damayanti, 274–300.
Arthur, King, 40, 43, 44, 49, 50, 51.
Arun, 269.
Asas, The, 154.
Asgard, 154.
Asha-vahista, 368.
Ashland, 12.
Ashtaroth, same as Astarte, Astoreth, Ishtar, 326, 328.
Asiatic Society, 271.
Ask, 151.
Asshur, same as Il, 328.
Assurbanipal, 329, 330.
Assyrian Folk-lore, 326–352.
Assyrian Night-Song, 351–352.
Astarte, same as Ashtaroth, Astoreth, Ishtar, 326, 328.
Astolat, The Maid of, 44.
Astoreth, same as Astarte, Ashtaroth, Ishtar, 326, 328.
Atli, 197.
Attila, 197.
Auber's God and the Bayadere, 269.
Audley, John, 12.
Avatars, 268, 269, 273.
Avesta, The, 366, 373.
Axel, 159.
Axel, The Saga of, 170–192.
Azrael, 370.
Aztec Folk-lore, 19.
Aztecs, 19, 21.
Baal, 326.
Baalbec, 371.
Bactrian Seer, 366.

Bahrám Gúr, 372, 374.
Baker's Translation of Tegnér's Fridthjof's Saga, 167–170.
Balaam's Ass, 421.
Balder, 153.
Balea, 331.
Balmung, 194, 196.
Barnburners, 12.
Bayaderes, 269.
Bedar, same as Bedr, 371, 433.
Bedivere, Sir, 44.
Bedr, same as Bedar, 371, 433.
Beecher, Henry Ward, 13.
Bel, 328.
Beleses, 331.
Beltis, 328.
Beowulf, 47.
Berlioz, Hector, 200, 201.
Bible, Extracts from, 327, 328, 329.
Bicknell's Translation of Ode from Hafiz, 417.
Björnson, Björnstjerne, 157.
Bluebeard, 11.
Bluetooth, Harold, 150.
Boadicea, same as Bonduca, Bunduca, 40, 50, 90–91.
Bodmere, Professor, 198.
Bonduca, same as Boadicea, Bunduca, 40.
Book of Parables, 431.
Book of Paradise, 433.
Book of Phtah-hotep, 356.
Book of Proverbs, 418.
Book of Suleika, 421.
Book of the Dead, The, 356.
Book of the Kings, The, 374.
Borandan, Saint, same as Brandan, 46.
Bowring's translation of Goethe's Poems, 256–257, 318–321, 418–439.
Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth, 157.
Boyesen, Extract from, 271.
Brage, Bragi, 153.
Bragg, Captain, 13.
Brahma, 267, 268, 269, 270, 324–325.
Brahmans, The, 267, 270.
Brandan, Saint, same as Borandan, 46.
Brangwain, 43.
Bribier, 200.
Bridal of Pennacook, 20.
British Folk-lore, 39–149.
Britomartis, Britomart, 49.
Browning, Robert, 10, 51, 201.
Browning's Childe Roland, 118–125.
Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, 201, 257–265.
Brunhild, 194, 195, 199.
Brutus, Brute, 39, 40.
Bryant, William Cullen, 19.
Bryant's Indian Story, 21–23.
Brynhild, 156, 196, 197.
Buddha, 267, 268, 270, 272, 273.
Bulbul, 432.
Bulfinch, Thomas, 51.
Bulfinch's Age of Chivalry, 52.
Bunduca, same as Boadicea, Bonduca, 40.
Burns, Robert, 52.
Burns's Tam o' Shanter, 52, 142–149.
Byron, Lord, 330.
Byron, Extracts from, 326, 331.
Byron's Destruction of Sennacherib, 350.
Byron's Sardanapalus, 331–349.
Cabades, 372.
Caerleon, 41.
Cæsar, Julius, 356.
Calderon, 46, 420.
Calidore, Sir, 43.
Camelot, 41.
Campbell, Thomas, 20, 40.
Campbell, Extract from, 16.
Canaanites, The, 326.
Cane, 200.
Cardiff, 41.
Carlyle, Thomas, 199, 200.
Carolsfeld, Schnorr von, 199.
Carpetbaggers, 12.
Cartwright, Peter, 13.
Carver's Cave, 20.
Cassibellaunus, 40.
Catskills, The, 21.
Centeotl, 19.
Cerdic, 40.
Chaldean Account of Genesis, 330.
Champollion, Jean François, 356.
Chandra, 269.
Charissa, 49.
Charles XII, 159.
Chaucer, Extract from, 43.
Chemosh, 327.
Chiabo, 17.
Chibiabos, 17.
Childe Roland, 9, 51.
Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came, 118–125.
Chilminar, 371.
Cholula, 19.
Chronicles, Holinshed's, 51, 52.
Chuld-Nama, 433.
Cinderella, 11.
Clemens, Samuel L., same as Mark Twain, 52.
Cleopatra, 356, 357.
Cleopatra, Antony and, 357.
Code of Manu, The, 272.
Coel, Cole, 40.
Comanche Boy, 25.
Comus, Milton's, 21.
Constantine, 40.
Convivial Book, The, 430.
Cook's translation of Enna's Hymn to the Nile, 360–362.
Copperheads, 12.
Cordelia, 51.
Corinëus, 39.
Cornwall, King of, 40.
Cornwall, Queen of, 43.
Cortes, 21.
Cowper, William, 50.
Cowper's Boadicea, 50, 90–91.
Culprit Fay, The, 20, 26–38.
Curse of Kehama, 272.
Curtius, 8.
Cymbeline, 40, 51.
Dacotahs, same as Sioux, 18.
Dagon, 326.
Dahana, 269.
Damayanti, 272, 300.
Dankrat, King, 194.
Dante's Divina Commedia, 46.
Darden's Comanche Boy, 25.
Davydd, David, 53.

Death Lament of the Nadowessie Chieftain, 24–25.
Death of Siegfried, The, 199.
Decameron, The, 156.
Delhi, 272.
De Map, Walter, 51.
Destruction of Sennacherib, 350.
Devas, same as Divas, 369.
Dhammapada, 272.
Diodorus Siculus, 330.
Disraeli, Isaac, Extract from, 48.
Divas, same as Devas, 369.
Divina Commedia, 46.
Dragon, 47, 48, 50, 193.
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 20.
Drake's Culprit Fay, 20, 26–38.
Draupner, 151.
Druids, 39.
Dryden's All for Love, 357.
Du Chaillu, Extract from, 156.
Duessa, 49.
Durga, 269.
Easter, 46.
Eblis, 370.
Eddas, The, 156.
Egypt, 10.
Egyptian Folk-lore, 353–365.
Einar Tamberskelver, 157.
Elaine, 44.
Elizabeth, 11, 48.
Elves, 154.
Embla, 151.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 10.
Emerson, Extracts from, 324–325, 371.
Emerson's Brahma, 324–325.
Engha, 268.
England, same as Angle-land, 46.
Enid, 44.
Enna's Hymn to the Nile, 360–362.
Enweri, same as Anwari, 418.
Eostre, 46.
Ephesus, 435.
Erik the Red, 159.
Erl-King, The, 197, 256–257.
Etzel, King, 194, 195, 196.
Euhemerists, 7.
Euhemerus, 7.
Excalibur, 44.
Faerie Queene, The, 43, 48, 50, 54–90.
Fafnir, 196.
Fair God, The, 21.
Fairyland, 154.
Faust, Dr., same as Faustus, 9, 199, 200, 201, 229–255.
Faust, Damnation of, 201.
Faust, Goethe's, 200, 229–255.
Faust, Opera of, 200.
Favored Beasts, The, 435.
Fenris, 153, 155.
Ferrásh, 370.
Fidelia, 49.
Fidessa, 49.
Field, Cyrus W., 160.
Fingal, 44.
Firdausi, 374.
Firdausi's Sháh-náma, 391–408.
Fire-worshipers, The, 366, 368, 376.
Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyám's Rubáiyát, 370, 372, 373, 375, 408–417.
Fleet, Thomas, 11.
Folk-lore:
American, 15–38.
Assyrian, 326–352.
British, 39–149.
Egyptian, 353–365.
German, 193–266.
Hindu, 267–325.
Norse, 150–192.
Persian, 366–439.
Syrian, 326–352.
Forestier, Auber, 199.
Forsete, 153.
Franklin Benjamin, 14.
Freke, 151.
Frey, 154, 156.
Freyja, 154.
Fridthjof, 158.
Fridthjof's Saga, 157, 158, 159, 167–170.
Frigga, 151, 153, 154.
Gabriel, 371.
Gaharet, 42.
Galahad, Sir, 42, 51.
Ganesa, 268.
Gareth, 42.
Gathas, 373.
Gautama, same as Siddârtha, 10, 267, 273, 369.
Gawain, Gawayne, Sir, 42, 51.
Geats, The, 47.
Geneura, same as Guinevere, 9, 44.
Genii, 368, 371.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 39.
Geraint, Sir, 44.
Gere, 151.
German Folk-lore, 193–266.
Gernot, 194.
Gertrude of Wyoming, 20.
Giant, Little, 12.
Gilderoy, 12.
Ginungagap, 151.
Giselher, 194.
Gîtagovinda, The, 272.
Gitche Manito, Gitche Manitou, 16.
Giuki, 196.
Gjallarhorn, 153.
Gloriana, 48.
Glover, Richard, Extracts from, 367, 368.
God and the Bayadere, The, 269, 318–321.
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 10, 198, 200, 269, 376.
Goethe's Erl-King, 200. 256–257.
Goethe's Faust, 200, 229–255.
Goethe's God and the Bayadere, 269, 318–321.
Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, 376, 418–439.
Gorm, King, 150.
Gounod, C. F., 200, 201.
Govinda, 272.
Gram, 196.
Grammaticus, Saxo, 7.
Grane, same as Grani, Greyfell, 196.
Greeley, Horace, 13.
Green, J. R., 50.
Green's Short History of the English People, 50.
Grendel, 47.
Greyfell, same as Grane, Grani, 196.
Grid, 153.

Grimm Brothers, 199.
Gudrun, 196, 197.
Guebres, same as Parsees, 367.
Guildford, 41.
Guinevere, same as Geneura, 9, 44, 101–118.
Gungner, 151.
Gunnar, 196, 197.
Gunther, 194, 195.
Guyon, Sir, 49.
Hafiz, 375.
Hafiz, An Ode from, 417.
Hagen, 194, 195, 198.
Hakim ben Allah, 372.
Hale, Edward Everett, 52.
Hale's Story of Mexico, 21.
Hameln, same as Hamelin, 9, 198, 201.
Hamlet, 12.
Hamo's Port, 41.
Harvest Home, 39.
Hatem, 422, 423.
Hâtim Tai, 372.
Haurvatât, 368.
Hayes, Dr. I. I., 160.
Hector, 11.
Heimdal, Heimdallar, 153, 155, 156.
Heimskringla, 156, 157.
Heine, Heinrich, 201, 376.
Heine's Loreley, 201, 265–266.
Hela, 153, 154.
Helena, Empress 40, same as Saint Helena.
Helga, The, 156.
Helheim, 154.
Henry VIII, 11.
Herbert, William, 156.
Herbert's Song of Vala, 160–163.
Hercules, 11.
Herjulfson, Bjarne, 159.
Herodotus, 357.
Hiawatha, 16, 17, 18.
Hiawatha, Song of, 20.
Hikmet-Nama, 418.
Hindfell, 196.
Hindu Folk-lore, 267–325.
Hiordis, 196.
Hlidskjalf, 151, 154.
Hoard of Golden Treasure, The, 154, 196.
Hobson, 12.
Hoder, 153.
Hogni, 197.
Holcomb, Extract from, 154.
Holinshed, Chronicles of, 51, 52.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 273.
Holy Grail, same as Holy Graal, Sangreal, San Graal, 41, 51.
Horatius, 8.
Horner, Jack, 11.
Horus, same as Orus, 354.
Howitt, William and Mary, 8.
Hreidmar, 155, 196.
Hrothgar, 47.
Hugin, 151.
Huitzilopochtli, 19.
Hunkers, 12.
Huns, The, 194, 195, 197.
Hunt, Leigh, 376.
Hunt's Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel, 439.
Hyazum, 371.
Hymn to the Nile, 360–362.
Hywell, 53.
Iagoo, 17, 18.
Ibsen, Henrik, 157, 160.
Ibsen, Extract from, 160.
Ibsen's Burned Ships, 160.
Idylls of the King, 43, 51, 101–118.
Ignaro, 49.
Il, same as Asshur, 328.
Imir, same as Ymer, 151.
Indian Story, An, 21–23.
Indra, 268, 368.
Ingeborg, 158.
Ipaluemoan, 19.
Iran, 366, 371.
Irminsul, 39.
Irving, Washington, 21.
Isenland, same as Yssel, 195.
Iseult, same as Isoude, Isolde, 9, 43, 52.
Ishtar, same as Astarte, Ashtaroth, Astoreth, 326, 328.
Isis, 354.
Isis and Osiris, 362–364.
Isis, Temple of, 357.
Isolde, same as Iseult, Isoude, 9, 43, 52.
Isoude of the White Hands, 43.
Israfil, 370.
Izdubar, 328.
Jack and the Beanstalk, 201.
Jack the Giant-Killer, 39.
Jacob, 421.
Jagannath, same as Juggernaut, Jaganaut, Jaga-Naut, 269.
Jaga-Naut, 321–324.
Jamblika, 438.
Jamshyd, Emperor, 14, 371.
Ján Ibn Ján, 371.
Jayadeva's Gîtagovinda, 272.
Jerusalem, 371.
Jesus, 437.
Jones, Sir William, 271.
Jord, 151.
Jordan, William, 199.
Joseph, same as Jussuf, 421.
Judas, 41.
Juggernaut, same as Jagannath, Jaganaut, Jaga-Naut, 269.
Jussuf, same as Joseph, 421.
Justinian, 372.
Kaikhosrú, 409.
Kaikobád, 372, 409.
Kâlidasâ, 272.
Kamadeva, 269.
Karlsefne, Thorfinn, 159.
Karttikeya, 268.
Kasyapa, 269.
Kermess, The, 201.
Khayyám, Omar, 375.
Khayyám, Omar, Extracts from, 370, 372, 373, 375, 408–417.
Khayyám's Rubáiyát, 408–417.
Khorassan, 372.
Knight, The Courteous, 42.
Knight, The Red Cross, 49.
Knight, The Sage, 42.
Knights of the Round Table, 40.
Korán, The, 436.
Kriemhild, 194, 195, 196.
Krishna, 268, 272.
Kubera, 269.

Kwasind, 17.
Lake, Lady of, same as Vivien, 44.
Lakshmi, 269.
Lalla Rookh, 375, 376–391.
Lancelot du Lac, Sir, 44, 50.
Lassburg, 198.
Launfal, Sir, 41.
Layard, Austen Henry, 330.
Layard's Nineveh and its Remains, 330.
Lear, Leir, King, 40, 51.
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, 21.
Leif the Fortunate, 159.
Lei, Ley, 198.
Leir, same as Lear, 40, 51.
Lent, Mohammedan, 415.
Light of Asia, The, 273, 301–318, 369.
Lincoln, Abraham, 13.
Lindenwald, 12.
Little Red Riding-Hood, 11.
Log, King, 12.
Loke, Loki, 153, 155, 156.
Longfellow, Henry W., 10, 16, 20, 156, 157.
Longfellow, Extracts from, 16, 17, 18, 20, 152, 156, 157, 158.
Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn, 157.
Lore, 198.
Loreley, The, 198, 201, 265–266.
Lorne, Marquis of, 40.
Lough Derg, 45.
Lowell, James Russell, 10, 160.
Lowell, Extracts from, 42, 163.
Lowell's Thorwald's Lay, 160, 163–165.
Lucifer, 370.
Lud, 40.
Ludgate, 40.
Luther, Martin, 199.
Lyonesse, 41.
Mab, Queen, 50.
Mabinogeon, The, 51, 52.
Macbeth, 52.
Mackintosh, Sir James, 45.
Mackintosh's History of England, 45.
Macpherson, James, 44.
Macpherson, Extract from, 45.
Madoc, 133–142.
Madoc, Prince, 52.
Maeldune, 46.
Maeldune, Voyage of, 46.
Magi, The, 367.
Mahâbhârata, The, 272, 274–300.
Mahishasura, 269.
Mahomet, same as Mohammed, 370, 371, 433, 435.
Manabozo, 17.
Manetho, 357.
Maquon, 19.
Maquon, Legend of, 21–23.
Marac, 272.
Margaret, 200.
Maria, 159.
Maritalë, 269.
Mark, King, 43.
Marlowe, Christopher, 199, 200.
Masson, David, Extract from, 40.
Mathal-Nama, 431.
May Day, 39.
McCulloch, Extract from, 52.
Mecca, 371.
Media, 367.
Meg, 52.
Memnon, 355.
Mentor, 11.
Mephistopheles, 200.
Mercy, 49.
Merlin, 44, 50.
Metztli, 19.
Mexican Folk-lore, 19, 20.
Mexico, Conquest of, 21.
Mexico. The Story of, 21.
Michabou, 17.
Michelet, 194.
Midgard, 151, 153.
Midgard Serpent, 155.
Midsummer Eve, 39.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, 49.
Milton, 370.
Milton, Extracts from, 326, 327, 353.
Minnehaha, 18.
Mitche Manito, 16.
Mithras, 368.
Mjölner, 152.
Moabites, The, 327.
Modred, 40.
Mogg Megone, 20.
Mohammed, same as Mahomet, Abuherrira, 370, 371, 433, 435.
Mohammedan Lent, 415.
Mohammedans, 267.
Mokanna, 372, 375.
Moloch, 326, 327.
Monk, Hank, 13.
Monkir, 370.
Monmouth, Geoffrey of, 39, 50.
Montezuma, 21.
Monticello, Sages of, 12.
Montpelier, 12.
Moore, Thomas, 10.
Moore, Extracts from, 369, 370, 372, 376–391.
Moore's Fire-worshipers, 376.
Moore's Lalla Rookh, 375.
Moore's Paradise and the Peri, 375, 376–391.
Moore's Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, 375.
Morar, 45.
Morris, David, Extract from, 40.
Morris, William, 10. 199, 202.
Morris's Sigurd the Volsung, 199, 202–229.
Moses, 356.
Mother Goose's Melodies, 10.
Mother Hubbard, 11.
Mother Hubberd's Tale, 11.
Mucius, 8.
Mudje Keewis, 18.
Müller, Max, 8, 193, 197, 199.
Müller, Extract from, 272.
Munchausen, 11.
Munin, 151.
Muspelheim, 151.
Myrrha, 331.
Nadowessiers Totenslied, 20.
Naishápúr, 372.
Nakir, 370.
Nala and Damayanti, 274–300.
Nala, King, 272.
Namas, Goethe's, 376.
Naraka, 268.
Narayana, 268.
Nature and Value of Folk-lore, 7.

Nebo, 328.
Nephyx, same as Amun, 355.
Nergal, 328.
Nibelung, King, 193.
Nibelung, Prince, 193.
Nibelungen, The Ring of, 199.
Nibelungenland, 195, 197.
Nibelungenlied, The, 9, 156, 198, 199, 374.
Nibelungs, The, 194, 196, 199.
Niebuhr, 9.
Niflheim, 151, 197.
Nin, 328.
Nineveh, 329.
Nineveh and its Remains, 330.
Ninus, 329.
Nirvâna, 270, 271, 272.
Nirvâna the Blest, 270.
Nizir, 330.
Njord, 154.
Nokomis, 18.
Norma, Bellini's, 39.
Norns, The, 154.
Norse Folk-lore, 150–192.
Norsemen, The, 160, 165–166.
Notes of Literature:
American, 20–21.
Assyrian, 329–330.
British, 50–53.
Egyptian, 355–357.
German, 198–201.
Hindu, 271–273.
Norse, 156–160.
Persian, 373–376.
Syrian, 329–330.
Oberon, 50.
Ode from Hafiz, 417.
Odin, 151, 152, 153, 155, 156.
Odyssey, Iliad and, 272.
Olaf Tryggvesson, 150.
Old Bullion, 12.
Old Dog Tray, 12.
Old Hickory, 12.
Omar, Caliph, 367.
Omar Khayyám, 374, 375.
Omar Khayyám, Extracts from, 370, 372, 373, 375, 408–417.
Omar Khayyám's Rubáiyát, 408–417.
Orgoglio, 49.
Orissa, 270.
Ormazd, same as Oromazes, Ahuramazda, 367, 368.
Orus, same as Horus, 354.
Osiris, 354, 356.
Osiris, Isis and, 362–364.
Ossian, 44.
Ovid, 353.
Owain Gwynedd, 53.
Owain, Sir, 46.
Oweenee, 18.
Palladium, The, 11.
Pania, 331.
Pantheon, 273.
Pantheon, Aztec, 19.
Parables, Book of, 431.
Paradise and the Peri, 375, 376–391.
Paradise, Book of, 433.
Paran, 269.
Parsees, same as Guebres, 367.
Parton, James, 40.
Parvati, 269.
Pasht, 354.
Patience, 49.
Patrick, Saint, 45.
Pentaour, 356.
Percy, Thomas, 51.
Percy's Reliques, 51, 74.
Peris, 368, 369, 375.
Persepolis, 371.
Persian Folk-lore, 366–439.
Peru, Conquest of, 21.
Peruvians, 20, 21.
Peter the Great, 159.
Pharaoh, same as Rameses II, 356.
Pharaohs, 357.
Philistines, 326.
Phœnicians, 326.
Phtah, 355.
Pied Piper of Hamelin or Hameln, 198, 201, 257–265.
Pocahontas, 9.
Ponemah, Kingdom of, 18.
Pope, Extract from, 15.
Potiphar, 371, 421.
Prescott, William H., 21.
Prescott, Extract from, 16.
Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, 21.
Prescott's Conquest of Peru, 21.
Privileged Men, The, 433.
Procrustes, 11.
Prophet, The, 370, 433.
Proteus, 11.
Proverbs, Book of, 418.
Ptolemies, The, 357.
Puck, 50.
Puránas, The, 272.
Purgatory, Saint Patrick's, 45.
Quetzalcoatl, 19.
Ra, 354.
Ragnarok, 9, 151, 155, 156.
Rail-splitter, 12.
Râma, 268, 269, 272.
Râmâyana, The, 272.
Rameses II, same as Pharaoh, 356.
Ramphis, 357.
Rask, Rasmus Christian, 7.
Rawlinson, 357.
Rawlinson, Extract, from 373.
Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies, 330.
Rawlinson's Religions of the Ancient World, 330.
Regent of the Sun, The, 370.
Regin, 196.
Regno, 45.
Religions of the Ancient World, 330.
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 51.
Reunion, The, 427.
Rhinegold, The, 199.
Rig-Veda, 271.
Rimmon, 327.
Rind, 151.
Ring of the Nibelungen, The, 199.
Rip Van Winkle, 21.
Riryd, 53.
Robin Goodfellow, 50.
Rodahver, 374.
Rodmar, 196.
Romeo and Juliet, 49.
Rosetta-stone, The, 356.
Rubáiyát, The, 370, 372, 373, 374, 375, 408–417.

Rüdiger, The Margrave, 196.
Rustum, 372, 374.
Rustum, Song of, 374.
Sacred Dish, Poem of the, 51.
Saga of Axel, 170–192.
Saga of King Olaf, 156, 157, 158, 159.
Sagas, The, 156.
Saint Helena, same as Empress Helena, 40.
Saint Tammany, same as Tammenund, 19.
Saki-Nama, 430.
Sâki, 372.
Sakoontalâ, The, 272.
Salemenes, 331.
Samengan, 372.
San, same as Shamas, 238.
Sangreal, same as San Graal, Holy Graal, Holy Grail, 41, 51.
Sans Joy, 49.
Sans Loy, 49.
Santen, 193.
Saraswati, 269.
Sardanapalus, 329, 331–349.
Sassanian Line, 372.
Satan, 367.
Sater, 46.
Saturn, 46.
Saxe, John G., 376.
Saxe, Extract from, 327.
Scandinavian Races, 160.
Scandinavians, 150.
Schilbung, 193.
Schiller, 10, 20.
Schiller's Death Lament of the Nadowessie Chieftain, 24, 25.
Schlegel, 199.
Scudamore, Sir, 49.
Searchers of the Grave, The, 370.
Semiramis, 329.
Sennacherib, 329, 330.
Sepid Diva, 372.
Serapis, 355.
Serapeon, 355.
Serosh, same as Sraosha, 368.
Seva, same as Siva, 267, 268, 269.
Seven Castles, The, 374.
Seven Deadly Sins, The, 49.
Seven Sleepers, The, 435, 436–437.
Sfero, 331.
Shaddâd, King, 371, 408.
Shâh-náma, 374, 376, 391–408.
Shahravar, 368.
Shakespeare, William, 49, 51.
Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, 357.
Shalott, 41.
Shamas, same as San, 328.
Sherman's Saga of Axel, 170–192.
Sheshanaga, 269.
Shiraz, 372, 374.
Short History of the English People, 50.
Siddârtha, same as Gautama, 10, 267. 273, 369.
Siegelind, Queen, 193.
Siegfried, 193, 195, 197.
Siegfried, The Death of, 199.
Sigmund, 193, 196.
Sigurd, 156, 196, 197.
Sigurd the Volsung, 199, 202–229.
Silcher's translation of Heine's Loreley, 265.
Siltim, 369.
Silver Grays, 12.
Simrock, 199.
Sin, 328.
Sinding, Paul Christian, 157, 160.
Sinding's Norsemen, 160, 165–166.
Sinding's Scandinavian Races, 160.
Sioux, same as Dacotahs, 18.
Sita, 269.
Siva, same as Seva, 267, 268, 269.
Skuld, 154.
Sleipner, 153.
Smith, George, 329.
Smith's Chaldean Account of Genesis, 330.
Smith's translation of Story of Tamzi, 329, 330.
Smith, Horace, 357.
Smith's Address to the Mummy, 357–359.
Smith, Extracts from, 354, 355, 357–359.
Sohrab, 372.
Sohrab and Rustum, 376, 391–408.
Solomon, King, 14.
Solomon's Song, 375.
Song of Hiawatha, 20.
Song of Vala, The, 160–163.
Southampton, 41.
Southey, Robert, 10, 52.
Southey, Extracts from, 133, 272, 273, 321, 324.
Southey's Curse of Kehama, 272.
Southey's Jaga-Naut, 321–324.
Southey's Madoc, 133–142.
Spenser, Edmund, 11, 48, 50, 73, 74.
Spenser, Extracts from, 40, 54–90, 362–364.
Spenser's Faerie Queene, 43, 50, 54–90.
Spenser's Isis and Osiris, 362–364.
Spenta-armaiti, 368.
Speranza, 49.
Splendid, King, 371.
Sraosha, same as Serosh, 368.
Stentor, 11.
Stephen, King, 46.
Stephen's Translation of Fridthjof's Saga, Extract from, 158, 159.
Stonehenge, 39.
Stork, King, 12.
Story of Sigurd the Volsung, 202–229.
Sturleson, Snorre, 7, 156.
Sublime Type, The, 426.
Suhm, Peder Frederik, 7.
Suleika, same as Zuleika, 371, 421, 422, 425, 427, 429.
Suleika-Nama, 421.
Surt, Surtur, 155, 156.
Surya, 269.
Svarga, 268.
Swanwick's Goethe's Faust, 229–255.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 10, 52.
Swinburne's Tristram of Lyonesse, 52, 92–101.
Swirl, 375.
Syrian Folk-lore, 326–352.
Table, Round, The, 41.
Tahmineh, 372.
Tales of a Wayside Inn, 157.
Talian, Saint, 50.
Talleyrand, 13.

Tamberskelver, Einar, 157.
Tammany, Tammenund, Saint, 19.
Tam o' Shanter, 52, 142–149.
Tamzi, 328, 329.
Tarenyawagon, 17.
Tarnkappe, 194, 195.
Taylor, Bayard, 160, 330.
Taylor, Extracts from, 160, 328, 330, 351–352, 364–365.
Taylor's Assyrian Night-Song, 351–352.
Taylor's To the Nile, 364–365.
Taylor's Tyre, 330.
Taylor, Zachary, 13.
Tegnér, Bishop Esaias, 10, 158, 159.
Tegnér's Fridthjof's Saga, 158, 159, 167–170.
Tegnér's Saga of Axel, 170–192.
Tell, William, 9.
Temora, 45.
Tennyson, Alfred, 10, 51.
Tennyson's Boadicea, 50.
Tennyson, Extracts from, 42, 43, 44, 46, 50, 101–118, 125–132.
Tennyson's Guinevere, 101–118.
Tennyson's Voyage of Maeldune, 46, 125–132.
Tennyson, Hallam, 201.
Tezcatlipoca, 19, 20.
Thammuz, 327.
Theodosius, 355.
Thor, 152, 153, 155.
Thorwald, 159.
Thorwald's Lay, 160, 163–165.
Thorwaldsen, 157.
Thoth, 355.
Tieck, 199.
Tiglathinin, 329.
Tigris, 329.
Titania, 50.
Tlazolteotl, 19.
Tloquenalmaque, 19.
Tonatiuh, 19.
To the Nile, 364–365.
Trimurti, The, 268.
Tristan, Tristram, 9, 43, 51, 52.
Tristan and Isolde, 43.
Tristram of Lyonesse, 52, 92–101.
Troyanova, Troynovant, 39.
Tryggvesson, Olaf, 150.
Twain, Mark, same as Samuel L. Clemens, 52.
Twilight of the Gods, 151, 155, 199.
Typhon, 355.
Tyr, Tys, 153, 155.
Ubaratutu, 329.
Uhland, 199.
Uller, 153.
Ulysses, 194.
Una, 49.
Urd, 154.
Uriel, 370.
Ute, Queen, 194.
Uther, 50.
Vala, 156.
Vala, The Song of, 160–163.
Vale, Vali, 153.
Valhalla, 155.
Valkyries, The, 155, 199.
Vâlmiki, 272.
Vanaheim, 154.
Vans, The, 154.
Veda, 271.
Vedder, 374, 375.
Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, The, 375.
Verdande, 154.
Verdi, Giuseppe, 357.
Vidar, 153, 155.
Viking's Code, The, 167.
Virginius, 8.
Vishnu, 267, 268, 269, 273.
Vivien, same as Lady of the Lake, 44.
Vohu-manô, 368.
Völuspa, The, 156.
Voyage of Maeldune, The, 125–132.
Vullush III, 329.
Vyâsa, 272.
Wagner, 43, 156, 157, 199.
Wallace's Fair God, 21.
Wenonah, 18.
West-Eastern Divan, The, 376, 418–439.
Wetuo Manitos, 16.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 20.
Whittier, Extracts from, 16, 18, 154, 268.
Wiglaf, 48.
Winchester, 41.
Worms, 194, 195.
Yama, same as Yemen, 268.
Yankee in King Arthur's Court, 52.
Yemen, same as Yama, 268.
Ygdrasil, 155.
Ymer, same as Imir, 151.
Yssel, same as Isenland, 195.
Zâl, 372, 374.
Zames, 331.
Zarathustra, same as Zoroaster, 366, 367, 373.
Zarina, 331.
Zend, 366.
Zoroaster, same as Zarathustra, 366, 367, 373.
Zuleika, same as Suleika, 371, 421, 422, 425, 427, 429.

THE END.

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